

NOVEMBER 7, 1988



The Differences
That Matter

\$2.00

TIME

DEATH OF A NARC

U.S. drug agent
"Kiki" Camarena's
mission was to
hunt down Mexico's
drug barons. This
is the story of how
they got him.



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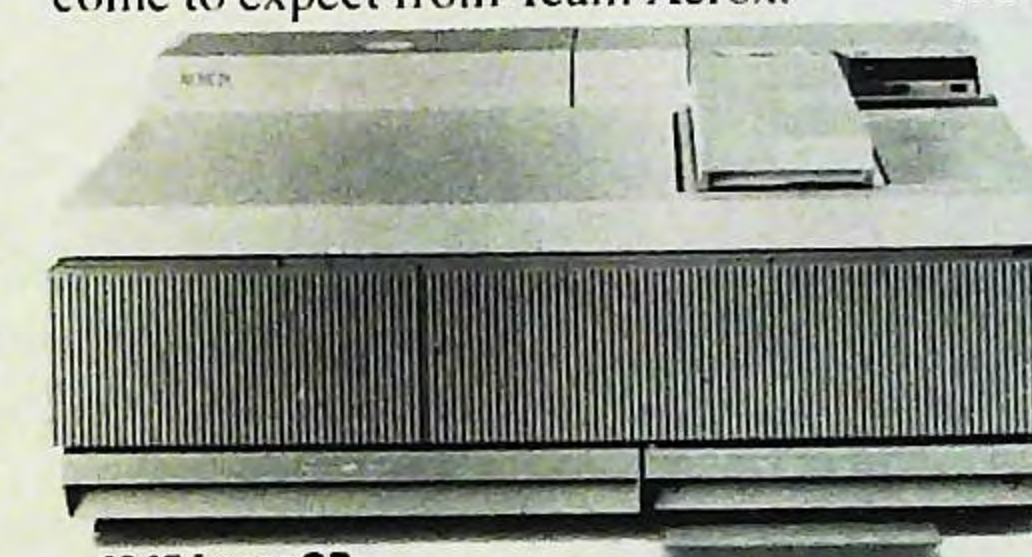
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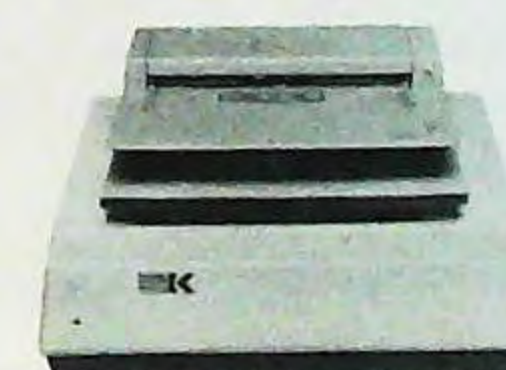
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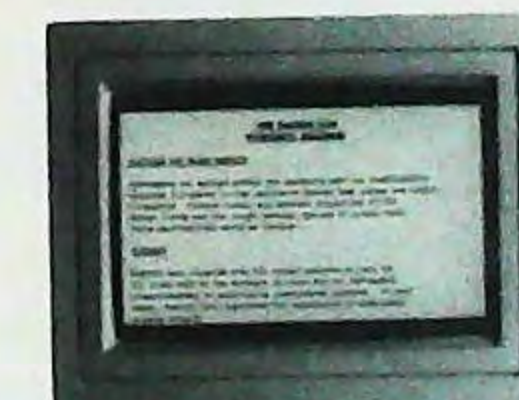


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COVER: A harrowing account from the drug war 84

In 1985 U.S. drug agent Enrique Camarena was tortured and murdered in Guadalajara. The search for his killers continues, and disturbing questions remain. In excerpts from her book *Desperados*, TIME correspondent Elaine Shannon weaves a spellbinding tale of extraordinary courage on the battle lines, cynicism in Washington and deceit at the top levels of Mexico's government.



WORLD: Why the U.S. is the issue in Canada's election

A trade pact raises questions about the country's identity. ▶ Should the West toast *perestroika*? ▶ A visit to rural Haiti shows why the country will always remain dirt poor.

38



INTERVIEW: A call for peace from Arafat

While rejecting a "Zionist empire," he is willing to participate in an international conference with the Israelis. "I have to deal with my enemies," he says.

46



MEDICINE: New guidelines for caesarean sections

"Once a C-section, always a C-section" is no longer the case. ▶ After halting production of abortion pills in the face of protests, a French firm was ordered to resume making them.

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FOOD: Americans demand their just desserts

Despite a national obsession with cholesterol and calories, U.S. restaurants and bake shops report a boom in the demand for mousse, cheesecake and sundry other sweet things in life.

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NATION: Bush and Dukakis mask their similarities, and a nasty campaign fails to highlight their telling differences 22

How to cut through the clutter to identify the true choices facing voters in an election that could shape the waning years of this century. ▶ An interview with Dukakis: "Am I a liberal in the tradition of Roosevelt, Truman and Kennedy? Yes, I am." ▶ A TIME poll points to the Democrats' lost opportunities. ▶ Diplomacy now that the cold war is over—a campaign Essay.



BUSINESS: After the record \$20 billion bid for RJR Nabisco, is any company safe from the buyout binge? 94

The biggest takeover tug-of-war in U.S. history pits Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts against Shearson Lehman Hutton and intensifies concerns over the huge debts that corporations are piling up. While leveraged buyouts are windfalls for investors, financial experts wonder if they are making American companies less competitive.



CINEMA: Jessica Lange is back, in style

The luminous actress returns to the screen in two challenging roles: a prom queen turned suffering wife in *Everybody's All-American*; a daft and dutiful daughter in *Far North*.

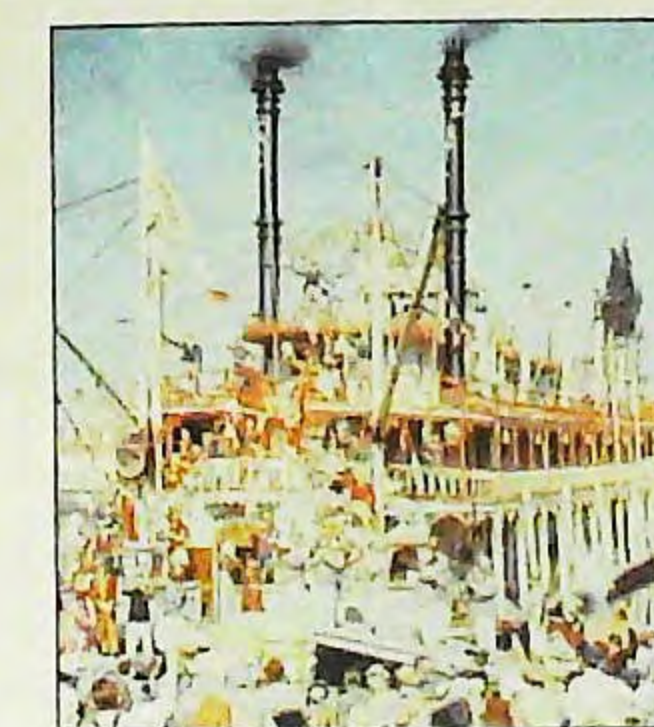
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BEHAVIOR: The trials of being a political family

The wives and children of elected officials are fighting the pressure to be perfect and learning a tough lesson: how to strike a balance between private needs and public expectations.

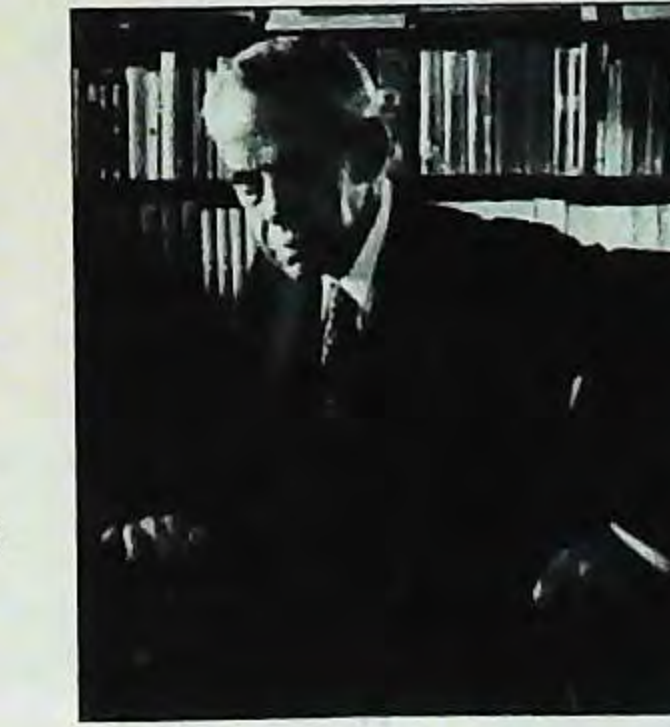
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MUSIC: Broadway, say hello to high class

A new recording of Jerome Kern's *Show Boat* gives the riverboat musical the full operatic treatment. Frederica von Stade and Teresa Stratas provide the star power for the classic score.

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BOOKS: New views of Eugene O'Neill's long journey

On his centenary, the playwright's letters reveal that despite his revolutionary achievements, he grew disenchanted with the stage. ▶ An exposé of the Hare Krishna movement.

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14 American Ideas

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128 People

127 Science
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130 Milestones

Cover:
Allen Hirsch

From the Publisher

"Look, planes!" Fortunately for the TIME staffer accompanying Yasser Arafat on his flight across the Middle East last week, they were not Israeli aircraft, which Arafat charges have recently been trying to ambush him. They were Turkish jet fighters, 16 of them, and they rose in waves to provide a protective escort as Arafat's plane flew over the Iraqi border and into Turkey. The U.S.-made F-16s hugged Arafat's wing tips, and their pilots saluted the Palestinian leader. "They were so close, I could see their eyes," recalls Murray Gart, the TIME senior correspondent on board Arafat's plane.

The encounter came midway through an extraordinary airborne conversation with Arafat that appears in this week's Interview section. Tracking down the P.L.O. leader took months of careful plotting. Gart finally caught up with Arafat at his heavily guarded compound four miles from the center of Baghdad. While he had interviewed Arafat on nine previous occasions, none had prepared Gart for the three-day, eight-hour talkathon that followed. Nor was he ready for the late-night meal at Arafat's table that featured five different preparations of lamb or



High flyers: Gart, Arafat and Prager head back to Baghdad

Tracking down the P.L.O. leader took months of careful plotting

talk, Arafat later bumped an aide and a bodyguard from the return flight to Baghdad—again with the Turkish air force escorting—to make room for Prager, Gart and photographer Thomas Hartwell. For Gart, the extended interview provided "one of the more memorable experiences" in 40 years of journalism. "It was like being on a magic carpet," he says, "but I wouldn't have wanted to be there too much longer."

Robert L. Miller

the motorcade that careered through Baghdad at 80 m.p.h. Says Gart: "That was about as close to the Indy 500 as anything I've been in."

In Turkey, Gart and Arafat were joined by assistant managing editor Karsten Prager, who also had interviewed Arafat repeatedly while serving as TIME's Middle East bureau chief in the mid-1970s. "Arafat hasn't changed much," says Prager, "despite some bitter years since then. He has an amazing ability to bounce back from defeat and make himself essential to the Palestinian cause." Still eager to

HERE'S ANOTHER REASON AMERICA'S HAVING A CHANGE OF HEART.

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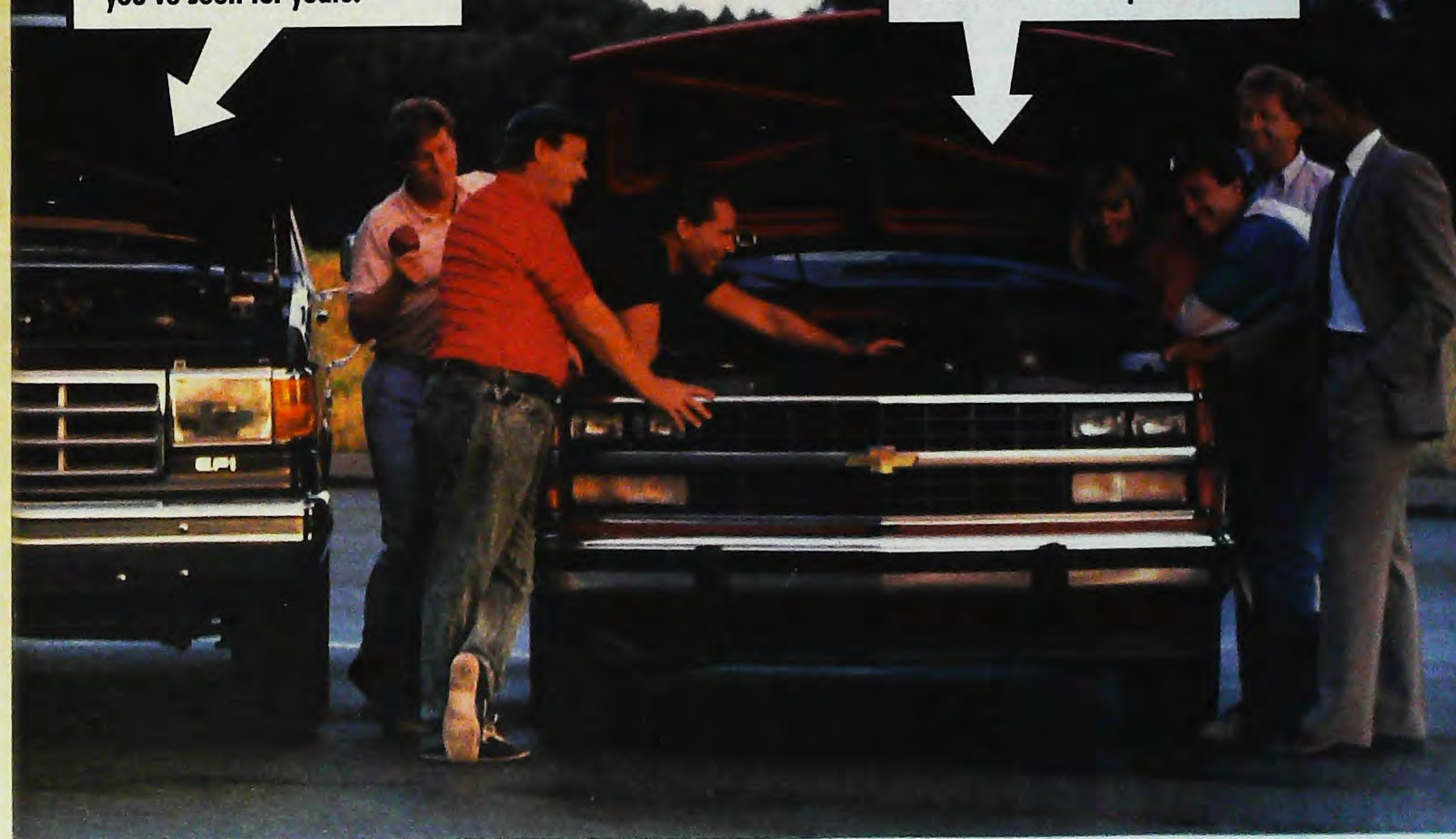
New '89 Chevy trucks come with new 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty protection. See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this new limited warranty.

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Letters

NETWORKS UNDER ATTACK

**"Millions of us do
not switch off
our brains when
we turn on our
TV sets."**

James L. Townsend Jr., Clarksdale, Miss.

It seems to me that the TV industry [VIDEO, Oct. 17] contributes heavily to its problems by driving viewers away with too many commercials. There was a time when a short break for an ad was just that, enough time for a trip to the refrigerator or the bathroom. Now you can fix the fire, walk the dog and still have time left over. When the program resumes, you've lost track of the story. I offer a suggestion to the networks: try charging more for your ad time, and sell less of it.

*William Preston
Fly Creek, N.Y.*

For a business that depends to a large extent on family viewers, TV does a significant amount of tearing down family relationships and values.

*Fae and Wayne Linn
Ashland, Ore.*

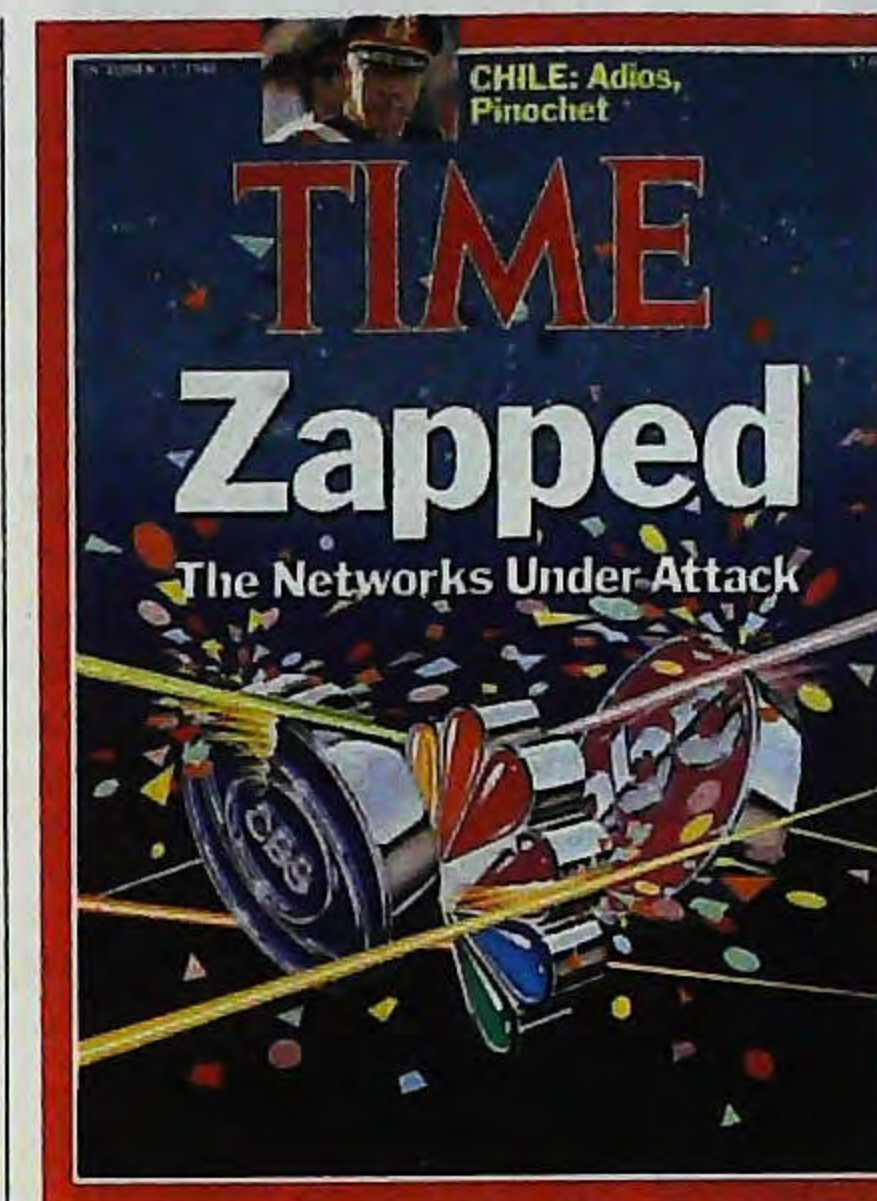
One reason for the decline of network TV is its abandonment of the serious viewer. Intelligent programs have become the province of PBS and the specialty cable channels. The networks must believe American viewers prefer only mindless sitcoms and soaps, glitzy game shows, sports events and tepid "action" series. Millions of us do *not* switch off our brains when we turn on our TV sets.

*James L. Townsend Jr.
Clarksdale, Miss.*

Trillion-Dollar Burden

Your article "Forgive Us Our Debts" [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Oct. 10] makes it sound as if the trillion-dollar debt crisis were an issue between good guys (bankers who are favoring some debt relief) and bad guys (leftist agitators). What about the innocent bystanders victimized by huge debts? People in poor countries are seeing prices for staple foods skyrocket as IMF austerity measures are imposed, and the results are hunger and misery. Those in the richer countries have seen export-related jobs dry up.

*Alexander M. Counts
New York City*



All Aboard!

The elegant Union Station in Washington pictured in your report on its renovation [DESIGN, Oct. 10] looks bigger than the whole town center of Bethel, Vt. Nevertheless, all that gleaming granite came from our quarry, which yields the whitest commercially produced granite in

the world. The fact that the stone did not have to be remodeled testifies to our granite's beauty and durability; it also made the building worth preserving.

*Dorothy M. Grady
Bethel, Vt.*

The restoration of Union Station is a glorious achievement. All we need now is a more modern and efficient railroad to grace it.

*Douglas Browning
New York City*

Lingering Racism

It always stuns me when I read about attacks such as those against blacks in Cicero and Melrose Park, Ill. [NATION, Oct. 17]. Skin color can transform an otherwise "civilized" white into a creature blinded by hate who is driven to perform shameful acts like cross burning and threats of lynching. It is frightening to realize that intolerance and fear can surface in the form of wanton destruction.

*Christine Robinson
Oshkosh, Wis.*

Surely one of the most damning indictments of the Reagan Administration's record on domestic social policy is

Vice President Bush Disagrees

Your article "Are You Better Off?" [NATION, Oct. 10] asked the right question but gave the wrong answer. For Americans at every income level, the answer is certifiably yes. TIME showed that real median family income "stayed relatively constant since 1977." Indeed it has, but for a reason you failed to mention: real family income fell 7% under the Carter-Mondale Administration; it rose 10% under the Reagan-Bush Administration. The important point is that real family income fell for each fifth of the population—from the poorest to the richest—under Carter and Mondale. And it rose for each fifth under Reagan and Bush.

TIME points out that the middle class is shrinking but neglects to point out where it went: under the previous Administration, more families went to lower incomes; under our Administration, more graduated to higher incomes. The proof: according to the U.S. Census Bureau, from 1977 to 1981 the number of American families making less than \$20,000 (inflation adjusted) grew from 30.1% to 33.7% of the population; and the percent of those making more than \$50,000 shrank from 18.6% to 16.9%. Under the Reagan Administration, the opposite happened. The share making less than \$20,000 fell from 33.7% to 30.3%, and the share making more than \$50,000 grew from 16.9% to 22.9%.

TIME claims that our Administration "made student loans harder to get." But federal aid to college students has increased by 75% since we took office.

TIME claims that our tax cuts were "tilted heavily toward the upper end of the scale." But the facts show differently: the tax burden of the richest 1% of the population increased from 19% of all taxes in 1980 to 26% in 1986. The tax burden of the poorest half of the population fell from 7.1% to 6.4% in the same period.

TIME reports that many Americans "refuse to admit" that "they are losing upward mobility." Maybe that's because they aren't!

*George Bush
Washington*

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to be found in your article. If "racial incidents nationwide" are up "more than 400% since 1980," then the Government must shoulder part of the blame for fostering a climate in which intolerance is acceptable behavior.

Neil Hughes
Athens, Ga.

Not Having It All

I read with some frustration your article on the Forrester family in California [NATION, Oct. 10], whose children are struggling to achieve what their father had accomplished a generation before. The thesis seems to be that things are not as good as they were in the past. Those who entered the work force during and after World War II found that the labor market remained strong until the '70s. Today our problem is that the rest of the world has caught up. We've had a good ride, and now we need to move into a phase where we can compete successfully with producers the world over.

Philip Navratil
Houston

The squeeze on family budgets in the case of Bob Forrester's offspring seems to be that none of them have kept pace with technological advances. A high school education will not put one in a position for a high or even a moderate income. Son Billy Forrester expected to ride the union gravy train. But in an increasingly competitive world, blue-collar workers cannot expect to be guaranteed the fortunate life that Bob has experienced.

Michael Ladd
Amarillo, Texas

If people like the Forrester children vote for George Bush, they will have to scoot around and service the upper class, much as their ancestors did in the first half of this century.

Matthew G. Davis
Pittsburgh

Forrester Fallout

By a tally of 2 to 1, TIME readers were critical of the Forresters' handling of their finances rather than sympathetic with their economic difficulties [NATION, Oct. 10]. Readers offered suggestions about moving to a less expensive part of the country and wondered why the senior Forresters didn't sell one of their three homes in order to provide their children with college educations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, or may be faxed to TIME at (212) 522-0907. They should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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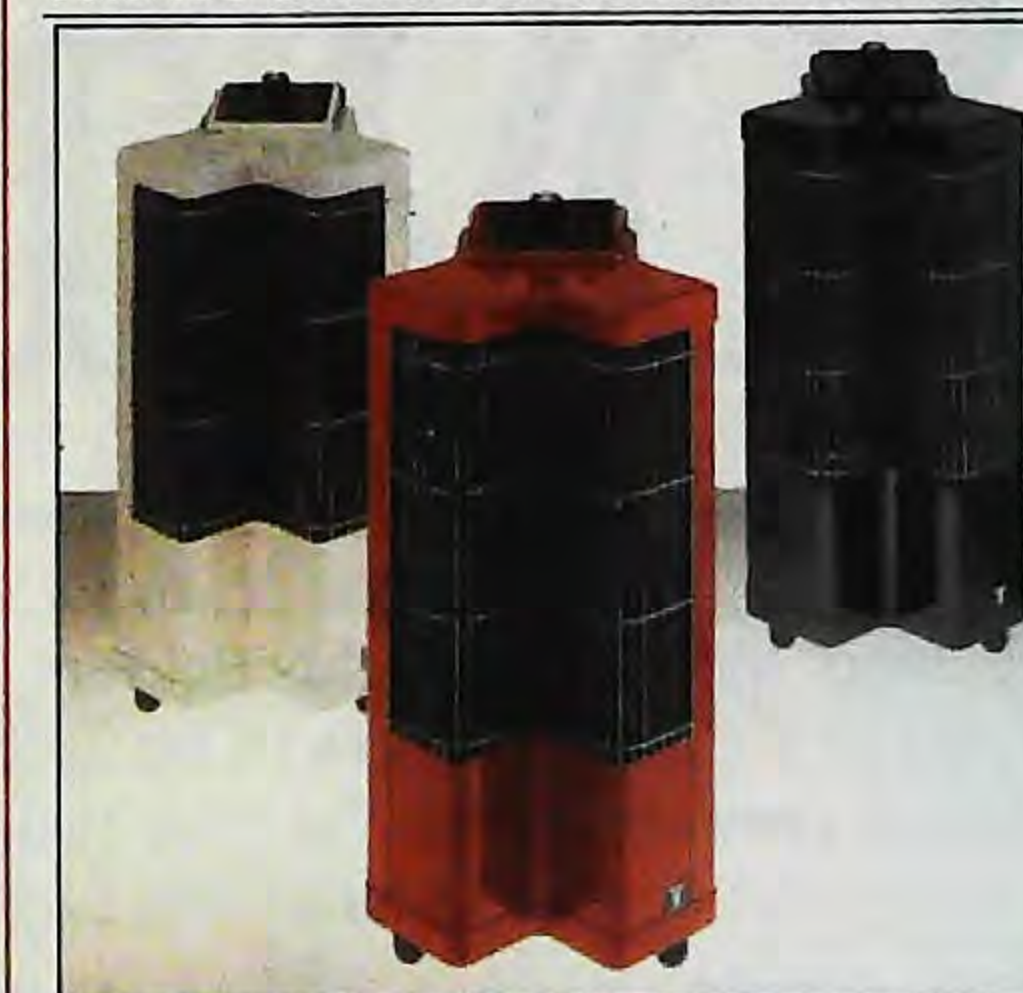


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THE TECHNOLOGY: The story begins in the Arctic. A small Colorado company had an order from the U.S. Government to manufacture a vacuum insulated canteen that would stand up to hard use and keep liquids from freezing in the torturous Arctic cold. Now, Heatech has used that same vacuum technology they developed to produce a room heating unit that leaps a generation beyond every other heater on the market. Here, the vacuum is used to cause water to boil almost instantly at approximately 130°F instead of the usual 212°F. Water inside the sealed Heatech system turns to steam and rises in vertical tubes. There the heat is transferred to fins which in turn heat

the cold room air that is blown through a diffusion screen. **THE PERFORMANCE:** The system is super fast and effective. Comparison tests show the Heatech doing in 15 minutes what other heaters take up to an hour to do. Inside, as the heat transfer process cools the steam, it condenses back into water droplets and the cycle starts again. The sealed system does not need replenishing or require servicing. The unusual patented cabinet design provides a multi-directional heat flow that warms your room more uniformly, from the floor up. **THE SAFETY FACTOR:** The 1500 watt Heatech sets a new standard in safety. It is one of the few electric heaters on the market not required to carry the UL fire hazard warning sticker on the heater. Independent laboratory tests show Heatech's hottest surface temperature is up to 205°F lower than other types of heaters tested - making it exceptionally safe for use around children or pets. It also has three separate safety devices - a tipover switch, thermal sensing switch and pressure relief valve. **THE BOTTOM LINE:** In recent independent laboratory tests against 4 top competing heaters, Heatech achieved higher, more uniform room temperatures faster than any of the other heaters. At 12.5 lbs. the 21"x10"x9" Heatech is portable and compact. Comes in a choice of baked enamel finishes - Red, White or Black. Made with American pride, it is backed with a manufacturer's 5-year limited warranty and is UL listed. Standard 110 volts AC. Thanks to an exclusive arrangement with Heatech, you can now obtain this state-of-the-art heater direct from The Lifestyle Resource. Order now while our supply is assured. \$199.95 each. #2220 (White); #2230 (Black); #2240 (Red).

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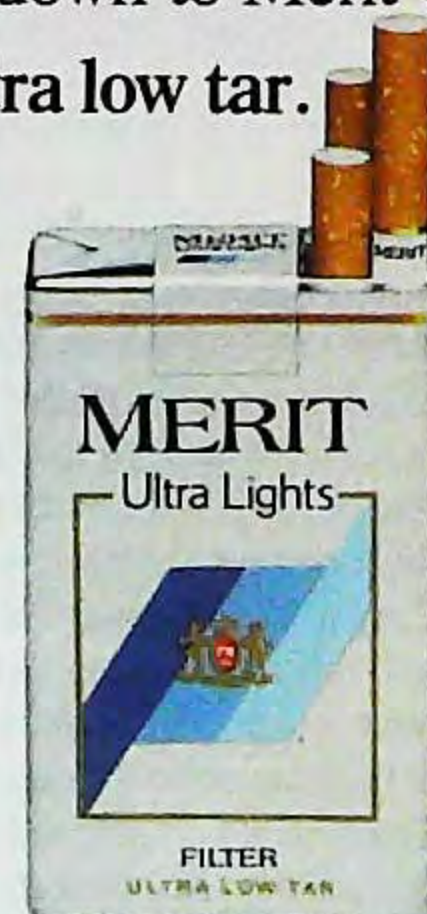
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Merit Ultra Lights

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Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Critics' Choice



THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM. Snaky vampires! Sexy virgins! Fluorescent caskets! Ken Russell's campfire tale may be more camp than fire, but it shows this unabashed mannerist going for baroque in fine form.

SALAAM BOMBAY! An Indian Oliver Twist learns the ways of slum-life survival in Mira Nair's poignant documentary fable.

THINGS CHANGE. Don Ameche is an aging artisan mistaken for a Mafia boss, and Joe Mantegna the gangland gofer who helps an old man come alive. David Mamet directed and co-wrote this beguiling men's club anecdote.

ANOTHER WOMAN. Woody Allen goes serious again, but brilliantly this time. Gena Rowlands plays a New Yorker at the point in life when what's past hope is past regret, but not past consolation.



FRANK ZAPPA: GUITAR (Rykodisc). The thinking man's mother of invention in a double album of riffs that are sure to rile. *In-A-Gadda-Stravinsky*, anyone?

RAGGED BUT RIGHT: GREAT COUNTRY STRING BANDS OF THE 1930s (RCA). Before the rhinestones, country music sounded like this: all heart and no slickum. Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers; Wade Mainer... the sounds are as good as the names.

TOM WAITS: BIG TIME (Island). The raucous and funny low-life reveries of rock's only postmodern beatnik.

BRITTEN: PAUL BUNYAN (Virgin). Sir Benjamin's tune-ful first opera was conceived in 1939 as a Broadway show with a libretto by W.H. Auden. It never played the Great White Way, but it comes to life under Philip Brunelle's baton.



JASPER JOHNS: WORK SINCE 1974, Philadelphia Museum of Art. The show that won the grand prize at last summer's Venice Biennale and cemented Johns' status as America's deepest living painter. Through Jan. 8.

GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM 1915-1925, Los Angeles County Museum of Art. A survey of war-weary "second generation" expressionists, forging an avant-garde in search of a new art and a better society. Through Dec. 31.

EDGAR DEGAS, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. If there must be blockbuster shows, this is the kind to have—huge (more than 300 works), thought provoking and beautiful. Through Jan. 8.



DINNER AT EIGHT. It's raining stocks and bonds outside, but the portents of Depression don't penetrate the penthouses in Kaufman and Ferber's glittering 1932 melodrama at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR. Nancy Marchand is at her tragicomic best off-Broadway as a Wasp matriarch in an elegant comedy by A.R. Gurney, author of *The Dining Room*.

RECKLESS. Writer Craig Lucas and director Norman René (*Three Postcards*) take a hilarious and moving off-Broadway journey through one woman's bad dream, fantasy or, maybe, truly terrible life.

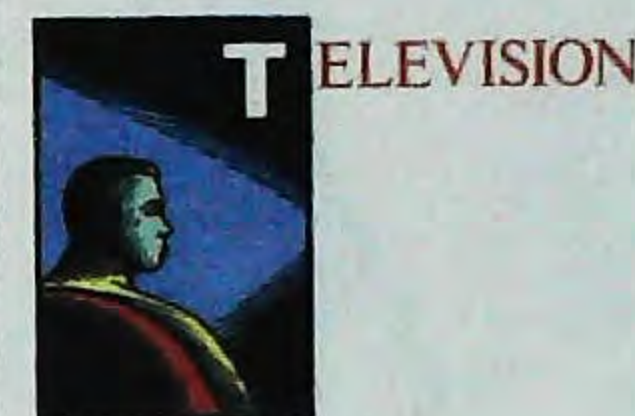


ANYTHING FOR BILLY by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster; \$18.95). The author of *The Last Picture Show* and *Terms of Endearment* offers a horse-opera bouffe about Billy the Kid, showing how a Charles Manson in cowboy boots became a national legend.

THE FIRST SALUTE by Barbara W. Tuchman (Knopf; \$22.95). The distinguished and eminently readable historian (*The Guns of August*) sets the

American Revolution against the struggles of 18th century Europe for colonies and commerce. Among her heroes: the hardy Dutch, who were first to recognize the birthright of the new American nation.

A BRIGHT SHINING LIE by Neil Sheehan (Random House; \$24.95). In a riveting portrait, John Paul Vann, a top U.S. adviser in Viet Nam, emerges as a man who embodied the contradictions of his mission: a brave do-gooder with a dark streak of amorality.



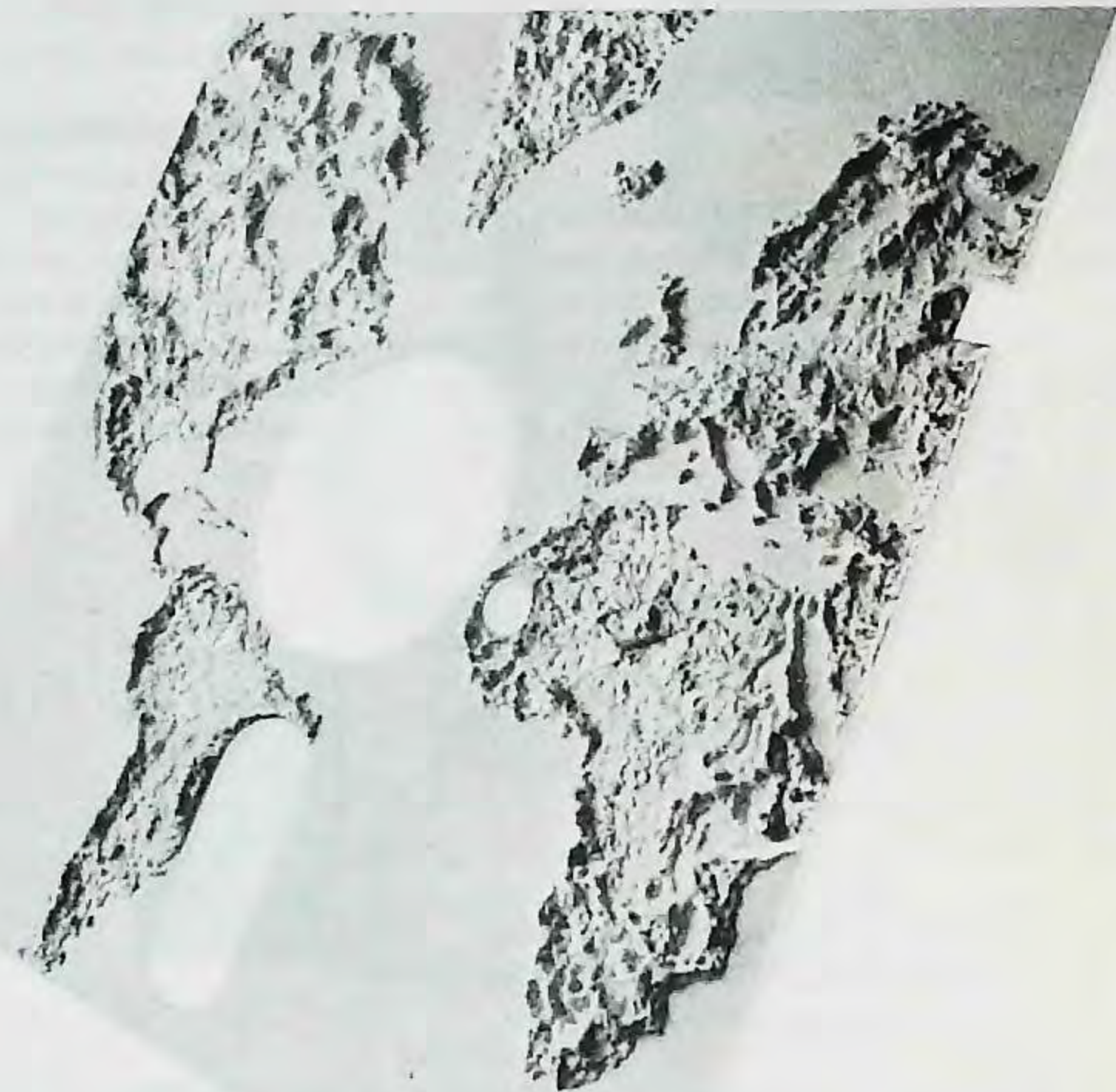
BABY BOOM (NBC, Nov. 2, 9:30 p.m. EST). Two TV moms from the '50s, Jane Wyatt of *Father Knows Best* and Barbara Billingsley of *Leave It to Beaver*, offer advice to a yuppie mom of the '80s (Kate Jackson) in the first weekly segment of this stylish sitcom based on the movie.

TALES FROM THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS (PBS, debuting Nov. 4, 9 p.m. on most stations). This fine anthology series returns with three more stories set in Tinseltown. Up first: a silent-film star (Rosemary Harris) writes racy memoirs with the aid of her sister (Lynn Redgrave) in P.G. Wodehouse's *The Old Reliable*.

ELECTION NIGHT (ABC, CBS and NBC, 7 p.m. EST). The exit polls may end the suspense early, but that won't stop Peter, Dan and Tom from trying to keep us up till the wee hours. CNN, meanwhile, promises nonstop coverage from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m.

Once again the world is flat.

NewsQuest from TIME turns this week's world
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TIME NOVEMBER 7, 1988

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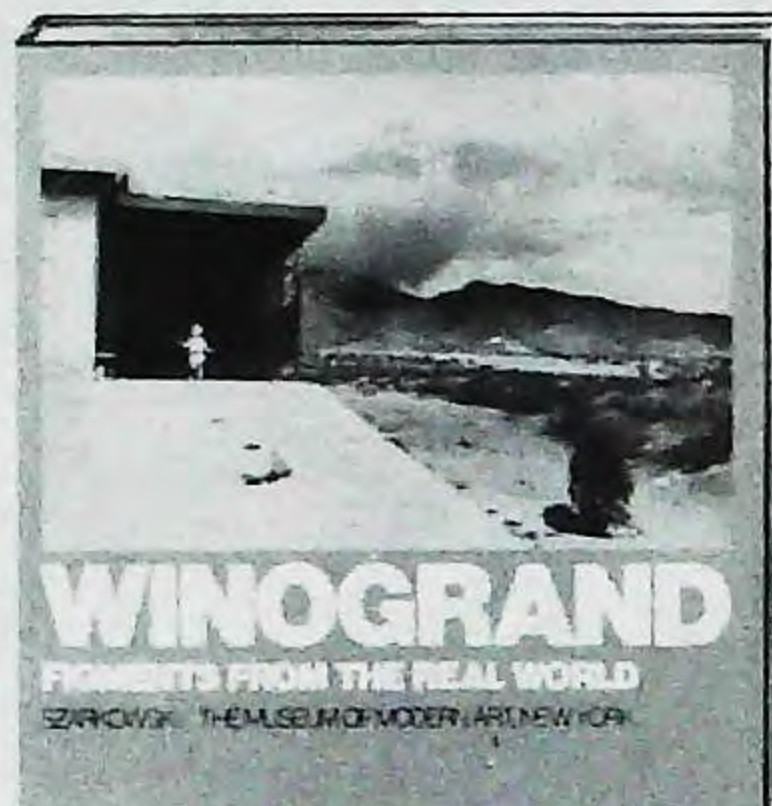
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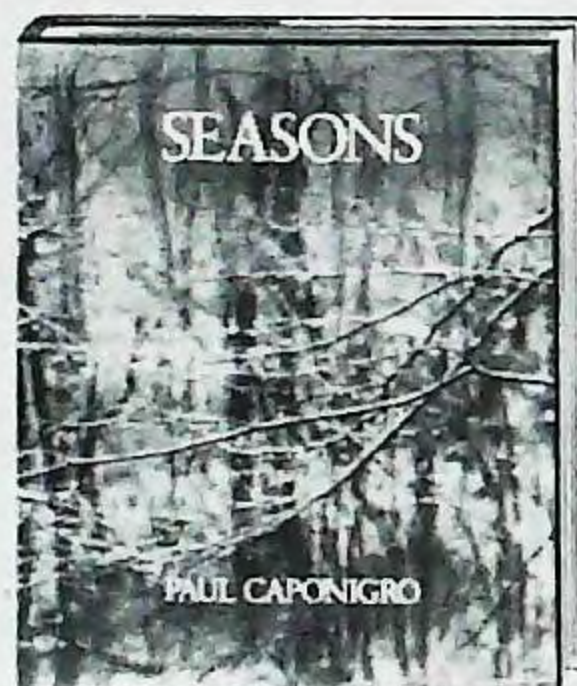
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Hydroelectric Power Tailored For a Country Stream

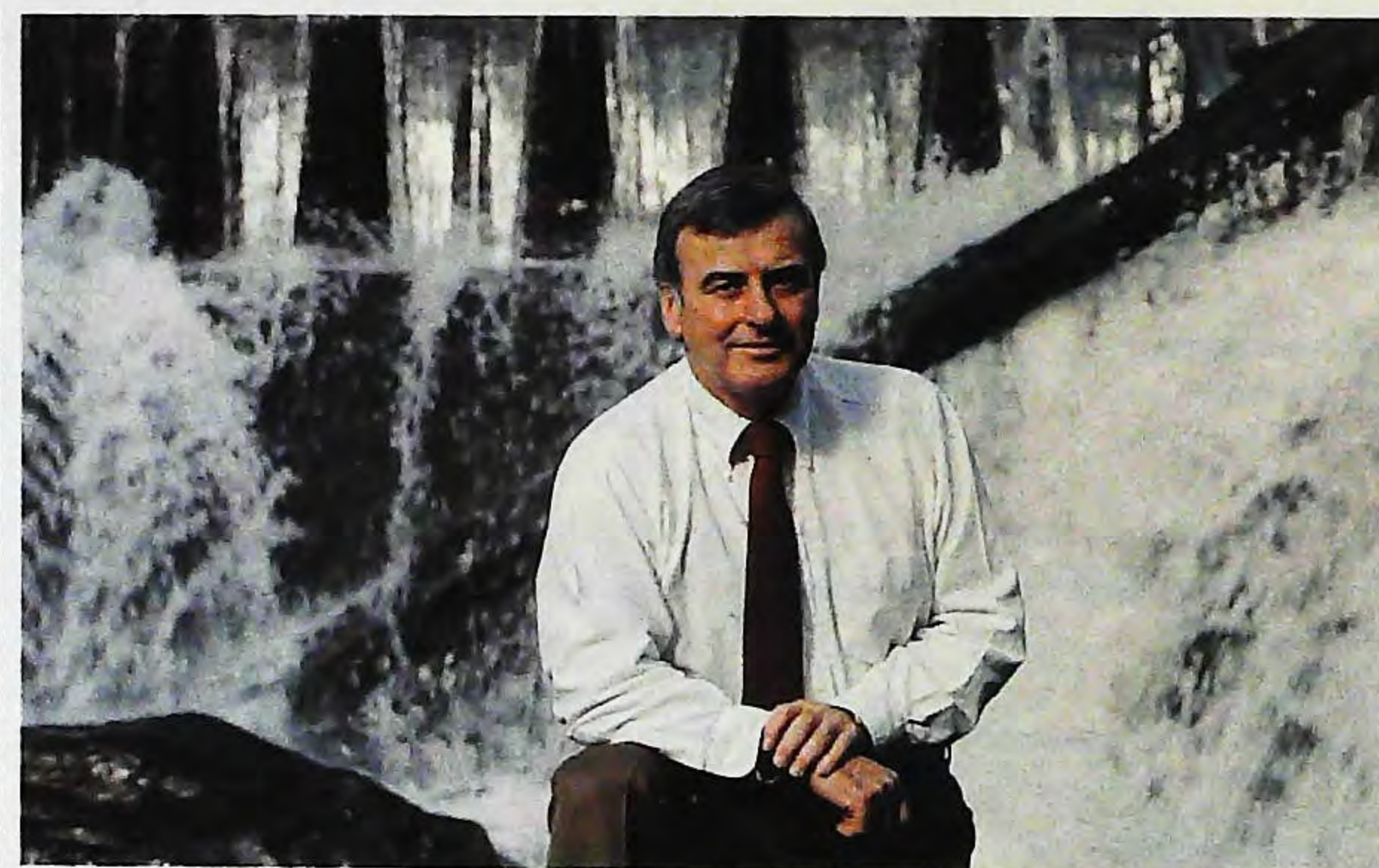
David Buckley overcame a bureaucratic morass to turn his old swimming hole into a project that does good, and may do well

BY JUDSON GOODING

The rumble underfoot starts faintly, then grows in force to recall the roar of a distant subway train. Tons of water are pouring down the 47-ft. drop at the Brockway Mills hydroelectric plant and smashing against the turbine blades. The glistening steel shaft connecting turbine to generator begins to revolve, accelerat-

control panels studded with dials and gauges, lights, signs shouting HIGH VOLTAGE!—is necessary just to light a few streets or farmyards, heat up a few dozen toasters, run a few score washing machines. Because, for all its complexity, this installation produces only enough electricity to run some 400 households—a total of 2.5 million kilowatt-hours a year.

Buckley, 52, is a soft-spoken lawyer of



A man, an idea and a stream allied to bring power to 400 households

"It has been unbelievable. I wouldn't think of doing it again unless the whole regulatory procedure was changed."

ing quickly. Needles on gauges tremble and move upward; panel lights go on.

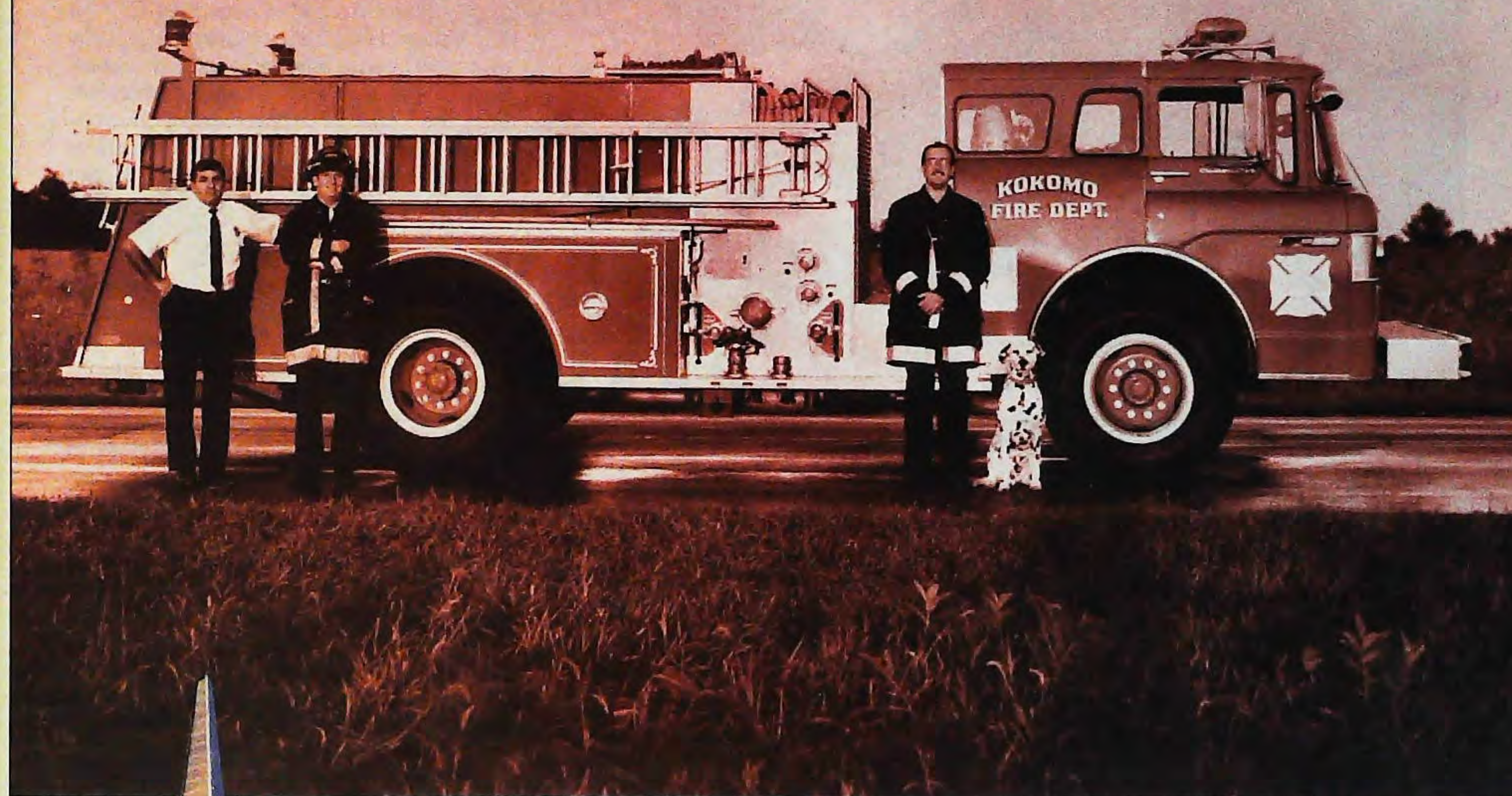
Brockway Mills is on line, ready to feed 850 kilowatts of electric power from the Williams River falls into the Vermont power grid. For David F. Buckley, who swam at this same scenic spot as a boy and who has been struggling since 1979 to bring the modest \$1.9 million plant into being, it is a rhapsodic moment. Standing inside the powerhouse as the 18-ft.-high generator whirs, he says, "For me this is like music."

All of the equipment before him—

philosophic bent who likes to walk the woods of Vermont hunting for chanterelles. He started the hydro project because of a boyhood fascination with moving water and dams, which abound where he grew up (and lives), the riverside village of Bellows Falls, and out of a growing concern in the 1970s over energy sources. "I saw those gas lines, and it seemed the Ayatullah could make it much worse on us if he wanted to," he says.

He also believed the project would benefit society in another way. Every kilo-

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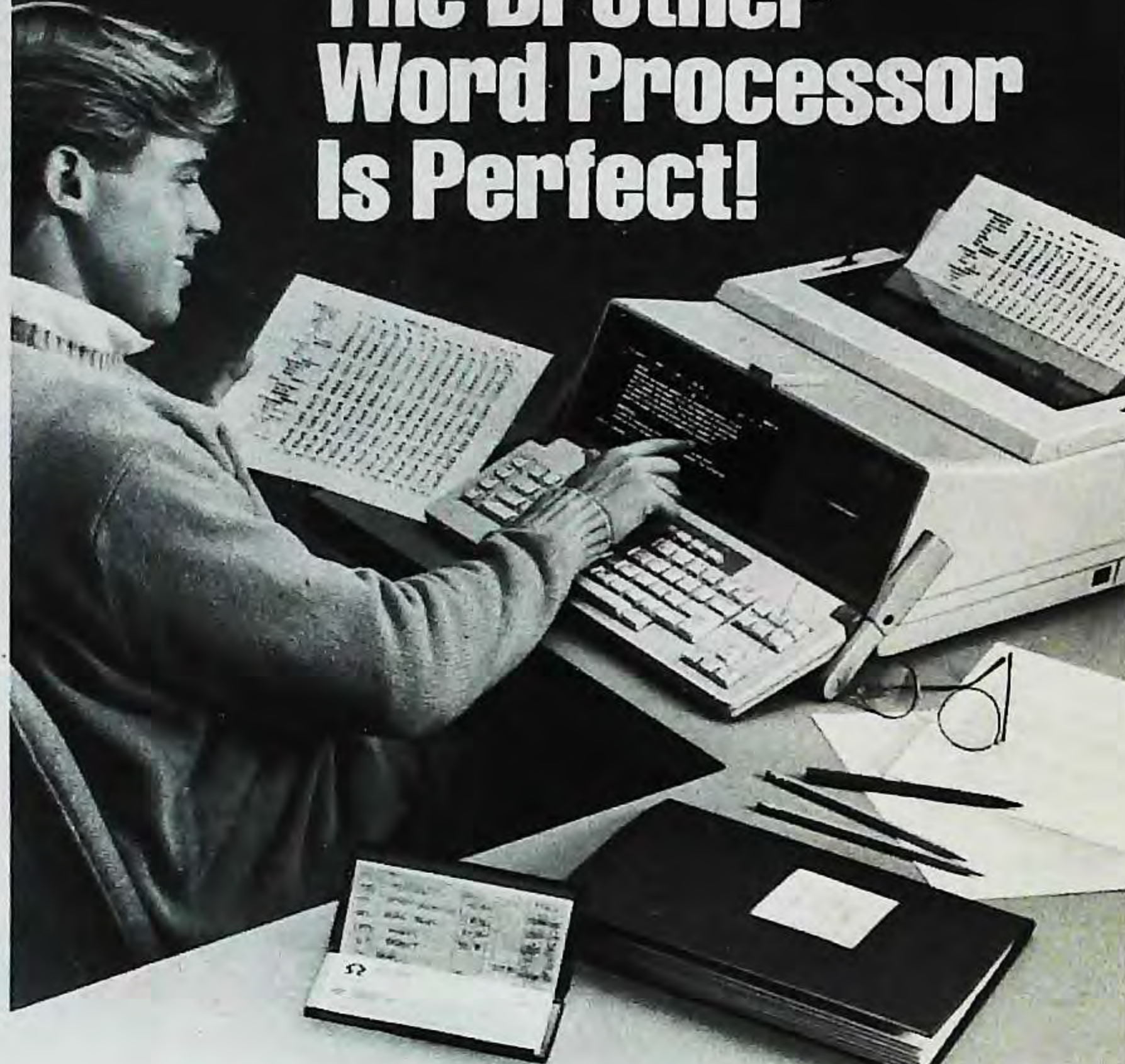
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watt generated from the river's waters means less burning of fossil fuels, and less atmospheric pollution, less increase in the greenhouse effect. Operating Brockway Mills will save 4,000 bbl. of oil each year. And Buckley readily admits that he hoped to make a profit from his work—a concept known as doing well while doing good.

What he encountered, however, was a daunting list of bureaucratic obstacles and then a dismaying series of technical setbacks in building the plant. "It has been unbelievable," he says. "I wouldn't think of doing it again unless the whole regulatory procedure was changed."

First, to obtain the required series of federal and state permits and authorizations, various studies and projections had to be prepared by engineers and consultants. Buckley applied for the key federal document, issued by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, in November 1981, then waited 14 months to get the license papers. It was also necessary to get a Water Quality Certificate from the Vermont department of environmental conservation. All told, permits or approvals were required from almost two dozen federal, state and local boards and agencies, and it cost some \$200,000 to get them.

"The worst part was the agencies," Buckley says. "The historic preservation division of Vermont's development and community affairs agency, Environmental Protection, Fish and Wildlife, National Parks, the National Marine Fisheries Service, the public service department of Vermont, the state agency of transportation, and on and on."

Then came the challenge of getting the plant built and operating within all the constraints imposed by licensing authorities. Buckley and his partners in the Williams River Electric Corp., founded for this project, decided to buy the turbine and generator set and control equipment from China, where they got the best price.

A crew of Chinese technicians came to install the equipment, but severe problems arose in combining the different elements, which had not been preassembled before shipment as the contract specified. Special tools had to be sent from China. The English translation of the instructions supplied by the manufacturer was often puzzling. A sample sentence: "Starting direction signal is sent out in electric part, enabling main servomotor open, increasing speed of generating unit and reach to steady speed under no load under the function of auto adjusting speed." Deciphering such instructions and reconciling the various pieces of equipment caused a delay of one year, during which interest payments and other costs continued.

Then there were the problems posed by nature. In October last year, a down-pour sent near record floodwaters roaring along the spectacular gorge of the Wil-



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ALIENS	661566	MOVING	562472	JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT: LOW IMPACT AEROBIC	452646
BENJI: THE HUNTED	661324	CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	561042	THE NEVERENDING STORY	364260
CURLY TOP (SHIRLEY TEMPLE)	657520	LESS THAN ZERO	560762	OFF LIMITS	363642
ROBOCOP	656750	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	553642	WEST SIDE STORY	363546
THE SHINING	656244	RAISING ARIZONA	553554	NUTS	362044
PREDATOR	655626	GOLDFINGER	552470	HEARTBREAK RIDGE	361346
TORAI TORAI TORAI	654622	FATAL BEAUTY	463434	HELLO AGAIN	361040
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE	654550	THE COLOR OF MONEY	462334	THE PICK-UP ARTIST	360760
		M*A*S*H	462012	ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING	360752



661742

BLACK WIDOW	356610	BLADE RUNNER	255542
THE HUSTLER	356112	ALICE IN WONDERLAND	254032
STAKEOUT	354732	SLEEPING BEAUTY	254024
CAMELOT	354074	THE BIG EASY	163206
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DELIVERANCE	352444	HOPE AND GLORY	161102
MIDNIGHT COWBOY	350734	THE PRINCESS BRIDE	160750
BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY	263440	INNERSPACE	160726
THE LAST EMPEROR	263272	ANNE OF GREEN GABLES	156746
NO WAY OUT	263256	THE BIBLE	153454
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TIME, NOVEMBER 7, 1988

American Ideas

liams, over the wall protecting the powerhouse and down into the turbine level. The water in the powerhouse fouled the turbine equipment and the vital compressors, which power the hydraulic systems, with stones and silt. The compressors had to be completely rebuilt.

In March this year, the hydraulic system that operates the governor failed, and the turbine went into a runaway state, approaching dangerous speeds before it could be shut off with manual controls. Later in the spring, when rainfall was light, the plant was found to be in violation of the terms of its permit, which requires a certain minimum flow through the gorge. So much water was used in running the plant that the river itself was "dewatered," as one official put it, threatening the survival of fish. The plant's operation had to be halted until a new computer and automatic flow controls to maintain the minimum flow could be installed. More months of delay followed.

Between the problems of threading the regulatory maze and the mechanical difficulties, the project has been a cliff-hanger for Buckley and Alexander Hadden, a co-investor whom Buckley credits with seeing the enterprise through. "Without his strength and determination," he says, "I don't know if I would have stuck with it." For Hadden it has been a matter of common sense. "It's crazy not to use this power that's freely available and does no harm to the environment."

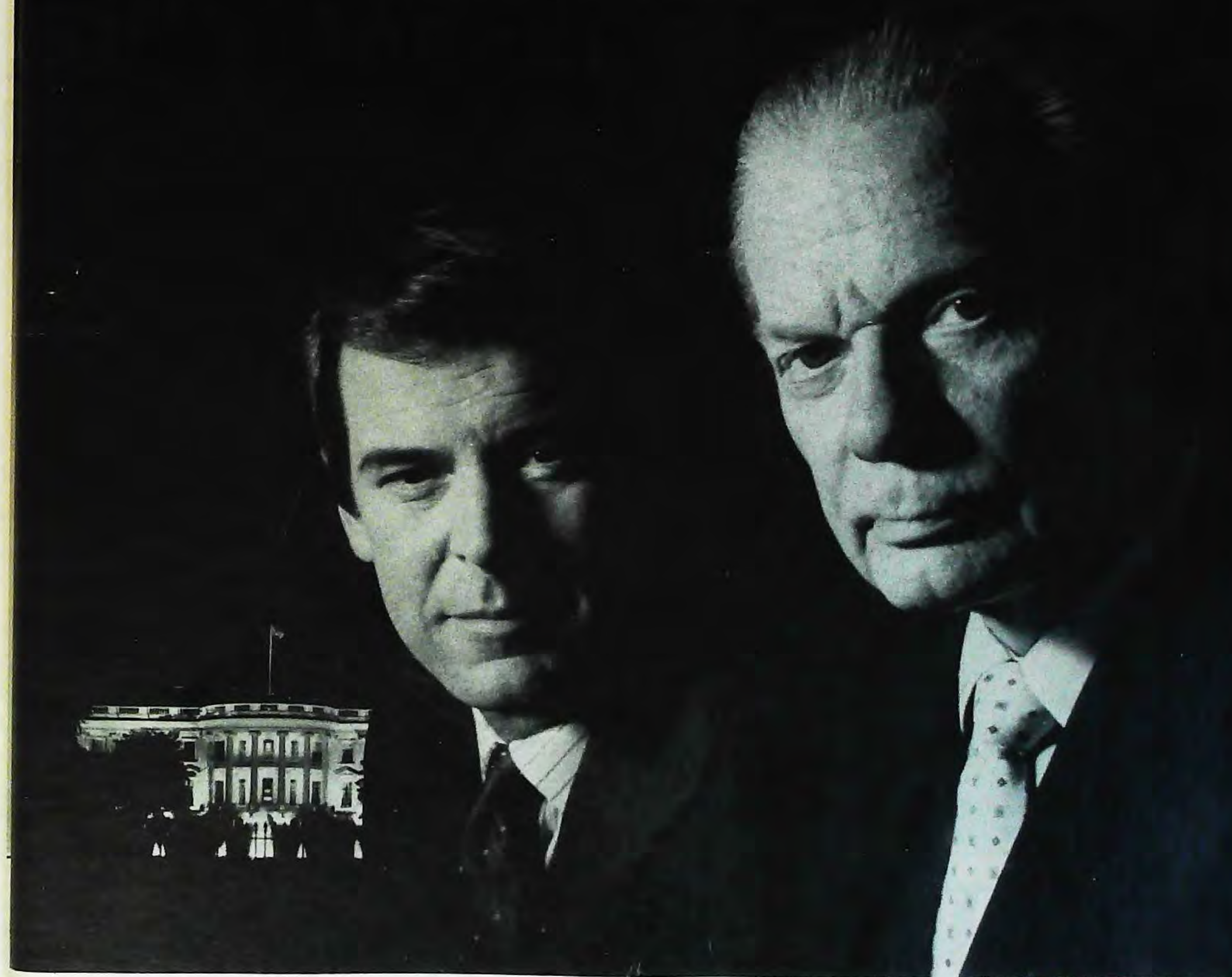
Today, however, on a bright fall afternoon, past worries are forgotten. After a four-month plant shutdown, the new computer that will automate operations is in place, and the shaft will soon start to turn again. A few last-minute tasks remain. Engineers bend over diagrams of the wiring circuits as they test connections in the mazes of wires that fill the control cabinets. The start-up countdown begins in earnest. Engineers watch the gauges as the needles begin to move. An exacting series of 14 conditions must be met before the computer will allow operation to start. When the computer is satisfied, the green prestart light goes on, the master control switch is turned to start, and the gates that let water into the turbine are opened. The generator begins to turn, slowly at first, then quickly builds to its 300 r.p.m. speed. A high-pitched hum fills the building, but the generator is so steady a nickel can be balanced on edge on its housing.

Outside the powerhouse, near the dam, Buckley beams. He is hearing his favorite sound. Despite all his reservations about the bureaucratic process, he is upbeat. "They've taken a lot of the fun out of it," he says quietly, watching the black water roiling into white foam as it cascades over the steep rock cataract, "but it's still definitely worth doing."

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TIME/NOVEMBER 7, 1988

The Differences That Really Matter

Here's the paradox: George Bush and Michael Dukakis are similar in ways they are loath to admit, but they diverge on points that a trivial and nasty campaign has failed to elucidate

BY WALTER SHAPIRO



For Americans who take their civic obligations seriously, the choice that presents itself next Tuesday is inescapable. There will be no might-have-beens or none-of-the-aboves on the ballot. The primaries, polls and prognostications are merely an endless exhibition season; this is the one moment in four years that actually counts in the standings. Bush or Dukakis? Nothing less and, alas, nothing more.

But if history is any gauge, this could turn out to be one of the most important choices of the waning years of this century, despite the parlous state of the campaign. Never before have voters 40 and younger seen a ballot without the name of the incumbent President. Elections like 1988 that are not automatic referendums on the past presidential term tend to be political watersheds. The choice of John Kennedy in 1960 ushered in a brief but turbulent Democratic revival marked by domestic idealism, the triumph of the civil rights movement and then the agony of Viet Nam. Richard Nixon's victory in 1968 heralded two decades of conservative rebellion against domestic spending programs, social activism and liberal permissiveness that culminated in Ronald Reagan.

How hard it is to regard Bush and Dukakis in these epic terms. Viewed as comparatively little men at the time of their nominations, both have, if anything, been diminished by the campaigns they have waged. The ugliness of Bush's exploitation of the pseudo issues of patriotism and crime has almost been rivaled by Dukakis' timorous inability to articulate a ra-

tionale for his candidacy. From canned rhetoric recited off TelePrompTers to the omnipresent voice-overs of deceptive campaign ads, the candidates' messages have woefully failed to clarify the choice facing the nation.

A new TIME poll shows Bush leading Dukakis by a hefty 50% to 40%. But equally telling is the widespread disappointment in both contenders. Among those surveyed, a strong majority in the case of Bush (58%) and a clear plurality regarding Dukakis (49%) said the candidates were avoiding the real issues.

Small wonder that it has become a tempting commonplace to demystify this

American elections are never quite the low-risk Tweedledee-vs.-Tweedledum contests they sometimes appear to be. It is sobering to recall that even the landmark struggle between Kennedy and Nixon was once widely belittled as an echo, not a choice. As Kennedy partisan Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote at the time, "The favorite cliché of 1960 is that the candidates... are essentially the same sort of men, stamped from the same mold, committed to the same values, dedicated to the same objectives."

Yet just as 1960 voters were distracted by posturing over Quemoy and Matsu, so too is it easy to become lost in the current fog of specious spats over furloughs, flag factories and flexible freezes. To understand the true stakes in the 1988 election, it is necessary to cut through the clutter to try to see the candidates as they really are, not as they purport to be.

Dukakis is, yes, a liberal. Almost nothing about the Democratic nominee is as exasperating as his stubborn refusal to acknowledge his ideological roots. During a near-narcoleptic 90-minute interview with Ted Koppel on ABC's *Nightline* last week, Dukakis clung to the tired formulation: "I think all of us have combinations of liberal and conservative about us, Ted. I'm not a liberal." But on virtually every social issue from abortion to school prayer, Dukakis upholds the liberal values of tolerance and a deep concern for civil liberties. So too does he reflect liberal heritage in his abiding belief that activist government can be a force for good. But Dukakis is no latter-day Hubert Humphrey; Dukakis' postliberal credo represents an artful marriage of traditional goals and pinchpenny means.

While Dukakis is trying to hide his ideology, Bush is attempting to conceal that he does not have any.

election as a bitter battle for spoils between two competent, albeit uninspired managers, each of whom would cleave to moderate policies if elected. By this reckoning, the lack of cutting issues in the campaign suggests an underlying consensus that the next President will practice budget restraint at home and respond prudently to Mikhail Gorbachev's overtures abroad. "Each candidate is a pragmatist," contends Stuart Eizenstat, who was Jimmy Carter's chief domestic adviser. "Neither is an ideologue. Temperamentally, each is cautious and, within his own party, more or less a centrist."

There is merit to this argument, but



Down in the polls and running out of time, Dukakis still battles the "L" word

WHO WOULD DO A BETTER JOB?

Dukakis	Bush
Attacking the drug problem	36% 43%
Keeping the economy strong	33% 55%
Helping the homeless	57% 25%
Reducing the deficit	37% 40%
Keeping inflation under control	29% 51%
Maintaining a strong defense	22% 65%
Dealing with the Soviet Union	24% 60%
Protecting the environment	45% 31%
Curbing crime	32% 49%
Ensuring honesty in government	39% 34%

From a telephone poll of 1,096 likely voters taken for TIME on Oct. 25-26 by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman. Sampling error is plus or minus 3%.



The mystery remains: What would shape Bush's values and priorities if elected?

Nation

Bush is the candidate of continuity, not change. It was an artful line that Reagan unveiled at the Republican Convention, and Bush cleverly added it to his stump speech: "We are the change." In truth, Bush would be more caretaker than catalyst. If elected, he would become the first President since Herbert Hoover took over from Calvin Coolidge 60 years ago to succeed a retiring incumbent of his own party. That explains why a Bush Administration would more closely resemble a European-style Cabinet shuffle than a full-fledged transition. No presidential contender in memory has so clearly signaled his top appointees, including James Baker as Secretary of State and Nicholas Brady either remaining as Treasury Secretary or moving to the White House, perhaps as Counsellor. Despite Bush's promises of "new faces," few have emerged in the campaign. A Bush Administration

campaign, many of his administrative skills—such as decisiveness and an ability to delegate—would translate well to the White House. But even now Dukakis refuses to recognize that Massachusetts is not a microcosm of America. During the second debate, he doggedly clung to the illusion that more aggressive tax enforcement could stanch the deficit. His only real evidence: it worked in Massachusetts.

For better and worse, Bush is not Reagan. As an administrator this would clearly be a virtue, since the Vice President, although incurious and often inattentive, does have an underlying understanding of how Government works. The problem for Bush is "the vision thing." While Dukakis is trying to hide his ideology, Bush is attempting to conceal the fact that he does not have any. A former Bush aide contends, "He's not interested in policy." Through

ing fantasy that the next President will rise above the manner in which he won the election. But politics cannot be separated from governance, nor do sound bites stop at the Oval Office door. The ease with which Bush has skirted the boundaries of truth in the campaign remains troubling. Last week, while coasting on a comfortable lead, the Vice President felt compelled to charge that Dukakis' economic nostrums are "far outside the mainstream," and snidely hinted that they come closer to European-style socialism than American free enterprise. It is a scant defense to suggest that these hyperbolic words were scripted by Bush's handlers; a President too, if he does not exercise restraint, can be at the mercy of his speechwriters. Balanced against this is the high-level technical competence and inner harmony of the Bush team, which may well be a prelude to a consensus-driven, smoothly organized White House staff.

Dukakis' political problems stem directly from his stiff-necked refusal to heed the advice of others. Campaign strategist John Sasso was the indispensable man because he possesses the unique ability to prompt Dukakis to listen. Dukakis also failed abysmally in translating his much vaunted administrative skills to the discipline of creating a national campaign; he insisted on micromanaging nearly everything from interviewing political aides to approving scripts of TV spots. The result: insularity and indecision. In addition, Dukakis has failed to inspire loyalty, a quality that Bush prizes, perhaps in the extreme. But at this dour moment in the campaign when true leadership demands discipline, the Dukakis camp has become riven with faction and

plagued with press leaks from advisers seeking to salvage their own reputations from the debris of seeming defeat.

Do Americans want a return to an activist Government that boldly addresses domestic problems, or do they prefer a more cautious, reactive and less ambitious approach?

That question will not be on any ballot, but it is perhaps the most unambiguous decision facing voters. Dukakis is the apostle of the do-something ethic, while Bush represents mainstream Republican skepticism of new Government programs. That choice undergirds the election, but never have the terms of philosophic battle

been defined for the voters. This vagueness provides protective camouflage for Bush, who has artfully used evocative phrases like "a kinder, gentler nation" to mask the passivity of his domestic agenda. He has, to be sure, advanced his own proposals on education and day care, but they do not seem to spring from deep personal conviction. Rather, they have been offered to the voters—and may someday even be enacted into law—to take the edge off the negativism of the rest of the Bush campaign.

Domestic affairs is the one arena in which Dukakis holds the promise of being far more interesting as President than he ever was as candidate. By nature a peripatetic tinkerer, Dukakis has undoubtedly fantasized about how he would tackle problems like the homeless without creating expensive federal bureaucracies. But he either refuses or is unable to articulate his vision. His most ambitious campaign proposals bear Dukakis' characteristic stamp of liberalism on the cheap. He would mandate that employers provide health insurance and covertly pass along the costs to consumers in the form of higher prices. In a technical sense, Dukakis' college-loan proposal is a wonder to behold: graduates would repay the money in the form of a small surcharge on their lifetime earnings, with the Government largely playing the role of collection agent.

Washington insiders have long assumed that a campaign is an impolitic forum for an honest discussion of the deficit. In this cynical view, voters cannot be trusted with the unpleasant truth: a tax increase is inevitable.

Early 1989, the experts reasoned, would be the proper moment for a pragmatic new President to cut a deal with Congress, regardless of what was read on Bush's lips or how Dukakis blathered on about uncollected taxes.

That logic still holds if Dukakis is elected. His last-resort taxes might consist of new levies on securities transfers or higher rates for upper-income taxpayers. But in well-placed Republican circles, there are whispers that Bush has in Reaganesque fashion been convinced by his own rhetoric about "no new taxes." As a top Administration official puts it, "Suddenly, I see the concrete setting. Bush has begun to believe and accept that the economic expansion was driven by the tax cuts of 1981 and the tax-reform bill."

Oddly enough, the one policy issue on which Bush displays genuine passion—

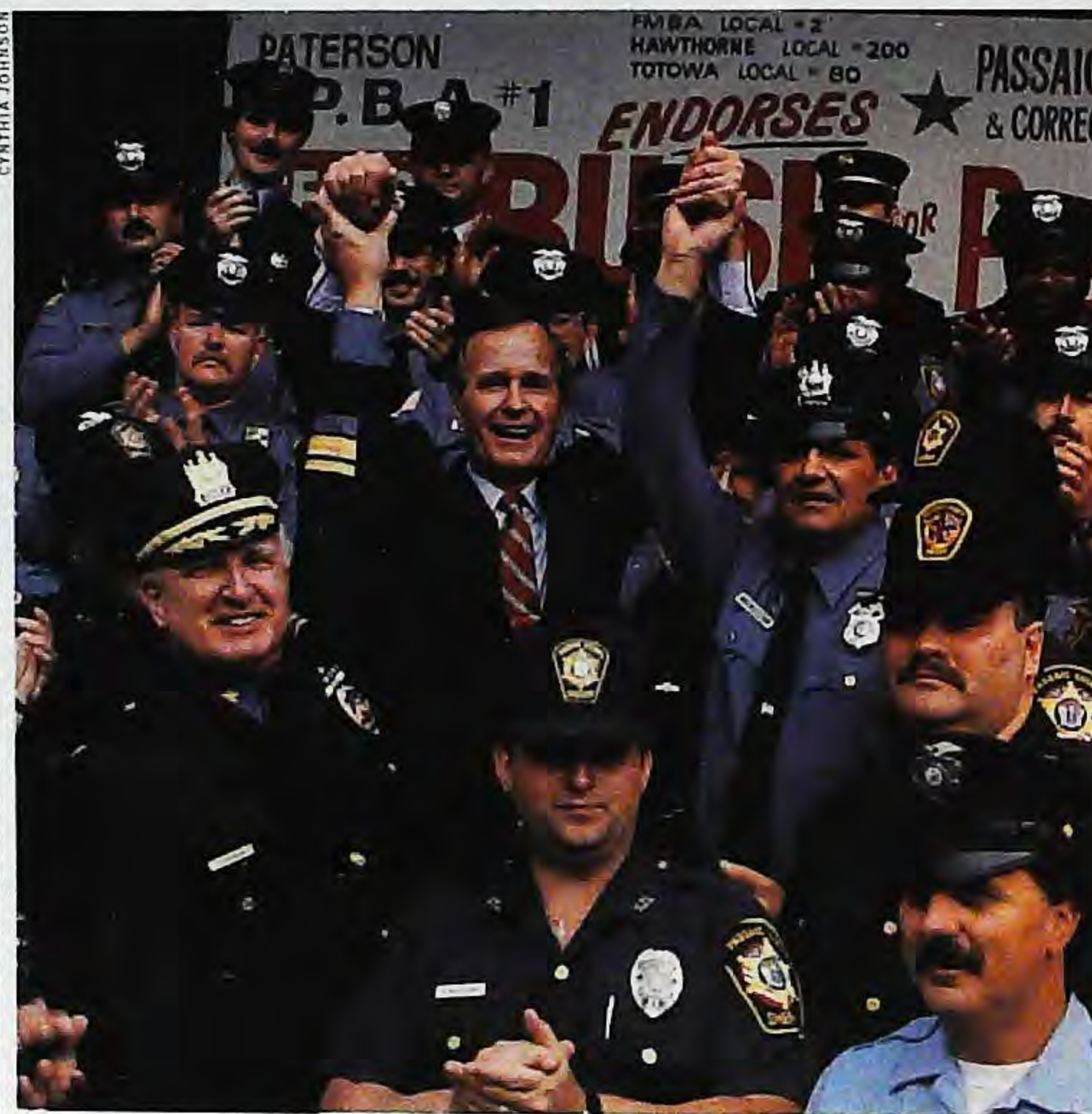
slicing the capital-gains tax to 15%—would refute the argument behind tax reform: earned and unearned income should be treated equally. But then Bush never believed the free-market gospel that tax preferences distort the economy; one of the few times the Vice President took an activist role in the White House was to preserve oil-industry write-offs in the 1985 reform bill. And Bush promises oilmen new tax breaks if elected.

It was fitting that some of the most dramatic exchanges in the first debate came when Bush and Dukakis staked out their diametrically opposed positions on abortion. Since three liberal and moderate Justices will be in their 80s by Inauguration Day, the next President probably has it in his power to shape the Supreme Court: whether it continues to uphold legalized abortion or limits, or possibly abolishes, the rights granted under *Roe vs. Wade*. Similarly, a more conservative high court could erode the judicial under-

as President, Bush would face intense lobbying from the Republican right to appoint antiabortion conservatives. The last time he was confronted with strong right-wing pressure, he anointed Quayle as his running mate.

The 1988 campaign has reversed one electoral cliché: these days politics starts at the water's edge. For months Bush has mercilessly tarred Dukakis as weak on defense and naive on foreign policy. When not joyriding in a tank, Dukakis has tried to link the Vice President to the foreign policy scandals of the Reagan Administration. This skirmishing has obscured for the voters what should be a reassuring truth: there is not much more than a dime's worth of difference between Bush and Dukakis on strategic and defense policy, especially since Congress will be calling the tune on military spending. Perhaps not since Kennedy-Nixon have two would-be Presidents tracked closer to the mainstream foreign policy consensus.

Politics cannot be neatly separated from governance, and whoever is the next President will be unable to transcend the manner in which he won the office. Little can justify Bush's cynical exploitation of the pseudo issues of crime and patriotism.



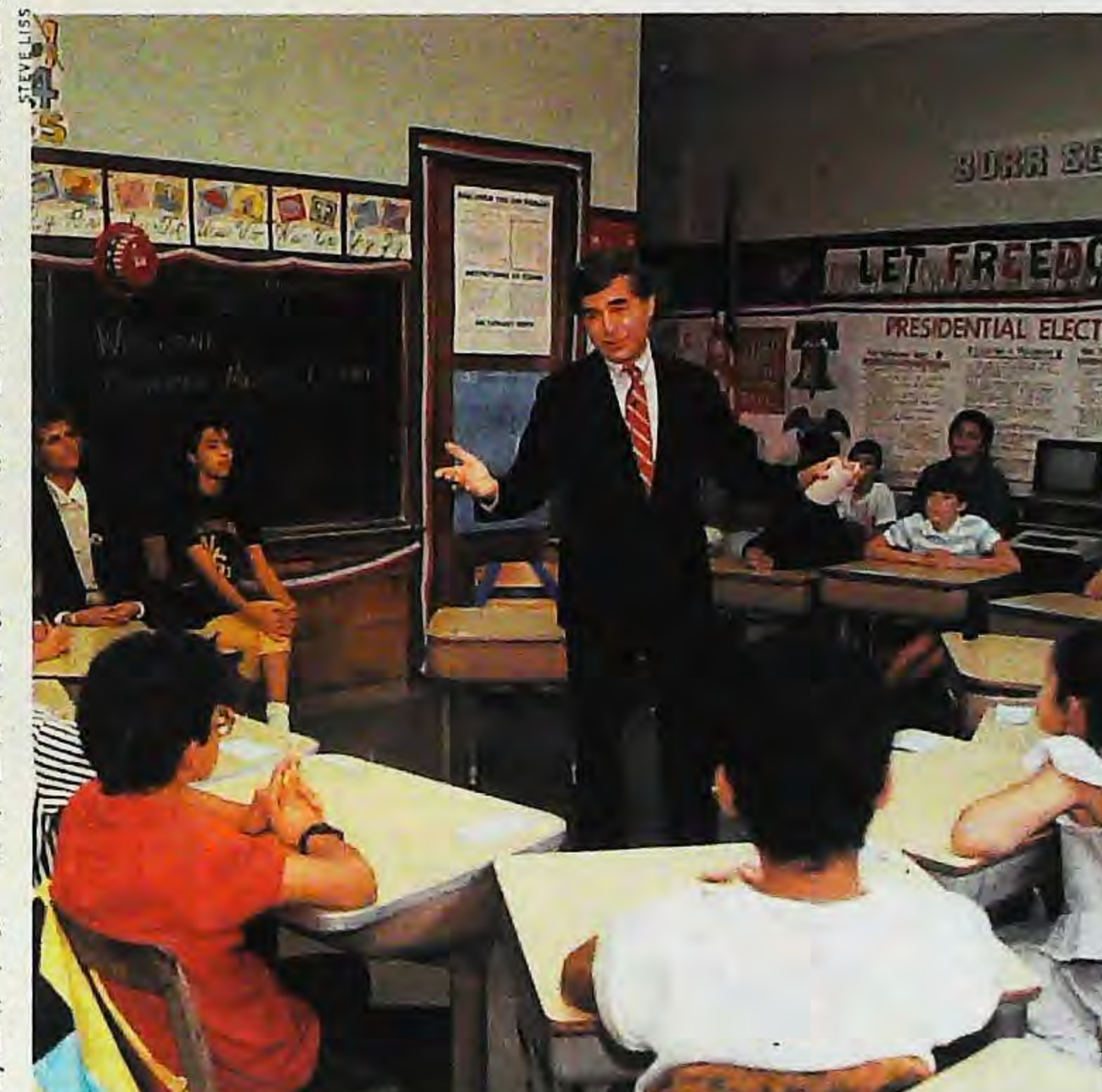
would boast all the strengths and weaknesses of retread Government: long on experience and short on new ideas.

Dukakis was, in fact, a successful Governor. The nonstop nattering negativism of the Bush ad campaign has badly tarnished Dukakis' original presidential calling card: his record in Massachusetts. Campaign brickbats aside, Dukakis was an adroit administrator who fostered creativity and transcended traditional liberal antipathy to the business community. Yet as a presidential candidate, he has marred his reputation by excessively claiming credit for the state's economic revival. Although woefully invisible in the current

his entire career, the Vice President has been a political chameleon, taking on the coloration of the President he serves. Although he would hate to admit it, Bush was even willing to stay on under Carter as CIA director. The most important unanswered question in this campaign: Who would shape Bush's values and priorities if he became President? The near indefensible choice of Dan Quayle aside, the contours of Bush's projected Administration suggest that he would govern as a mainstream Republican—sort of Gerald Ford plus pork rinds.

Both Bush and Dukakis are responsible for the tenor of their campaigns. It is a beguil-

It is a beguiling fantasy that presidential campaigns have ever been purely educational exercises for the voters. But this neither excuses the nattering negativism of 1988 nor explains Dukakis' timorous inability to articulate a rationale for his candidacy.



pinnings of affirmative-action programs.

There is no uncertainty where Dukakis stands: he strongly supports abortion rights, and most of his judicial appointments in Massachusetts have been liberal activists. While the Vice President has at times displayed discomfort with the Reagan Administration's harsh opposition to some civil rights programs, his private views on abortion remain a puzzle. Was it a philosophic conversion or political expediency that prompted Bush to embrace the right-to-life movement when he joined Reagan on the G.O.P. ticket in 1980? By temperament, Bush might be inclined to nominate moderates, such as his old friend Justice Potter Stewart was. But

One reason for the public confusion is that both candidates have reached the center by zigzag routes, and each must still mask his leanings to satisfy ideologues in his own party. In the late 1970s, Bush jettisoned mainstream ties to the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations as a price of advancement in G.O.P. politics. But with hawkish conservatives stymied by Reagan's rapprochement with Gorbachev, Bush has reverted to his roots and surrounded himself with a shadow cabinet that signals an Establishment restoration.

Dukakis had to learn the strategic rudiments while at the same time satisfying

the liberal peaceniks in the Iowa caucuses. The result was some gooey platitudes about the U.N., some awkward policy missteps and an undeserved reputation as the spiritual heir to George McGovern. With prudence and growing confidence, Dukakis has carefully selected moderate foreign policy advisers and uncharacteristically reached out to Democratic experts like Senator Sam Nunn and Congressman Lee Hamilton.

The Vice President, to be sure, has far greater firsthand knowledge of East-West relations and the concerns of European allies. But Dukakis would bring to the presidency an equally strong instinctive understanding of the economic threats to the nation's security from both Japan and an increasingly integrated European Community.

Yet there is one indelible difference between the two that could take on cen-

tral importance if the nation faced an unforeseen terrorist threat or new left-wing insurgency in Latin America. Their diametrically opposed attitudes toward military intervention and covert operations are very much a product of their life experiences. Bush is the first former CIA director to seek the White House; Dukakis was an exchange student in Peru at the time of the 1954 CIA-backed coup in Guatemala. Small wonder that Bush retains a hawkish can-do faith in covert action; Dukakis is a multilateralist keenly aware of the damage to American prestige and fair-play values that can be the permanent byproduct of unwise subversion and military intervention.

Maybe Bush is right, that the choice ultimately comes down to a question of values. What beliefs do the American people want to embrace in the last years of the century that brought the nation

to greatness? The election of Bush would be a vote for stability, for conservative continuity and, yes, for upholding the limited-Government legacy of Ronald Reagan, while smoothing off some of its rough ideological edges. Dukakis offers more of a risk and potentially more of a reward. His selection would mark a return to more communal values, as the nation gave liberalism another chance to adapt to a changed environment and redeem its faith in activist Government.

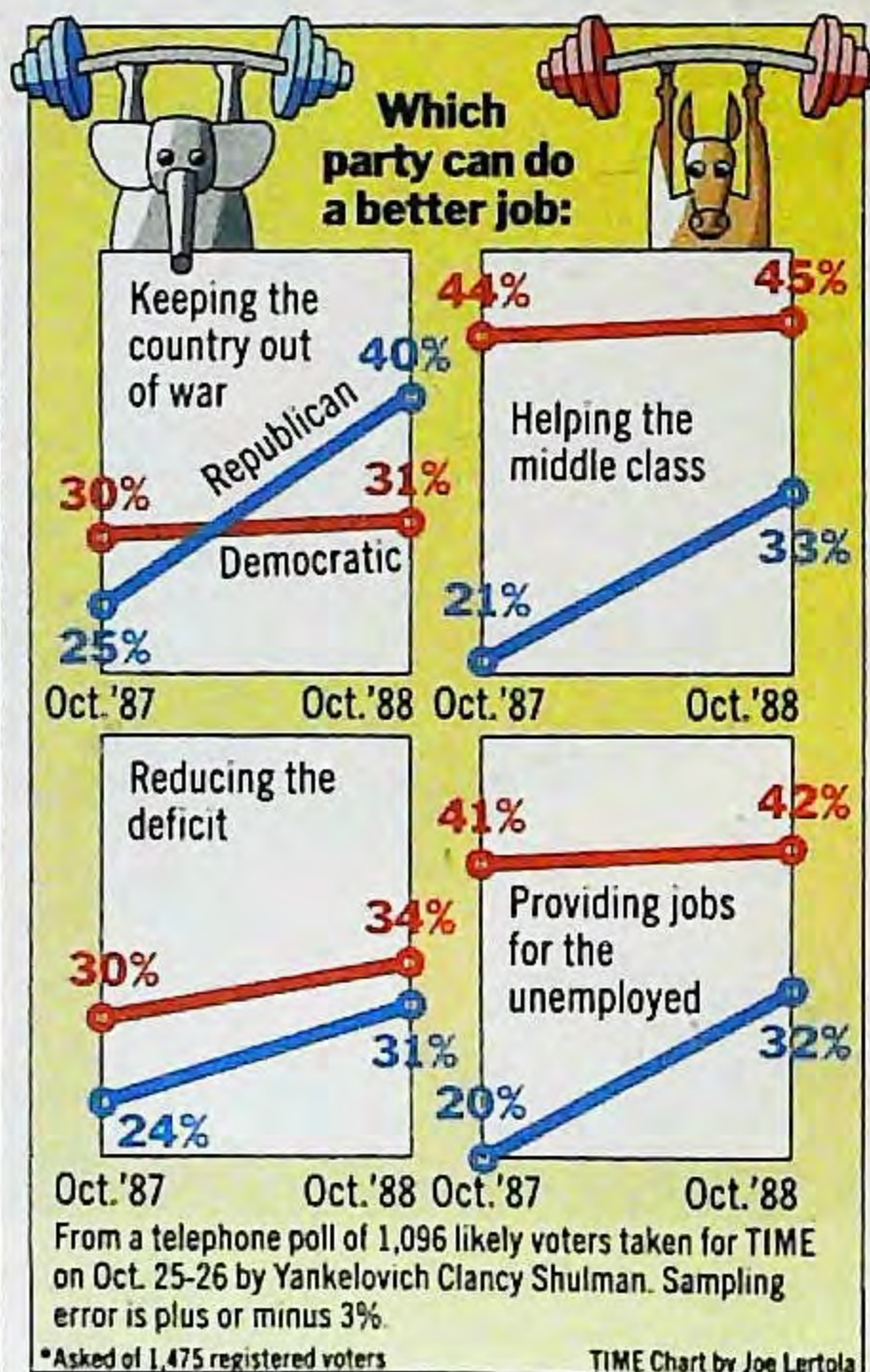
After more than a year of campaigning and overheated rhetoric that seemed mostly designed to obscure such fundamental issues, the decision rests in the hands of the 112 million registered voters who will choose America's future. **Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington, David Beckwith with Bush and Michael Riley with Dukakis**

A Poll's Harsh Verdict

The Democrats started with an advantage, but Dukakis lost it

What might have been, that most corrosive version of hindsight, should be the title of the Democrats' song of lamentation for this year's campaign. When George Bush and Michael Dukakis were struggling for the nominations of their parties a year ago, voters viewed the Democrats as more effective than the Republicans on some of the critical issues of peace and prosperity. But that advantage, according to a TIME poll last week, has all but dissipated. Even where the electorate still judges the Democrats favorably, Dukakis hardly benefits. The survey conducted by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman renders a harsh verdict on the Massachusetts Governor. Although the Democratic Party still commands more voter allegiance than the G.O.P. and although Bush remains weighed down with heavy negative baggage, Dukakis enters the campaign's final week struggling to prove himself plausible as President.

On the question of which party would better keep the country "strong and prosperous," a slight Republican advantage of 6 points among registered voters in October 1987 has doubled. A smaller but more critical group in the survey—those likely to vote next Tuesday—split almost evenly on the visceral question of "which party most often acts in your interest": 44% choose the Democrats vs. 41% for the G.O.P. Yet when the question shifts from the parties to the candidates, Bush gets a slight plurality (42% vs. 40%) as the one who would better "look out for people like yourself." Further, the Vice President enjoys a strong majority over Dukakis, 55% to 33%, as likely voters are asked which



candidate would "keep the economy strong."

One reason for the disparity is that more voters still consider themselves Democrats than Republicans (41% vs. 31%). While Bush leads Dukakis by 10 points in the race for the White House, 44% of the voters say they will vote for Democratic congressional candidates, vs. 36% for Republicans.

Most of Dukakis' trouble comes from his inability to recapture Democrats who voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984. A month ago, Dukakis was 8 points behind

with this group; now his deficit is 17 (52% to 35%). Yet many of these swing voters were within his reach: among those now favoring Bush, 27% say they once considered going for Dukakis. He could not close the sale with these potential supporters because he could neither inspire them nor fend off Bush's relentless attacks on him as a marshmallow where crime and national defense are concerned.

Voters remain unenthusiastic, to say the least, about both candidates. The "aginner" faction—those who say they are motivated by hostility to the other ticket—has grown since TIME's September survey. Further, the electorate still yearns for other options: 43% of Republicans say they would prefer a different candidate; 65% of Democrats are dissatisfied with Dukakis. It comes as cold consolation to Dukakis that fewer voters consider him a negative campaigner (31% vs. 41% for Bush). Similarly, 62% disbelieve Bush's pledge not to raise taxes, and the same percentage think that as President he would favor the wealthy. Yet Dukakis has been unable to exploit those potential weaknesses.

Hearing no relevant, forceful debate about the future, voters seem to be focusing on their relative contentment with the Reagan Administration: 71% said things are going very well or fairly well in the country, and 57% approve of Reagan's performance as President. Last week Bush was enjoying the front runner's perks, campaigning at a more leisurely pace than his rival and nibbling at Dukakis' base in New England. Dukakis was jetting across the country by day while giving a series of exhausting network interviews at night. By directing his newly sharpened populist message at mass audiences, Dukakis was making one last, game attempt to seize voters by the lapels and persuade them to think of him as a potential President. —By Laurence I. Barrett

An Interview with Michael Dukakis

"Am I a liberal in the tradition of Roosevelt and Truman and Kennedy? Yes, I am"



As he flew home to Boston last Friday night after a week of campaigning, Michael Dukakis drank orange and cranberry juice and invited TIME Boston bureau chief Robert Ajemian and correspondent Michael Riley to join him for a 75-minute conversation.

Q. Last June, when the Vice President was deeply involved in planning his attacks, where were you? What were you doing? If you weren't doing enough, what does that say about you?

A. I think it says, with the benefit of hindsight, that we should have been planning and anticipating more than we were. Part of this, obviously, is my own temperament. I am by instinct not someone who enjoys cutting up the other guy. That's not the way to get things done. It just gets in the way. I wanted to put a strong positive face on my campaign.

Q. Was it a question of not anticipating the Bush attacks or not anticipating that a general election had to be created differently from a primary campaign?

A. Both.

Q. It seems so fundamental. How could that happen?

A. Don't get me wrong. We had a plan. But I'm not sure we did it as thoroughly as we should have, or anticipated as thoroughly as we should have the nature of the attacks. We certainly didn't anticipate the cynicism of the Willie Horton case.

Q. Does that mean that George Bush, as he likes to say, has a far better sense of mainstream America than you?

A. No. As I say, I think the use of the Horton tragedy was hypocritical. It was a way to divert attention from the Bush record.

Q. You say the use of Willie Horton made you more angry than anything else that has happened in this campaign. Yet for six weeks

your anger didn't show. What is one to conclude from that?

A. That I'm slow to anger. After ten years of being a chief executive, I've developed a certain inner calm and steadiness about me. It's not a bad resource, by the way, to have as President. If you get angry every day, you're going to be a real risk. I think it's an asset to be steady and a unifier. Incidentally, that quality stood me in good stead in the primaries.

Q. On this question of showing more feeling, what do you think people are really asking for?



"If you win at a cost that involves deliberate misrepresentations, unethical conduct, no, I wouldn't do that."

A. I think they're looking for someone who understands their hopes and aspirations, someone who conveys a sense of optimism. That's a strength of mine.

Q. Do you appreciate why people are always asking you to show more feeling, more bias, more emotion? They're saying, "Come on, give us more." Are you puzzled about what they want?

A. No, no, I understand. But one of my strengths is I can handle stress and strain and pressure. Maybe I tend to be less expressive. But I'm expressing more of that now.

Q. But it's a real extraction process to get more reflective things out of you. Your emo-

tional makeup is such that you don't think that way, you're just not analytical.

A. Analytical about what? You're going to have to explain yourself.

Q. Well, you yourself creating some emotional dynamism about a particular issue, for example.

A. How do you explain my success as Governor, then? Aren't the things we've been able to do—bringing people together, building coalitions, making things happen—driven by commitment and emotion and feeling? Of course they are.

Q. Is this also an area—creating an emotional connection—that wasn't thought out too well either?

A. Probably. I've been less concerned with theater than I am in communicating directly.

Q. Back to Willie Horton. You call it cynical; other people would call it racist. Yet you did not come out strongly to condemn these ads as racist.

A. Wait a second. You can make your own judgment about the Willie Horton ad. But when the southern regional coordinator of the Bush campaign says we're going to push Mike Dukakis so far to the left, he's going to be to the left of collard greens, black-eyed peas and strip-row cotton, that's not very subtle.

Q. And that's racist?

A. What would you call it?

Q. You've been criticized for ducking the word liberal. Wasn't there a way for you to define that word instead of waiting for this whole thing to escalate?

A. I am not a label. I'm not a label. And I reject that. The way Bush is using it is of one who doesn't have values, who condones permissiveness, who's outside the mainstream. That's a perversion. Am I a liberal in the tradition of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman and John Kennedy? Yes, I am. I'm also a man who bal-

anced budgets and cut taxes and put five times as many drug pushers in jail as my predecessor.

Q. Nineteen months ago you started all this in Iowa. You were selling yourself as a competent manager. The question has to be raised about whether your campaign has been managed competently, from chaos in the ad department to disorder on the staff.

A. Well, we had a few bumps along the way. So did my opponent.

Q. Doesn't that raise a central question about whether, if a campaign could not be managed effectively, you could manage the presidency effectively?

A. I don't think that coming up with clever ads necessarily is something that qualifies you to be President. I think there are many aspects of the campaign that have been run well, but there are some that haven't. But one of the great strengths of the campaign has been a field organization that I think is better than I've seen in a long time and certainly far superior to the other side's. We have not been as good as we should have been in developing media and that kind of thing, and I think we ac-

knowledge that. I mean, we're doing better now.

Q. Do you approve every campaign ad? How about the one of handlers packaging Bush?

A. I look at every ad. I reviewed them, and our judgment was to go forward.

Q. If I could jump to the Atlanta Convention: the Vice President makes the point that you in some ways really started this negative back and forth.

A. Oh, come on. That's absurd. The Republican strategy as you well know was developed way back in the spring. Bush was making speeches attacking me in May. Look, everybody expects a certain amount of jabbing and poking at conventions. I mean they had their convention. I don't recall that it was a "kinder, gentler" convention the way it painted Mike Dukakis, do you? The last kinder, gentler period in the Bush campaign was just terminated after 24 hours.

Q. People say Republicans are more politically professional than Democrats, more intent on winning. Do you value winning above all else, winning at any cost?

A. No sir. If you win at a cost that in-

volves deliberate misrepresentations, unethical conduct, no, I wouldn't do that.

Q. Even if it meant not gaining the White House for the Democrats?

A. Even if it meant not gaining the White House. Is unethical conduct justified in the interest of winning? No. Apparently truth is no object for them. It's important if possible for a President-elect to go into office with an ability to unite people and to bring them together. I think it's much more difficult to do it when you engage in this kind of thing.

Q. Why didn't you engage Democratic leaders around the country earlier in your campaign?

A. By the time the primaries were over, we were working very closely with Congress. There was a lot of enthusiasm about that. I think we could have been more effective in managing a surrogate effort in the early stages.

Q. Some politicians continue to say they still don't really know you.

A. I'm not complicated. Maybe they're looking for something more than is here. I'm just basically a guy who loves my wife, loves my family, loves what I'm doing. ■

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Will These Mud Crawlers Learn to Fly?

"We believe that to err is human. To blame it on someone else is politics."

—Hubert H. Humphrey

Come the morning light with victory, the President-elect, whoever he may be, will have to shed his warted and rancid campaign in a hurry if he wants success in the Oval Office. He will have to be human again.

Like the metamorphosis of some ugly caterpillar that has been crawling in the dirt, a triumphant candidate should change his manner and mood. Particularly in this grungy year. The presidential election seems more than ever to glorify and reward talents and passions that a President should lock away once on the job: anger, glibness, distortion, evasion, hostility and self-righteousness. Effective Presidents, for the most part, do not taunt and humiliate adversaries when conducting diplomacy or pursuing legislation. In war, yes, but war is a last resort. A President's task is to reconcile, to include. Hence, Richard Nixon, a bareknuckle anti-Commie on the way up, spent as much time at his first summit trying to persuade Leonid Brezhnev that they would both be winners with an arms-limitation agreement as he did espousing the U.S. position. John Kennedy early in his presidency grew heated and called Big Steel men "s.o.b.'s," then quickly cooled down and made amends. "If they don't do well, I don't do well," he explained. Even Lyndon Johnson, renowned for his arm twisting, had a more prosaic explanation for most of the successes so often credited to his legendary rage and

threats. "Remember the prophet Isaiah: Come let us reason together," Johnson used to say. "Telling a man to go to hell and making him go there are two different things."

"It is amazing what you can accomplish if you do not care who gets the credit," said Harry Truman. While Americans for the moment seem to have abandoned this axiom, Mikhail Gorbachev has picked it up. In a private White House ceremony not long ago, Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze handed President Reagan a Russian box. Inside was a glittering gold medal, the first struck in the Soviet Union commemorating the new arms agreement. "The General Secretary wanted you to have it since you are the architect of the INF treaty," said Shevardnadze. Reagan's surprise was as great as his gratification.

One big worry now is that the negative, strident presidential politics of this age, which never let up because of the permanent industry of polling, consulting and campaign handling, will carry over into the Oval Office. The winner, intensely engrossed for so long in confrontational tactics to gain his prize, knows little else. Jimmy Carter, the avenging angel of the politics of "goodness," was so taken with his campaign achievement, narrow though it was, that he tried it with arms control, springing a plan for huge cuts on the Soviets. He offended the Kremlin with his arrogance and lost precious years in arms control. Had Reagan heeded Speaker Tip O'Neill's plea to meet him partway and moderate the deep tax cuts of 1981, the deficits and debt might not now threaten Reagan's place in the history books. ■

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A Dose of Old-Time Populism

Dukakis plays the politics of Us vs. Them

Populism is the last refuge of a declining Democrat. As poll numbers decrease, populist rhetoric increases. After months of touting such eye-glazing proposals as the Pan American summit on drug trafficking, Michael Dukakis has finally, and reluctantly, decided to tap into the roiling pool of American class resentment. Presto—Dukakis the class warrior, the suburban populist.

The appeal is simple, direct, visceral. Us vs. Them. The Haves vs. the Have-Nots. The cry has a long and honorable history among Democratic presidential candidates. Dukakis' populist pitch began as far back as Labor Day, when he delivered a speech shaped by Bob Shrum, the veteran Democratic wordsmith who had designed Dick Gephardt's populist incarnation. Lee Atwater, George Bush's pugnacious campaign manager, admits, "I got a little worried after the Labor Day speech that they were going to catch on to the populist approach." But only last week did the Dukakis campaign go ballistic. "George Bush wants to help people on Easy Street," Dukakis said with all the in-

dignation he could muster. "I want to help the people on Main Street." By week's end even G.O.P. polling showed a slight shift in the Democrats' direction.

Dukakis' populist appeal is an elite-seeking missile homing in on the pocket-book. He suggested that Bush's proposed capital-gains tax break would help the privileged few "hire a second butler." He derided it by using the example of a taxpayer who reported capital gains of \$515,132 between 1985 and 1987. Such a taxpayer would save \$22,000 a year. His name: "George Herbert Walker Bush."

The aristocratic Vice President would seem like an ideal target. Son of a Wall Street banker and U.S. Senator. Andover, Yale. Kennebunkport. What could be easier? But Bush reversed the normal equation. The man with four names jettisoned his g's, touted his taste for pork rinds and successfully put himself across as a regular guy. Bush persuaded voters to forget his background by pushing to the foreground the themes of cultural, not economic, populism: patriotism (the flag and the Pledge) and toughness on crime.

His campaign has cynically mined the white fears and racism that feed this form of cultural populism. At the same time, the Bush campaign depicted Dukakis as a "Harvard elitist." Dukakis' initial lawyerly defense of the flag issue played right into that perception.

Effective populism requires tapping a wellspring of popular resentment. For Dukakis this is a problem. As a Governor and a politician, he embodies the search for consensus, for mediation. He stands for "partnerships," an idea that is as far from traditional populism as Brookline is from Kansas. During the primaries, he scorned Dick Gephardt's populist campaign theme of "It's your fight too." Gephardt's specter of \$48,000 Hyundais, Dukakis suggested, pandered to an American xenophobic streak by railing against foreign companies. Now, however, Dukakis is showing a commercial featuring a Japanese flag. His slogan "I'm on your side" is Gephardt Lite.

Polls show that populism is a message with punch. For many traditional Democrats, the politics of economic populism goes to the heart of the way they define themselves. It speaks to the very reason that they are Democrats, something that until recently Dukakis has found difficult to do.

—By Richard Stengel.

Reported by Michael Riley with Dukakis

Grapevine



Using his head

EDDIE HASKELL LIVES.

Dan Quayle knows that manners matter. When he found that he was on the list of Veep prospects, a job he deeply desired, he made a point of calling the Bush campaign and asking for permission to acknowledge that he was under consideration. He was the only prospect to do so.

SCHMOOZE CONTROL.

The Boston *Globe* has long supported hometown hero Mike Dukakis. But when editorial-page editor Martin

Nolan visited Dukakis campaign manager John Sasso to discuss the paper's endorsement, Sasso kept Nolan cooling his heels in a waiting room, then postponed the meeting. When Nolan went to see Bush campaign chief Jim Baker, he was treated royally—and even took a phone call from the Vice President. Bush won't win the endorsement, but his affable effort did not go unnoticed.

SPY VS. SPY. If Bush is elected, a change is likely at the CIA. The consensus is that director William Webster "just isn't hacking it." Says one official, "He's not exactly dumb, but there's no substance, no real policy input." Former National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft is a leading contender for the job.

THE SPOILS OF DEFEAT.

Democratic Party Chairman Paul Kirk is due to step down next year, and those already vying for the job include Ron Brown, Jesse Jackson's convention manager; Richard Wiener of Michigan, popular among party regulars; former Congressmen Michael Barnes of Maryland and James Jones of Oklahoma, who would sit well with conservatives.

COSTLY CAMPAIGNER. Jesse Jackson has been unseen but not unfunded. The amount that Dukakis has promised to cover Jackson's expenses: \$1.8 million.

A BANK SHOT . . . Ted Koppel was irked. Yes, he had promised to have only one candidate on ABC's *Nightline* if the other refused to appear. But he did not like interviewing Dukakis sans Bush. So John Sasso called in Boston sports agent Bob Woolf, who represents the Celtics' Larry Bird. Woolf dealt with ABC News president Boone Arledge as well as Koppel and was able to hold the *Nightline* host to his pledge.



Woolf swung his clout with Koppel

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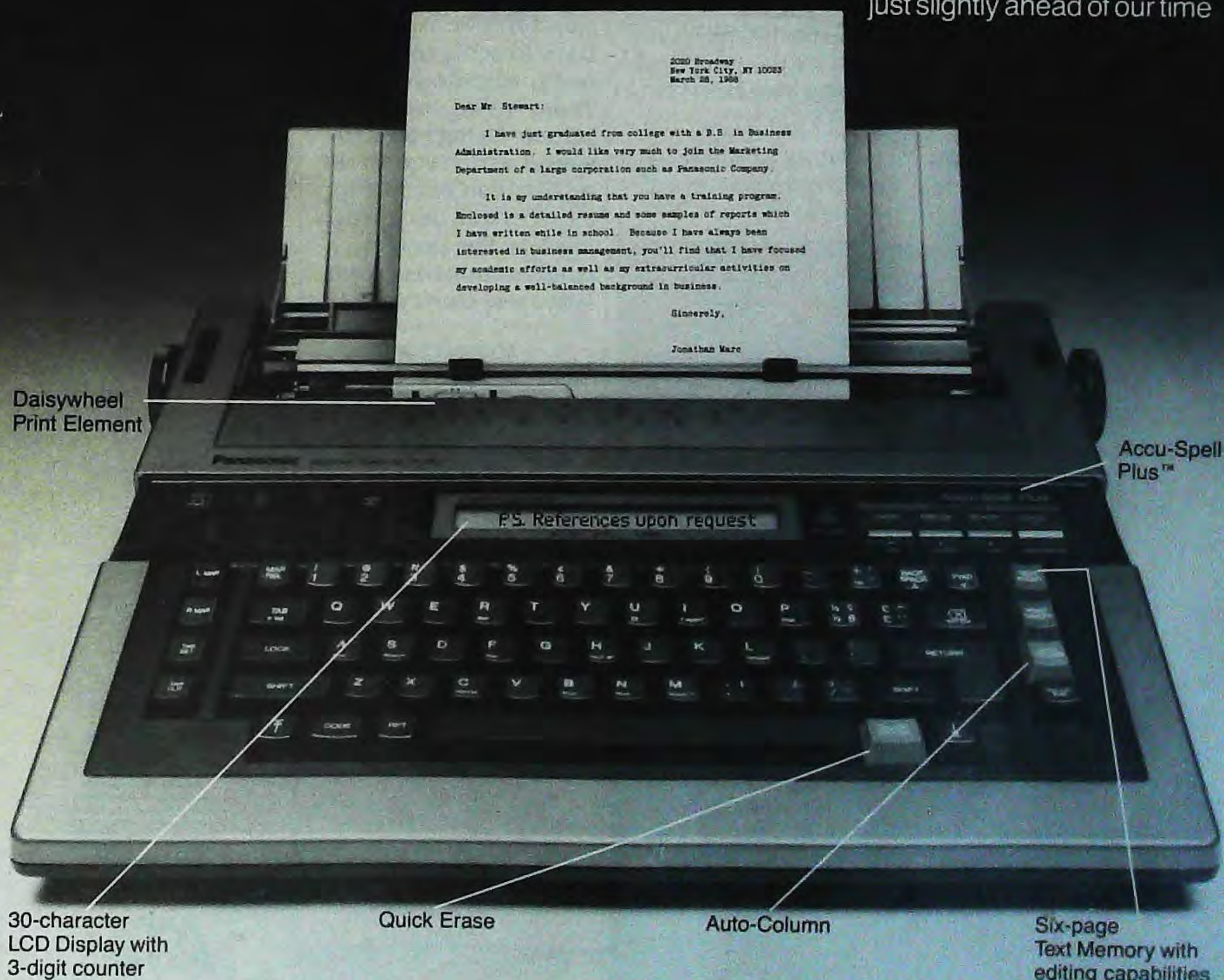
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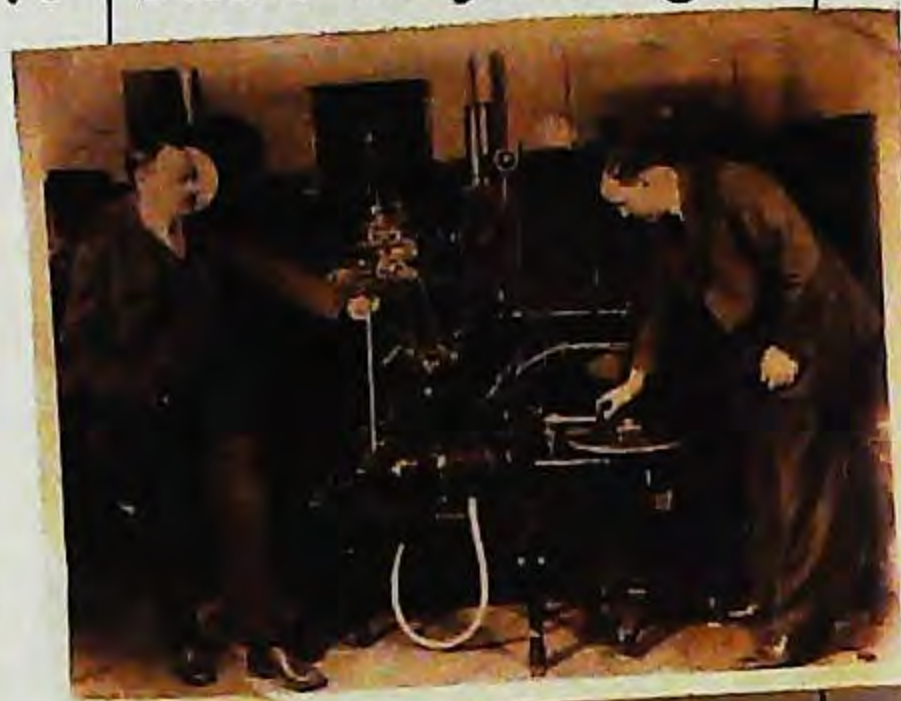
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CAMPAIGN ISSUES

After the Cold War Is Won

By Charles Krauthammer



Even in a campaign as issueless as this one, the vacuousness of what passes for foreign policy debate has been stunning. The reason, however, is simple. Not since World War II has the U.S. experienced such a serene international environment:

► The superpowers are in the midst of a second détente, more profound than the first because it is accompanied this time by a serious Soviet attempt at internal reform. Détente II has yielded an arms reduction agreement (the INF treaty) of marginal strategic importance but of such profound psychological impact that the peace movement, which only five years ago threatened to overthrow Western nuclear policy, has been eclipsed.

► The Western alliance is stronger than ever. Europe is embarked on full economic integration. NATO, whose imminent demise is annually declared by critics, has shown remarkable cohesiveness, withstanding with nary a blink the planned removal of an American air wing from Spain and its relocation to Italy.

► The Third World has been experiencing an unprecedented tide toward democracy. The Philippines, South Korea and much of Latin America have thrown off dictatorship. Even Chile may soon follow. Regional conflicts are being resolved at an extraordinary rate. The Soviets are leaving Afghanistan. They are putting pressure on Viet Nam to leave Kampuchea and on Cuba to leave Angola. Iran and Iraq are in a cease-fire. Even the endless Saharan war between Morocco and the Polisario guerrillas appears near settlement.

This is not to say that there are no real problems on the horizon. Two areas that remain hot and troubled for the U.S. are the Middle East and Central America. But even in the Middle East, Iran's defeat and the subsequent isolation of Syria have checked at least temporarily the most radical and destabilizing players in that area. In Central America the Soviets have indeed established a strategic foothold, but this is unlikely to spell immediate danger for the region because of Nicaragua's economic chaos and social unrest. In fact, for the first time in a generation, one can say that there is not a single international

crisis facing the U.S. In such a becalmed environment, what can the two candidates debate?

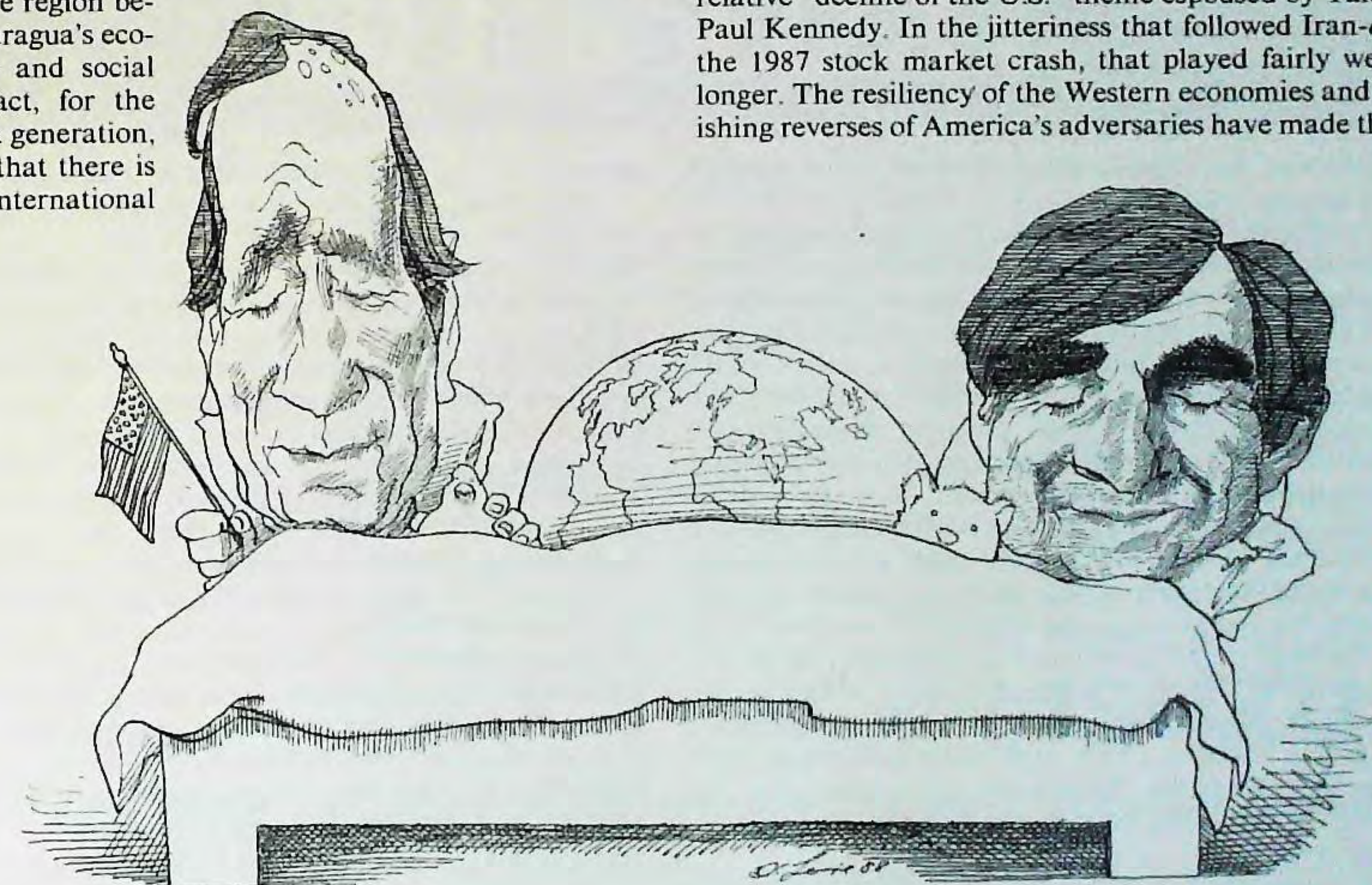
In fact, the current outbreak of relative peace and the potential for a changed U.S.-Soviet relationship under Mikhail Gorbachev present an immense new foreign policy challenge that the candidates have yet to face: managing what may be the last stages of the cold war and inventing a new world role for the U.S. in an international system that may, in our lifetime, no longer be defined by the East-West struggle. Instead, the foreign policy debate in the campaign has focused mainly on two peripheral issues: drugs and trade.

America's addiction to drugs is not a foreign policy issue at all, but the candidates have pressed it into service anyway. Dukakis has even declared drugs America's No. 1 foreign policy problem. Such is the current drug hysteria that Bush has never even questioned the proposition.

As for trade, foreigners are being variously blamed for causing America's trade deficit and for "buying up America." There is, to be sure, a real trade issue: how to sustain the growing integration of the Western economies and prevent its arrest in mid-course with three mutually protectionist blocs—Europe, America and East Asia. This issue, however, awaits discussion in some future election.

So muted is the foreign policy debate that Dukakis now claims to be closer to Ronald Reagan's view of the Soviets than is Bush. Dukakis has been careful to praise Reagan for his achievements in foreign policy and to promise to build on them. The only real argument with Bush is about how to achieve further improvements. Dukakis proposes to "challenge" the Soviets to let their subject peoples go, reduce conventional arms, desist from taking over Central America, etc. Bush promises to follow the Reagan prescription of building up to build down, of establishing bargaining chips to force the Soviets into concessions.

During the primary season, Democrats tried to play on the relative "decline of the U.S." theme espoused by Yale historian Paul Kennedy. In the jitteriness that followed Iran-*contra* and the 1987 stock market crash, that played fairly well. But no longer. The resiliency of the Western economies and the astonishing reverses of America's adversaries have made the decline-



CAMPAIGN ISSUES

of-the-U.S. theme not credible. The real story of this quarter-century, after all, is the decline of the Soviet bloc.

The success of the West is even more profound than that. One can say that 40 years after the end of World War II, the ideological war has been won. The triumph of democratic capitalism as a model for the world is nearly complete. From Hanoi to Tehran to Belgrade to Algiers, the three great countervailing models have been almost simultaneously defeated. Soviet-style Communism, Islamic fundamentalism and the kind of Third World socialist nationalism exemplified by Algeria were all at one time viewed as great leaps forward. They have each turned, like Mao's, into a catastrophic leap backward. Communism, fundamentalism and Third World socialism have left their peoples, especially economically, decades behind where they would be without their glorious revolutions.

Moreover, the more expansive and self-confident of these creeds, Soviet Communism and Islamic fundamentalism, are in retreat. The Soviets ran into the latest chapter in the Western policy of containment, the Reagan Doctrine, which greatly increased for Moscow the costs of empire. Iran ran into an Iraqi army backed by most of the Arab world and the West.

Because the contraction of these anti-Western forces has been caused, at least in part, by external pressures, this is no time to let up on the strategy that has produced such salutary results—particularly the pressure exerted by the West on the Soviet Union. Dukakis is all too trusting that internal Soviet difficulties and paper international institutions like the Organization of American States will alone restrain the Soviets. He lacks Bush's appreciation of the decisive role American power has played in the recent outbreak of Kremlin reasonableness.

With victory within sight, this is certainly no time to turn over the conduct of the final chapters of the cold war to those who were declaring it over 15 years ago, who never believed it was worth fighting in the first place, and in whose company "cold warrior" has long been a term of opprobrium. It is time to see the cold war through to the end. And a quiet end, on Western terms, is for the first time a serious possibility.

It may well occur in this generation. It could come about because Gorbachev fails and the Soviets slide back into stagnation, another decade or two of which may render them incapable of the kind of global all-front challenge to the West that they have managed to sustain for 40 years. Or if Gorbachev carries out the agenda that he and others are now enunciating, he may ultimately de-ideologize Soviet foreign policy. Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze and chief ideologist Vadim Medvedev have begun saying that class conflict (a.k.a. anti-imperialism) should no longer be the guiding axiom of Soviet foreign policy. If the Soviets decide that they would do better accommodating themselves to the Western economic and state system, the next century holds out the promise that U.S.-Soviet relations could turn from ideological combat to mere great power rivalry.

The implications of such a transformation would be immense. For the first time since 1946, it is possible to imagine a transition from a bipolar to a truly multi-polar international system analogous to that of the 19th century and featuring five centers of power: Japan, China, Europe, the U.S. and what remains of the Soviet bloc.

In such a case, the U.S. would have to rethink radically its

role in the world. The overriding question would be: With success having robbed the U.S. of its foreign policy *raison d'être* of 40 years, what need is there for any foreign policy? And what kind of foreign policy?

It is not hard to see the outlines of the coming debate. Four historical models present themselves. The first great pull on the American soul will be to return to isolationism. Without a mortal enemy perpetually challenging U.S. interests, it would be very hard for a President to mobilize the country for foreign entanglements.

"Realists" will argue that now, as before, there is no safety in isolationism, only temporary respite. Safety in a world of dispersed and fluid alliances would require the U.S. to play 19th century Britain and be the balancer of power, aligning itself with the weaker parties in order to prevent any power or combination of powers from becoming dominant. But such an energetic, nimble and at times amoral *Realpolitik* would be hard to sell to the American people and even harder to sustain, as Henry Kissinger, premier American realist of this century, learned to his chagrin in the 1970s.

The pull to isolationism is likely to be challenged not by realism but by two other energetic foreign policy models, both more attuned to the moralism that characterizes America's approach to the world. One is an internationalism of the kind envisioned briefly in the mid-1940s by the Western founders of the U.N. but made impossible by the cold war. In the absence of intractable ideological conflict between the U.S. and the Soviets, internationalism would no longer be a hopelessly utopian idea. (In fact, even during the cold war, when the U.S. and the Soviet Union found a temporary convergence of interests, they have been able jointly to control regional conflicts, such as Sinai, 1956, for example.) The Security Council could try to manage the world as a committee of the great powers. But any great power condominium needs unanimity to work. And that might still prove elusive in a post-cold war world of five contending powers, even if no two are

permanently set against each other by ideology.

The other "moralistic" foreign policy alternative is to carry on as we are: aggressively and (if necessary) unilaterally supporting American interests and values around the world, arming a movement here, putting pressure on a dictatorship there, as J.F.K. put it, "to assure the survival and the success of liberty." Without an Evil Empire to contend with, the job becomes easier—there is less need to support dictators in the name of anti-Communism—but harder to justify. Why make the effort? Seventy years ago, Americans were not wildly enthusiastic about Woodrow Wilson's crusade for democracy. Whether a post-Soviet America will want to embrace Wilsonian idealism any more than did a pre-Soviet America is an open question.

It is not the most immediate of questions facing the nation, but it may soon be among the most important. More pressing now is the question of how to get to that post-Soviet world, how best to encourage either the reform or the further decline of the Soviet Union. However, since Gorbachev is certainly right that the Soviet Union faces only one of these two alternatives, and since either alternative will radically alter the international environment, the U.S. had best start thinking what it proposes to do in a post-cold war world. The outlines of the coming debate are clear. Once the election is over, the debate might actually begin.

The immense new challenge: managing what may be the last stages of the cold war and inventing a new world role for the U.S.

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On the Ballot: Guns and AIDS

Referendums in two states are test cases for national policy

MARYLAND The N.R.A. Targets a Tough Law

Gun-control advocates were ecstatic last spring when the Maryland legislature passed one of the country's toughest bills limiting the manufacture and sale of cheap handguns. But even as Governor William Schaefer signed the new bill into law, the gun lobby was collecting the 33,000 signatures necessary to put it to a referendum next Tuesday. The result is the most expensive election campaign in Maryland history, a fight that pits the National Rifle Association against many of Maryland's leading politicians.

Inspired by the increase in drug-related violence, the new law takes a unique approach to controlling "Saturday-night specials." Starting in 1990, a nine-member board made up of representatives of pro- and anti-gun groups and law-enforcement agencies would compile a list of guns that



Shopping for a gun in Baltimore: Will it be on the list?

could be sold legally. Firearms not on the list would be prohibited, and violators caught manufacturing or selling the weapons would be fined up to \$10,000 a gun. While the law aims to eliminate only weapons with no "socially useful purpose," opponents claim that it would amount to a sweeping ban.

That charge has been the core of a multimillion-dollar advertising campaign that has saturated Maryland's airwaves

since Labor Day. In addition, the law's opponents have used some of the \$4 million supplied by the N.R.A. to canvass urban neighborhoods, proclaiming that cheap handguns are often the only means poor people have to defend themselves against crime. Outspent more than 12 to 1, defenders of the gun ban have countered by emphasizing its many influential backers, including the state's largest law-enforcement agencies. Governor Schaefer was so outraged by the N.R.A.'s campaign that he is starring in a TV spot on behalf of gun control. "The gun lobby is spending millions to mislead you about the law," he declares, taking a swipe at the group. "Let's win one for Maryland."

Still, his opponents are gaining ground. Last week a *Washington Post* poll indicated that 49% of probable voters favored the gun law, compared with 44% who opposed it. Following the N.R.A.'s recent success defeating a gun bill in Congress, a victory in Maryland would show that the powerful lobby can blow away gun control even when it gets past a legislature. ■

CALIFORNIA Should HIV Carriers Have Secrets?

Every time Californians go to the polls, they are buried under a blizzard of ballot initiatives. This year they face 29 items that would do everything from cut auto-insurance rates to raise cigarette taxes. But none of the lot has aroused greater emotion than Proposition 102, which would abruptly shift the state away from the policies that have put California in the forefront of the fight against AIDS. It would make compulsory what has always been voluntary: the reporting and tracking of people who have had intimate contact with carriers of the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) that causes AIDS.

Sponsored by the antitax crusader Paul Gann, who contracted AIDS through a blood transfusion, and Orange County Republican Congressman William Dannemeyer, the initiative would compel phy-



A sign of emotional issues

sicians, surgeons, blood banks and test sites to report to public health offices anybody turning up with the HIV virus. Moreover, reporting would be mandatory if there were merely "reasonable cause to believe" a person was infected. HIV carriers would be required to provide authorities with the names of those they might have caught the virus from or passed it to. Dannemeyer, who supported an earlier, unsuccessful

ballot proposition requiring the quarantine of AIDS patients, says he backs 102 because "we have a duty to know whether we have a fatal disease coursing through our veins, and we have a duty not to transmit it to another human being."

Opponents argue that homosexuals and drug users who now get tested for HIV only because they are assured of confidentiality would be scared off by Proposition 102. Says David Kirp, professor of public policy at the University of California, Berkeley: "If you push hard enough, people won't come into the clinics." Moreover, some opponents suspect that the "reasonable cause to believe" provision would encourage the reporting of people simply because they appear gay.

Despite strong early support, Proposition 102 is now rated a toss-up. Proposition 96, a less controversial initiative that would allow courts to order HIV tests for those charged with sex and assault crimes, is leading by a considerable margin. Even if both measures are rejected, however, the crusade against AIDS victims is likely to resurface when another election rolls around. ■



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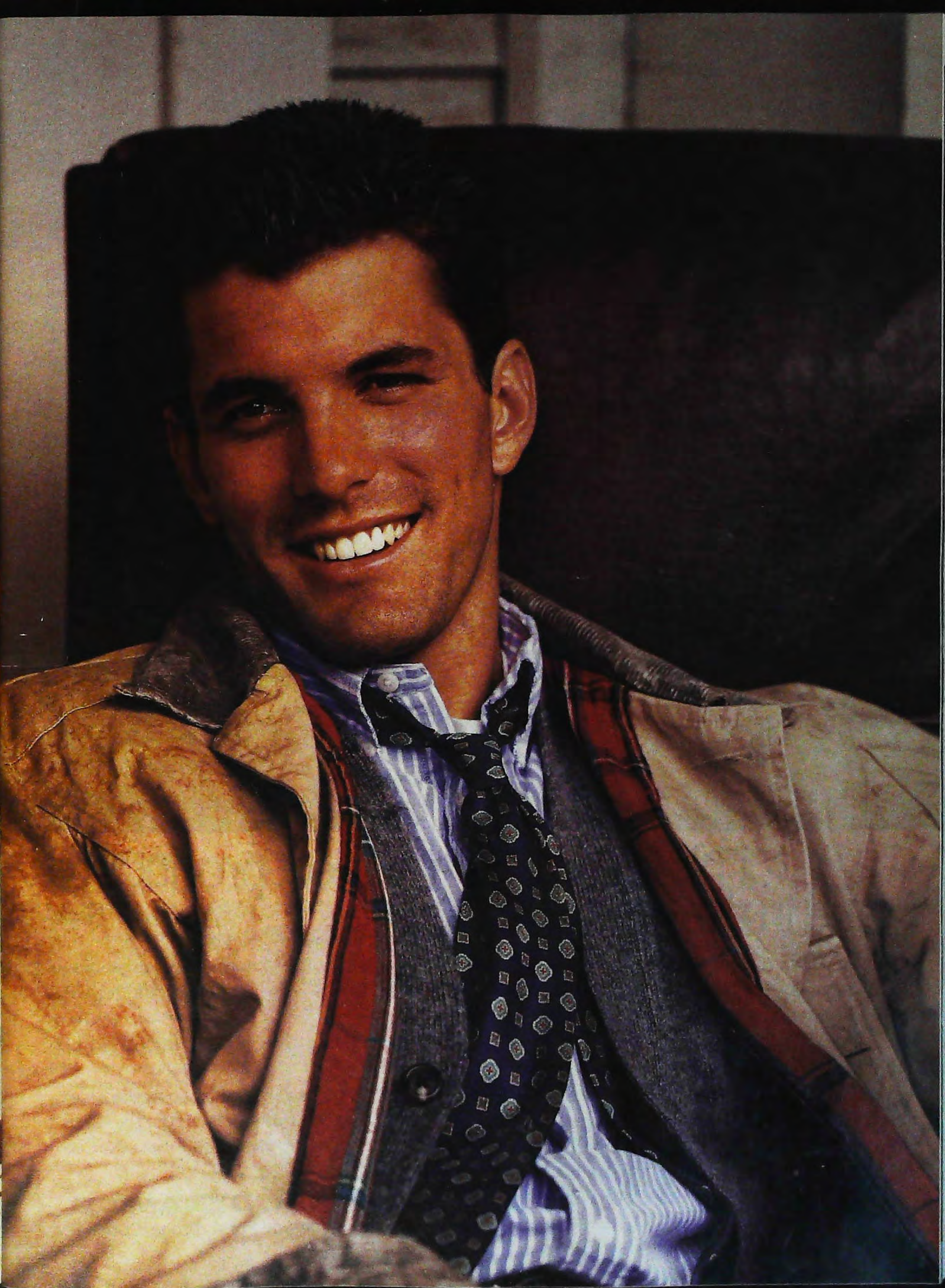
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CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition





This is some of the most productive land in the country.

It is *Dinetab*, The Land of The People, the Navajo People. It is wild and beautiful. And harsh.

Growing corn in this land also grows character in The People. They know about husbanding resources carefully, and about hard work. Their skilled hands make beautiful rugs and jewelry. They also make intricate electronic assemblies.

About 400 Navajo workers and managers in Fort Defiance, Arizona, are building upon a partnership with General Dynamics that stretches back twenty years.

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In 1989 we will open our second plant on Navajo land, employing nearly 200 more Native American workers. The land of the Navajo may look wild and harsh.

But for business, it is some of the most productive land in the country.

GENERAL DYNAMICS
A Strong Company For A Strong Country

American Notes



In the Kenilworth projects, Kimi Gray led the way to change

WASHINGTON

Bootstrap Homeowners

When Washington Mayor Marion Barry handed a golden key to Kimi Gray last week, an unprecedented transaction was at hand: tenants of a once run-down public-housing complex were about to buy the property. Gray had been fighting for this moment since 1981, when she decided that the Kenilworth projects' 464 apartments needed tenant management. Gray organized and inspired the tenants, got

them to keep their kids in school and hunt for jobs. By 1986, rent receipts were up 77%; Gray says welfare dependency, once as high as 85%, is down to 3%.

All this helped move Congress last year to allow public-housing residents to buy their own homes. Kenilworth tenants will have five years, beginning in 1990, to buy co-op shares representing home ownership. Amid talk of similar undertakings in a dozen other places, Gray modestly accounted for Kenilworth's remarkable achievement: "This happens when people want change." ■

CALIFORNIA

Video Games For Viet Nam

Sweeping into the Air France storeroom at Los Angeles International Airport, U.S. Customs agents recently seized \$50,000 in gold and 15 tons of merchandise, mostly small shipments of videocassette recorders, lawn chairs, cameras and even a video-game system. The intended destination: Viet Nam, which since 1975 has been on the U.S. embargo list for all but humanitarian goods. Yet no one was arrested. The raid, said a Customs spokesman, was meant only to "send a message to those who would blatantly violate the law."

The incident was a re-

minder of the schizoid U.S. trade policy toward Viet Nam, perhaps intended as an overture to its former enemy. Actually, there are two policies, says William Cassidy, former Customs service consultant: "One is the policy they tell the American people... the embargo. The second... pursued in secret, [is] the lack of enforcement." While Customs has turned a blind eye, Vietnamese refugees in the U.S. have shipped up to \$200 million a year in currency and goods to their homeland. "People assumed that it was O.K.," says Mai Cong, president of the Vietnamese Community Center of Orange County. Now the signal from Customs seems to be that toleration has its limits. ■



Street-side merchandise on Viet Nam's black market

ATLANTA

The High Cost Of Klanning

When civil rights activists commemorated Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday last year with a march in predominantly white Forsyth County, Ga., the Ku Klux Klan turned up to provide harassment and abuse. Fifty of the demonstrators, represented by attorney Morris Dees of the nonprofit Southern Poverty Law Center, sued the Klan on grounds of conspiracy to violate the marchers' right to free expression. In Atlanta last week, U.S. district judge Charles Moyer unsealed the verdict: Klan and Klansmen owe the marchers \$950,400 in damages. It was the second wallop of a verdict against the K.K.K. lately. In a case also

handled by Dees, an Alabama jury last year awarded \$7 million to the late Beulah Mae Donald, whose son Michael was lynched in 1981. Jubilant last week, Dees nevertheless insisted he believes "the Klan

has a right to exist," if not to harass. Adds Dees: "This is not just an attempt to put the Klan out of business." Maybe not, but at this pace, he is not going to leave them with the price of a sheet. ■



In Forsyth County, Ga., some costly K.K.K. harassment

MAGAZINES

Spin's Condom Controversy

Rock star Jon Bon Jovi grins impishly on the cover of the November *Spin*, but he was scarcely noticed when the music magazine came out last week. All the attention focused on a novel promotion—a free condom attached to an inside page. It was meant to encourage safe sex, *Spin* said, but some retailers flinched.

Waldenbooks, Lucky supermarkets and Walgreen drugstores banned the issue. The Southland Corp. kept it out of 4,200 7-Eleven stores because, a spokeswoman said, it was "beyond the bounds of good taste." Yet most 7-Eleven stores sell condoms all the time, displaying them right on the aisles. ■

CANADA

The Gut Issue

As elections near, a trade pact with the U.S. raises questions of self-image

"I happen to believe you've sold us out," snapped John Turner, leader of the Liberal Party.

"You do not have a monopoly on patriotism," retorted Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, head of the Progressive Conservatives, or Tories. "I want to tell you I come from a Canadian family, and I love Canada, and that's why I did it, to promote prosperity, and don't you impugn my motives."

"Once a country yields its economic levers, once a country yields its energy

"We have not done it."

"Once a country yields its agriculture

"Wrong again!"

"Once a country opens itself to a subsidy war with the United States . . ."

"Wrong again!"

"... then the political ability of this country to remain as an independent nation—that has gone forever, and that is the issue of this election."

With Canada's balloting set for Nov. 21, last Tuesday's impassioned exchange between John and Brian in an Ottawa television studio easily bested anything between George and Michael. The key issue during the emotionally charged three-hour debate was the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement signed by Mulroney and Ronald Reagan in January and passed by the

U.S. Congress. The agreement, which has yet to be approved by the Canadian Senate, has propelled to the surface profound and often submerged anxieties over Canada's self-image and its relationship with its neighbor to the south.

As the two men shouted and pointed fingers, demonstrators outside the studio waved placards reading FREE CANADA, TRADE MULRONEY. Turner, driving his argument home, declared, "We built a country east and west and north. We built it on an infrastructure that deliberately resisted the continental pressure of the United States. For 120 years we've done it. With one signature of a pen, you've reversed that. It will reduce us, I am sure, to an economic colony of the United States."

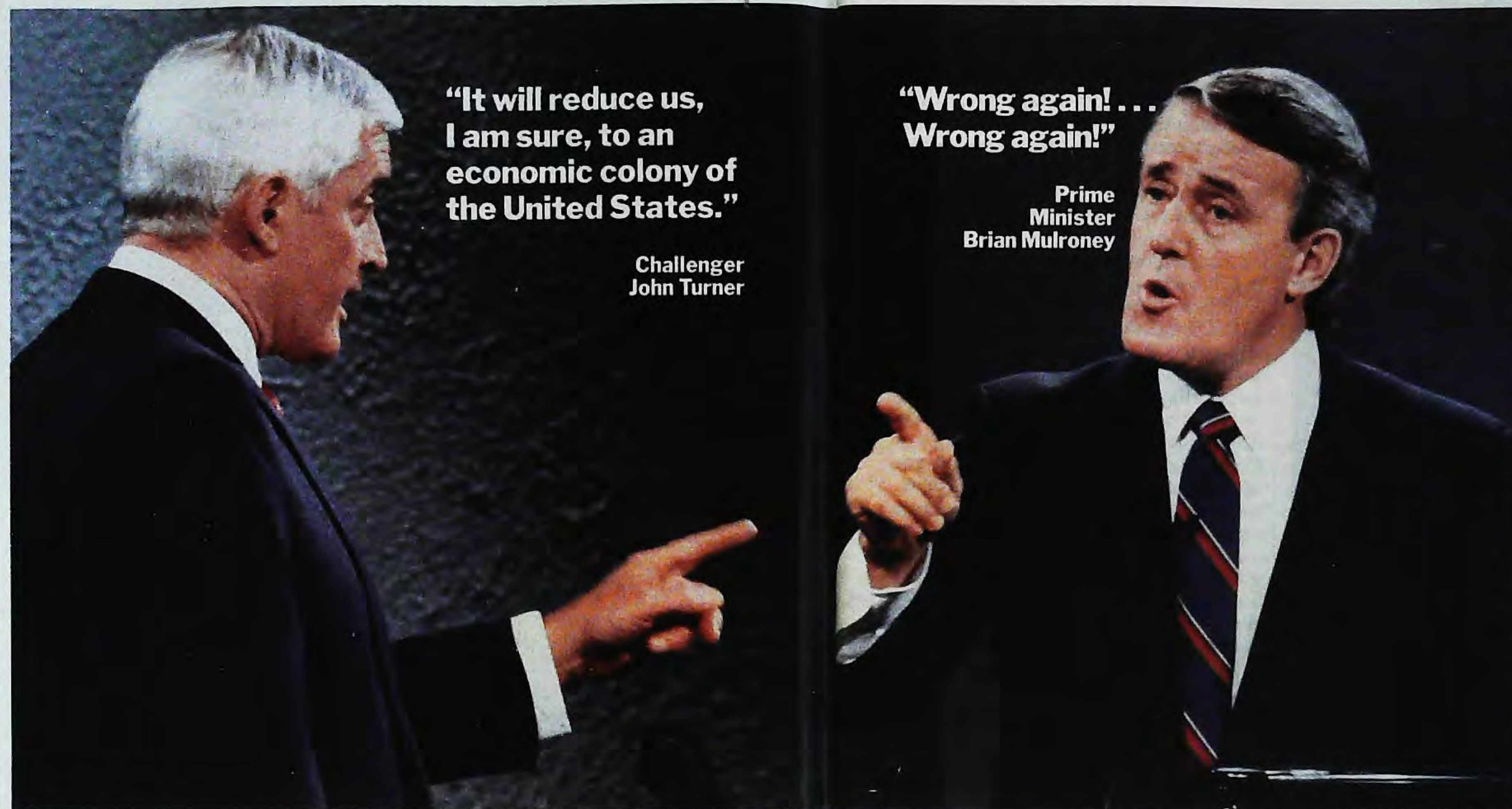
Turner, 59, the man who lost the Prime Minister's office to Mulroney in 1984, was drawing blood. In trying to defend the agreement, Mulroney only aggravated his wound. "Mr. Turner, the document is cancelable on six months' notice. Be serious. Be serious."

The statement was literally true. But in pointing out how easily Canada could escape from the pact, Mulroney made a clear misstep. Throughout the campaign, the 50-year-old Prime Minister had cast the agreement as essential to his country's prosperity, and it was instantly apparent to the viewers that the pact could not be vital and disposable at the same time. The

exchange crystallized a nag of doubts about the pact and about Mulroney himself.

Whatever the prospective economic gains, many Canadians fear the elimination of tariff and trade barriers with the U.S. will mean a far more portentous loss—namely, national sovereignty. Canadians have long been worried that free trade would mean a kind of integration with America's economy that would wrest self-determination from Canadian industry. As far back as 1911, the government of Liberal Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier fell over a free-trade agreement—an episode that gave birth to the slogan "No truck nor trade with the Yankees."

In 1988 the issue dominates all debate between Mulroney's Conservatives and the two major opposition parties, the Liberals and the New Democrats, who are led by Ed Broadbent, 52, and also oppose the pact. Tussles over such subjects as the Tories' plans for a \$8 billion fleet of nuclear-powered submarines or the multitude of corruption scandals that have plagued the Mulroney government are only incidental entertainments amid the imbrolios over free trade. And because the issue touches the core of Canada's sense of itself as a nation and its psychic separation from the U.S., the topic is dangerously flammable, an invitation to a spark.



"It will reduce us, I am sure, to an economic colony of the United States."

Challenger
John Turner

"Wrong again! . . . Wrong again!"

Prime
Minister
Brian Mulroney

FRED CHARTRAND—CP

Extinguishing that spark will be no small task, since Mulroney called the election in part to force passage of the trade pact in the Liberal-controlled Senate. Though Mulroney sought to turn the race into a referendum on his leadership, the trade issue has not only dogged him but has also put him in a seemingly contradictory situation. While he is running as the man who led Canada into an era of sunny prosperity, he is also campaigning on the claim that free trade is the sine qua non of Canada's economic future.

The paradox has bent the collective mind of the electorate into a pretzel. Before last week's debates, the Progressive Conservatives had looked like a good bet to win a majority in the House of Commons for a second consecutive term. A Gallup poll estimated that the Tories would claim roughly 40% of the vote—enough to win 193 of the House's 295 seats—with the New Democrats running at 29%, and Liberals at 28%. But Gallup also reported that 42% of Canadians oppose the free-trade agreement, 34% support it, and almost a quarter of the country is undecided. After the debate, the respected Angus Reid poll found the race had been transformed into a dead heat, with Liberals and Conservatives tied at 35%. Opposition to the trade pact soared to 54%.

How well Mulroney fares in the post-debate politicking will depend on his ability to handle the trade issue. On a purely

economic basis, many experts agree, the pact between the two countries, whose bilateral trade of \$132.5 billion last year was the most of any two partners in the world, should be attractive to the public. The average tariff on American goods entering the Canadian market is 2.8%—the figure is low because 65% of American imports pass duty free. On goods entering the U.S., the average tariff is only 1.2% (80% of Canadian imports are duty free), so Canadian consumers stand to gain more than their American counterparts from a lowering of the walls. Perhaps even more enticing are the 250,000 jobs that could be created over a decade by improved north-south trade.

The greatest benefits of the agreement, however, are harder to quantify. Competing in a more open market should force productivity gains, possibly as high as 5%. Another major plus: should protectionism erupt in Western Europe when most of it becomes economically unified in 1992, or in Asia, Canada would enjoy an assured safety in American markets.

Critics of the pact are less concerned with disproving these contentions than they are with proving that the accord will have other, unintended consequences that will harm Canadian society. Topping their list of objections is the potential ef-

FOR:

Proponents say the free-trade pact will substantially improve Canada's productivity and competitiveness, generate as many as 250,000 jobs and ensure access to U.S. markets at a time when protectionism threatens

AGAINST:

Critics say the pact will threaten Canadian sovereignty and economic self-determination, imperil social-welfare programs that may be seen as unfair subsidies and impart a U.S.-style aggressiveness to the national character

fect on government social programs, which they worry will be cut as unacceptable subsidies to workers or industries once the pact goes into effect. Mulroney scoffs at the argument. Free trade, he told Toronto businessmen, "will help us create a broader pool of wealth for the new social-welfare programs in the 1990s."

Nonetheless, the fear that homogenization with the American economy will doom Canada's efforts to maintain its generous welfare provisions is widespread. It has, in fact, spawned a remarkable nationalistic backlash, which takes the form of a powerful pride in a humane community. "We're not anti-American," says Rick Salutin, a Toronto playwright and author of a widely circulated pamphlet that derides the pact. "We just don't want to be American. In the U.S., there is rabid individualism." The problem, adds Salutin, is the "Canadian business class trying to Reaganize and Thatcherize the economy. We want to go the other route."

As Mulroney's standing weakened, Reagan Administration officials grew anxious over the pact that they hoped would end a century of trade disputes. State Department officials had thought that the accord's provision for a "consultative framework" to resolve conflicts would allay Canadian fears over national sovereignty, but that seems to be having little effect. The officials emphasized that a Mulroney defeat would be bad for the trade agreement but not cataclysmic for U.S.-Canadian relations. Alluding to Peru's ruthless guerrilla group, one official joked, "None of these candidates is exactly Sendero Luminoso."

Which route would Canada take? In the aftermath of the debate, that was virtually impossible to tell. John Turner, who lately was being viewed as one of the living dead of Canadian politics, was suddenly a resurgent presence in the campaign. He had good reason to be pleased: his showing quieted much of the speculation that the Liberals would finish third in a national election for the first time. The New Democratic Party, despite Broadbent's lackluster performance in the debate, continued to enjoy its strong support—even with unpopular policies like advocating Canada's withdrawal from NATO. And Tory spokesmen conceded that they expected Brian Mulroney's popularity to dip after his performance in the debate. For a man trying to coax a country out of an ancient fear, the setback is likely to cause more than a few Canadians to think again about the kind of relationship they have with their neighbors. —By Daniel Benjamin. Reported by Gavin Scott/Ottawa and Greg W. Taylor/Toronto



Go ahead, smile: Germany's Chancellor brings profit to the needy Soviet leader

EAST-WEST

A Toast—or Roast—for Reform?

Kohl's visit revives the debate over embracing perestroika

The ice has been broken." So allowed an impassive Mikhail Gorbachev as he stood beside a wooden-faced Helmut Kohl amid the czarist splendor of the Kremlin's St. George Hall. The Soviet leader's chilly assessment of his first private meeting with the West German Chancellor brought little warmth to the thaw in relations between the Soviet Union and West Germany. But that hardly mattered in the cold calculation of national interests that dominated four days of careful, even curt talks between Europe's two pre-eminent powers. Gorbachev's impoverished military superpower is keen to profit from Western investment and trade. And West Germany has joined the stampede to turn *perestroika* to its own economic and political advantage. By the time Kohl departed, both leaders hoped they had laid the basis for a new model of relations between Western Europe and the Soviet Union.

Bonn and Moscow have been at arm's length for five years, ever since West Germany agreed to deploy intermediate-range nuclear missiles aimed at the U.S.S.R. The gulf widened in 1986 when Kohl compared Gorbachev with the infamous Nazi propagandist Joseph Goebbels. Now the mis-

siles are going, and Gorbachev has evidently swallowed his personal grievance in hopes of cashing in on Europe's newfound enthusiasm for his grand plan for reform. And cash in he did. The 70 top-ranking West German businessmen who accompanied Kohl offered the Soviets a \$1.7 billion line of credit and some 30 trade agreements worth about \$1.5 billion. Only two weeks before the Germans arrived, Italy's Prime Minister Ciriaco De Mita cemented deals worth billions of dollars during his own three-day visit to Moscow.

Freedom by Whatever Name

When Helmut Kohl announced last week that Soviet leaders had told him they would free the country's remaining political prisoners by year's end, many Westerners expressed skepticism. Moscow, after all, used to claim that Soviet jails housed just criminals. Even now, Soviet officials admit to holding only a few people who could be considered political detainees "according to Western classification." But what about those confined under such catchall provisions as the criminal code's notorious Article 70, banning "anti-Soviet agitation"? Do they mean dissidents described as suffering from mental disturbances and sent to psychiatric hospitals?

This time, however, there may be reason to take Soviet promises seriously. Embarrassment over laws like Article 70 has already prompted some releases, often under the face-saving device of an amnesty. A new legal code may erase the law entirely. The U.S. has formally requested freedom for about 200 political prisoners, but admits that some of them may have already been released. In some cases too those classified by the West as purely political prisoners may have been guilty of criminal behavior. Still, if the once lengthy list of "prisoners of conscience" has not altogether disappeared, it is growing a little shorter.

The Western credits come none too soon for Gorbachev's rickety economy. The day after Kohl's departure, Soviet leaders admitted for the first time that their government has been running a hefty budget deficit. Finance Minister Boris Gostev told members of the Soviet parliament that this year's red ink would total \$58.8 billion.

The unprecedented confession that a deficit exists signaled that the Soviet Union may have to rely even more heavily on foreign trade and investment to feed and clothe its population. To help attract funds from abroad, Gostev offered to let foreign businessmen buy controlling interests in joint ventures with the Soviets. The concession was shocking in terms of Communist ideology, but fresh evidence of Gorbachev's willingness to cross Marxist boundaries in pursuit of economic improvement.

To a degree, most of Europe embraces the notion that *perestroika* represents a golden opportunity to increase trade. But some Europeans hope to collect a bonus by inducing Western-style change in the Soviet political system. "If Gorbachev's reforms are to succeed," says a British diplomat, "they can only do so by making the Soviet Union a very different place." West German Foreign Minister Hans Dietrich Genscher, among the first to welcome Gorbachev's promised reforms, argues that the West would be negligent if it ignored the "historic opportunity" offered by the Soviet leader to turn his country into a more agreeable neighbor.

But Bonn's rosy vision is not shared by everybody. In Washington and London and at NATO headquarters in Brussels, critics fret that even if the West scrambled to prop up *perestroika*, Gorbachev could change direction or lose control of the sweeping process he has started. More ominously, the Kremlin could turn newly acquired economic strength against the West. Countries like West Germany are already clamoring to ease NATO restrictions on high-technology exports. And even as West European bankers are arranging \$7 billion in credits for Moscow, the Soviet government continues to pour enormous sums into its mighty military machine. The London-based International Institute of Strategic Studies reports there has been no slowdown in Moscow's arms-modernization program.

Diplomats are concerned that the debate over how the West should respond to Gorbachev could split the alliance.

While the Italians, and now the West Germans, seem bent on moving full speed ahead to support Gorbachev's "new thinking," the U.S. and Britain, more distrusting of Moscow, refuse to be swept off their feet. The skeptics warn that the West's ability to alter events inside the Soviet Union is minimal. In the competition to become Moscow's "most favored nation," they add, reckless policymakers might open their purses in return for very little in the way of Soviet internal political reforms or external concessions on arms. One NATO diplomat fears a "battle is looming between those who believe we should use our economic instruments to help Gorbachev and *perestroika*, and those who believe the Soviets have yet to earn Western assistance."

Britain's Margaret Thatcher speaks for the American attitude as well with her calls for a wait-and-see approach. Yet she has permitted London bankers to extend \$1.7 billion in government-backed credits to Moscow. Thatcher and her European counterparts want each economic deal to pay dividends in such Western interests as reduced conventional arms and nuclear limits. "I had to decide whether I thought it was in the Western interest that Gorbachev succeed," Thatcher told the *New York Times*, "and I think it is."

To deal wisely with Gorbachev, advises Thierry de Montbrial, director of France's Institute of International Relations, the West should take a tough line. "If they really need our help," he says, "then we should at least get them to pay the very highest price possible." Concedes a NATO diplomat: "Judging how far we can go to help the Soviets without hurting ourselves is a very tricky business. Some countries have clearly decided that the rewards are worth the risks."

Helmut Kohl last week seemed to be including himself in that group. But he was treated to a taste of just how tough it will be for the West to collect the sort of rewards it wants most from Moscow. Before he left Bonn, Kohl had said he would tax Gorbachev on Germany's most enduring sore point: the Berlin Wall and the prospects, however distant, for reunifying Germany. But Soviet spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov sharply dismissed the subject, adding, "Who can tell what will happen in 50 or 100 years?" Kohl had to content himself with a vague and unconfirmed announcement that "all people considered in the West to be political prisoners" in the U.S.S.R. would be freed by the end of this year. Even the number was left vague.

Kohl's experience was a useful reminder to the West: if it would be foolish to ignore the opportunities implied by *perestroika*, it would be foolhardy to rush heedlessly into the Soviet embrace.

—By Scott MacLeod.
Reported by James O. Jackson/Moscow and Christopher Redman/Paris

ISRAEL

Code Name "Cherry"

Do covert operations against the intifadeh go too far?

Israel's army has reached deep into its kit bag of tricks during the unavailing struggle to quell the eleven-month-old Palestinian revolt. Two of the most feared are called "Cherry" and "Samson," code names for clandestine military teams whose members, garbed in kaffiyehs and speaking Arabic, secretly stalk the leaders of the *intifadeh* in the West Bank and Gaza. Palestinians charge that the units are actually death squads that murder suspects without provocation. The army refuses to discuss its covert operations against the uprising but vehemently denies it fields hit teams. "Dirty tricks are part of the game," confides a former Cherry member, "but not killing."

Squad members say the job is merely to intimidate and jail the ringleaders of

(the West Bank unit) and Samson (the Gaza unit) have arrested dozens of leaders of the uprising. They contend that all their operations stay within the bounds of Israeli law. Palestinians, on the other hand, charge that the clandestine teams have been given a license to kill. Last month six Cherry men disguised as Arabs drove a van with West Bank plates into the Arab village of Yatta. When local Palestinians approached the car to identify the occupants, two of them were machine-gunned to death. Both victims were on the Cherry unit's wanted list.

The soldiers insisted they fired in self-defense, but the Palestinians deny that the undercover troops were ever in danger. Says the father of one victim: "They just



Prepared to fight beyond eleven months, Palestinian youths even resort to slingshots

An undercover soldier says, "Dirty tricks are part of the game."

the *intifadeh*. Specially trained soldiers armed with light, concealable weapons pose as Arabs as they prowling the territories in confiscated cars with West Bank license plates. Their tactics are often brutally simple. In Gaza undercover soldiers jumped from a car and clubbed Palestinian activists who were threatening Arab workers for violating a strike. Palestinian sources say the soldiers have also posed as members of the P.L.O. and beaten up rival Palestinians in attempts to spark internal warfare. Some of the Cherry soldiers even impersonate journalists, nabbing suspects in mid-interview. "We have done more than anyone else to restore order," boasts one ex-member. "They never know where we will pop up."

Military sources insist such actions are fully justified and claim that Cherry

shot them dead." Israeli Major General Amram Mitzna, who commands the West Bank, launched an investigation into the Yatta deaths. Insiders say the general was furious: "By shooting, you have exposed yourselves and your identity. You went there to arrest them, and the mission was not accomplished."

After news of the undercover squads broke in the foreign press, the Israeli government suspended the credentials of three journalists for failing to submit their stories to the military censor. "These reports are totally baseless," said army Chief of Staff Dan Shomron. "The undercover units are subject to military discipline and full supervision." Perhaps, but covert operations have a troubling habit of going awry—or going too far.

—By Jon D. Hull/Jerusalem.
Reported by Ron Ben-Yishai/Tel Aviv

SOUTH AFRICA

Win Some, Lose Some

Botha checks the opposition, but few blacks turn out to vote

No one can say that State President P.W. Botha did not thoroughly prepare for last week's segregated local elections. Determined to boost the number of black voters in order to prove that they preferred officially sponsored "reform" to violent revolution, the government banned 18 anti-apartheid organizations in February for organizing a boycott of the racially divided balloting. In June the government declared it a crime to advocate a boycott, but many defiant black clergymen and academics urged one anyway.

Even more worrisome to the government's sense of security was the threat from the far-right Conservative Party, which has become the fastest-growing party in the country's history since it split from the ruling Nationalists in 1982. As the Nationalists see it, black activists cannot topple them from power, but the Conservatives might. Calling for a return to total apartheid and accusing Botha of betraying white Afrikaners, the Conservatives became the official opposition in Parliament last year. All the party's parliamentary seats are in Transvaal province, the northernmost region settled by the *voortrekkers* who drove their ox wagons across the veld to escape British rule 150 years ago, but last week the Conservatives challenged the National Party at the local



Casting a lonely ballot in Soweto

The boycott guaranteed a dismal turnout.

level in all four of the country's provinces.

Botha was not a candidate, but he was a clear winner in the white election. In their Transvaal stronghold, the Conservative challengers captured most of the rural and small-town councils. But in spite of their confident predictions, they were unable to gain significantly in the other

provinces. The National Party turned back the opposition's all-out attempt to take over the Pretoria city council, won an absolute majority in Johannesburg for the first time and seized control of Pietermaritzburg, the English-speaking capital of Natal, from a coalition of liberals.

In the black townships, however, the government's repression-and-persuasion campaign to bring out a symbolic vote of support for segregated politics was defeated by an overwhelming boycott. Although only 26.3% of registered black voters had gone to the polls, Chris Heunis, the minister in charge of planning a new constitution, claimed that "the government's objectives were undoubtedly met." If so, the government had set decidedly modest objectives. Since only 1.5 million of the more than 20 million blacks living outside the four "independent homelands" are registered, the turnout translates into less than 2.0% of South Africa's blacks.

For Botha, the next step is a white parliamentary election, which must be held no later than March 1990. Over the past year, the Conservative surge looked as if it might be unstoppable, and Botha unsuccessfully tried to engineer a constitutional amendment that would postpone the test for two more years. Now that the rightist threat seems to be at least temporarily quarantined in the Transvaal, many in Parliament speculate that he will call an election early next year and thus project his brand of crabbed and segregated reform into the middle of the next decade. —By Bruce W. Nelan/Johannesburg

Grapevine

MORE SMACK, LESS CRACK? While Washington applauds the Soviet Union's plans to complete its troop withdrawal from Afghanistan by Feb. 15, at least one federal agency privately views the pullout with alarm. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration notes that Afghanistan produced up to 600 tons of opium, the source of heroin, a year before the Soviets invaded in 1979. The subsequent fighting cut heavily into production. DEA agents fear that with peace apparently breaking out, Afghan tribal leaders will step up production of the lucrative crop.

YUGO YOUR WAY, WE'LL GO OURS. They are not marching through the streets yet, but the 2 million citizens of Slovenia, Yugoslavia's most prosperous republic, have begun to debate secession. Even some reform-minded Slovenian Communist leaders are privately talking about it. Reasons range from fears of resurgent nationalism among Serbs, Yugoslavia's largest ethnic group, to disgust with the ineffectual central government. Says a journalist in Lju-



On the heroin trail: Afghans harvest poppies

bljana: "More and more Slovenians are beginning to believe that if we stay in Yugoslavia, we are doomed to collapse with the rest of the place."

THE CRUELEST MATH. Though a calm has returned to Rangoon since Burma's armed forces seized power, Western diplomats note an ominous new practice in the capital: army troops rounding up young men in press-gang fashion. When 100 porters are needed to haul supplies, for example, soldiers grab and lock up twice that many civilians. Relatives bail out the wealthiest, leaving the poorer imprisoned—and ready to work.

SUCH GOOD WHEELS. China has long been North Korea's closest ally, but Beijing has not let that stand in the way of growing trade with South Korea. While China has no diplomatic ties with South Korea, it quietly dispatched a five-man team to Seoul in September to discuss an ambitious project: possible joint production of a Chinese-Korean car. "We were impressed," said a group member. Hyundai, watch out.



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World

HAITI

In the Land Where Hope Never Grows

*Why a dirt-poor nation is
destined to remain so*

At first light Mercius Pierre rises and leaves the stuffy interior of his mud hut. He opens the door and window that have been shut tight against strangers and the lous-garous, the werewolves that stalk the nights of the superstitious. Pierre's movement stirs up the rats nesting in the thatched roof, as well as his wife Annaise and three young daughters. Annaise lights a fire with a few scarce twigs, then boils coffee with the last drops of water from a gourd and sweetens it with a piece of sugarcane. Her daughter Melina, 6, places the gourd on her head and begins a morning-long walk to a well. Mercius, meanwhile, picks up his wooden hoe, balances it on his shoulder and scuttles down the mountainside to till a field of millet for a *gros neg*, a landowning peasant. If he is lucky, he will earn 60¢ for his day's work.

So begins another day in the "other republic," as rural Haiti is known. Governments come and go in Port-au-Prince, but daily life in the western hemisphere's poorest country remains a tedious grind, with little chance for Mercius and the hundreds of thousands of other landless peasants to improve their lot. Hope flared briefly in 1986, when Haitians rebelled and forced "President-for-Life" Jean-Claude Duvalier into exile. Since then, the government has changed hands three times, most recently last month, when a coup installed the regime of Lieut. General Prosper Avril. No matter how good Avril's intentions are, however, Haiti is so dirt poor, literally, that it may never flourish again.

As desperate as life is in Port-au-Prince's slums, a truer picture of Haiti's plight emerges in the countryside, where some 75% of the country's 6.3 million people live. Land is both the hope of these peasants and the yoke that dooms them to poverty. Over the years, land parcels have shrunk to handkerchief size through repeated division among descendants and illegal seizures by landowners. Even the practice of voodoo has had an effect: some peasants have been forced to sell their land to pay for elaborate religious rituals for dead relatives.

Decades of misuse have left the earth spent and barren; today only 2% of Haiti is forested. The rape of trees began in co-

MAGGIE STEBER—JB PICTURES



A woman searches for firewood on a northwestern plain. Once, rain forests ruled the land
Decades of misuse have turned the lush earth barren, creating tropical desert.

lonial times with the export of hardwoods, used for the production of everything from dyes to ships. These days trees are the peasants' only real cash crop. A muddy brown ring surrounds Haiti's coast as the topsoil erodes and dissolves into the turquoise Caribbean, leaving behind what amounts to tropical desert. Reforestation efforts are outpaced by the country's demand for charcoal, a critical fuel in the urban areas.

Victims of hurricanes, drought, debts, superstition and disease, peasants are constantly preyed upon. Those with a bit of land are hesitant to improve it for fear of attracting the attention of covetous *gros negs*, who often hire corrupt lawyers to steal the land on one pretext or another. The rural police, notaries and Tonton Macoutes also seize property with a flourish of phony documents and a bag of city tricks. Even those who try to help the peasants often end up hurting them. When African swine fever hit the pig population of Haiti several years ago, Haitian authorities, under U.S. insistence, slaughtered all the peasants' hardy black Creole pigs. Unable to afford the new, imported white pigs or provide for their finicky tastes, most peasants suffered a severe decline in their standard of living.

The lure of escape is beginning to re-

place the dream of land ownership for many rural Haitians. On the beach outside the southern town of Petite-Rivière-de-Nippes, peasants are building three large boats, each capable of carrying 100 illegal immigrants to Florida. A youngster eyes the boats wistfully. "There is nothing for us here," he says. Some peasant families sell their land or chip in money to send their smartest relative to be a "boat person." They are dispatched to America in the hope they will find jobs and send money home. When the boat people return, they are often shocked at how life has deteriorated. "I cried and cried to see how poor my family was," said a young man who works as a busboy in Orlando. "I gave them all I had and left penniless after only three days."

Back in the Central Plateau, Annaise is preparing her family's single daily meal. She straightens her back, picks up a 20-lb. pestle and begins the rhythmic pounding of two handfuls of *petit mil*, or sorghum, in a wooden mortar. She cooks the meal in an ancient black iron bowl, scraping the remains from the bottom. None of her children are able to attend school this year, she says, because she cannot afford the registration fee of less than \$3. "I don't sing anymore," she adds quietly. "I'm sad."

—By Cristina Garcia.
Reported by Bernard Diederich/Central Plateau

KNOWING THE ENEMY

YASSER ARAFAT roams the Middle East, a homeless man, saying he is willing to coexist with Israel but never quite able to control the forces that could secure his place in history

His gyrations through the region have accelerated as he prepares the ground for the meeting later this month of the informal Palestinian parliament that is expected to decide whether to proclaim an independent state, based on territory currently occupied by Israel—the West Bank and Gaza—and run by a provisional government. At 59, Arafat is a man both admired as a revolutionary leader and despised as a terrorist, a leader who can be calmly reasonable or passionately shrill in the pursuit of his cause. Last week Arafat borrowed an Iraqi jet for a brief trip to Turkey, complete with a Turkish air force fighter escort. During his trip he met with TIME assistant managing editor Karsten Prager and senior correspondent Murray J. Gert for eight hours of conversation, partly aboard his plane and also in the Baghdad headquarters that doubles as his home. While he repeated some familiar positions, he surprised his visitors with glimpses into his personal life and with his eagerness to begin negotiations with Israel.

Q. You take extraordinary security precautions these days. Why are they necessary?

A. I know [the Israelis] have been following me, but there's nothing new in that. They have followed me since I was in the occupied territories and whenever I was present during a siege.

Q. But neither side is going after the other's top leadership. If the Israelis wanted to kill Arafat, they could.

A. Not true. What about the bombing of my residence in Tunis [in 1985]—four buildings destroyed, 74 killed, 122 wounded. And the same during the Beirut fighting [in 1982]. They tried to snipe at me by airplane. [Israeli General Ariel] Sharon said, "We will get him." But he did not succeed.

Q. So all these years you have not slept easily?

A. No. I sleep easily, but not in the same place.

Q. Do you still stay only one night in one place?

A. Yes. This is my rule everywhere. Only I know where.

Nobody else. Only when I get into my car do I give the instructions.

Q. That's the art of survival?

A. It is not a picnic. We have to be very careful.

Q. You were born in Calro?

A. Yes. It is very difficult. I don't like to speak about myself. I passed my boyhood with my uncle in Jerusalem.

Q. Where did you live in Jerusalem?

A. Near the Wailing Wall in the Old City. The Israelis demolished the house in 1967.

Q. When was the last time you saw the place?

A. 1968, after the invasion.

Q. Did you visit your family?

A. No, I couldn't. I didn't want to put them in danger. Second, I didn't want to unmask my presence. Who wouldn't talk? Especially the small kids, children who might call out, "Arafat is here! Arafat is here!"

Q. You financed the P.L.O. during the early years?

A. I participated in financing it.

Q. Because you were a millionaire?

A. No, I never was a millionaire. I was rich. In Kuwait I started three construction companies with partners. They were successful. When I left for Fatah and the P.L.O., my partners paid me for my shares and I left money behind, invested in companies that have become very successful. Let us say I have enough. Until now I have not taken any money from the P.L.O. or the Fatah organization. I still spend my own money.

Q. Why do you defend particular terrorists, for example Abul Abbas Zaidan, who led the hijacking of the Italian ship on which the American tourist was killed?

A. How? How?

Q. By keeping him on your payroll, so to speak, on your P.L.O. executive committee.

A. Our payroll? He was elected. I can't prevent that. [Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak] Shamir, who was wanted by Interpol, was later elected and is the Prime Minister. This is democracy. I did not elect Abul Abbas. It was the Palestine National Council [P.N.C.] that elected him. And a part of the reason is this, that it was a matter of indignity, national indignity, when Reagan breached the agreement with President Mubarak and they hijacked the plane and tried to put him in jail, that caused a reaction of sympathy for him.

Q. A lot of people in the West, when they hear your name, think of...

A. ... a monster, a terrorist? Why? Who says that? I can't accept your saying it. George Washington was called a terrorist by the British. De Gaulle was called a terrorist by the Nazis. What can they say about the P.L.O., except to repeat this slogan? We are freedom fighters, and we are proud of it. According to international law and the United Nations Charter, I have the right to resist Israeli occupation. I don't want to harm anybody. But look how they are treating my



Yasser Arafat on his way to Baghdad aboard a borrowed Iraqi plane with an escort of Turkish jets

"... monster? Terrorist? Who says that? George Washington was called a terrorist by the British."

people. These savage, barbarian, fascist practices against our children, our women!

Q. You have said that the U.S. Government is not being constructive when it keeps insisting that the P.L.O. is a terrorist organization.

A. I am sorry to say that is true. If they insist that any Palestinian who does anything anywhere is the responsibility of the P.L.O., then I have to blame the American President for the Mafia, as an example, or for many Americans who are committing crimes and making mistakes.

Q. The U.S. says that the points to be resolved before it can have any contact or conversation with the P.L.O. are your acceptance of Resolution 242 [which says a balance should be found between Israeli claims for secure and defensible borders and the return of territories it occupied during the 1967 war], Resolution 338 and Israel's right to exist. In your own mind and formally, have you renounced terrorism?

A. I have declared it many times, but [the Americans] are not willing to listen. I have repeated that I have accepted 242 and 338 along with all United Nations resolutions. But

there is an American policy to neglect the Palestinian people; self-determination is a sacred right for every people except the Palestinians. The self-determination that was one of the main items for the American Constitution. How can this be understood?

Q. Then your position is that you have renounced acts of terrorism anywhere but inside the occupied territories?

A. I am not dealing with terrorism inside our occupied territories. We will continue struggling and resisting occupation, which is the legal way. People who face oppression or occupation, according to the U.N. Charter, have that right. You Americans tasted British occupation and you faced it; Europe tasted Nazi occupation and faced it. We have the right to do the same.

Q. You want mutual recognition?

A. Between two states. Israel has to ask this from the Palestinian state. It is not right to ask it from the P.L.O. I am telling the Israelis that I am searching for their De Gaulle, who will make peace with me and my people as De Gaulle did with the Algerians. But it seems there are no De Gaulles in Israel. In any case, we have to wait and see

Interview

after their election. No De Gaulles. I know the Israelis. I know my enemy very well.

Q. Which Israelis would you talk with after the Israeli election?

A. Those who accept an international conference for Palestinian rights according to international law and are ready to fight together with us to implement peace in this area. Forty years is enough!

Q. Of course in the first instance you have to find a way to live with them.

A. I have declared it, but they refuse to listen to what we are offering.

Q. Israelis say that all you want is to throw them into the sea.

A. This is a big lie. A big lie. A very big lie! We are ready to live with them. They don't want to live with us.

Q. If the P.N.C. declares the existence of a Palestinian state, how does that affect the P.L.O. Charter, parts of which concern the elimination of Israel?

A. Nowhere is there mention of the elimination of Israel. We are opposed to a Zionist state; Zionism is a racist movement, according to a U.N. resolution.

Q. Reading from the charter, Article 15: "The liberation of Palestine, from an Arab viewpoint, is a national duty and it attempts to repel the Zionist and imperialist..."

A. Zionist. Zionist.

Q. "... aggression against the Arab homeland." It is your responsibility, then, to throw Zionism out?

A. We don't want a racist state in this area.

Q. If the Israelis could show you that they are no longer Zionist, then the state would be welcome?

A. They would be welcome. They are our cousins. But if Zionism means having an empire between the Euphrates and the Nile, who can accept that in this area?

Q. And the next Israeli government?

A. I am sure there will be another coalition. They can't rule in this atmosphere without it. It is war. Twelve months of war. The *intifadeh*. More than 50% of the Israeli army is in the streets—in the villages, in the towns, in the camps. Definitely, no single party can carry this responsibility.

Q. It's hard to imagine today, but let's say the international conference you want is convened, and it comes down to the Palestinians face to face with the Israelis. Can you make a deal?

A. I am ready to sit in an international conference with the Israelis, no matter whom they send. Anyone they choose. I am not like the Israelis, like an ostrich. I have to deal with my enemies. The enemy will say, our representative is Sharon, our representative is Peres, our representative is Rabin. I can't say no.

Q. You are willing at such a conference to negotiate on the basis of the two Security Council resolutions 242 and 338. Am I correct?

A. And self-determination and political rights for the Palestinian people. I am saying political rights, as Shultz has. The Palestinians have political rights, including our self-determination.

Q. You will be trying to gain a homeland on the basis of 242 and 338, self-determination and your political rights? Period?

A. Period! Yes. Clear and obvious. What are we looking for? We want a place for our bodies to be buried in and a place where our new generations, our children, can live as freely as other human beings. We want an end to daily massacres, sometimes in Beirut, sometimes inside the territories, sometimes in Nablus, in Gaza. Forty years of continuous massacres! Continuous genocide! You know that. The world knows it. It is enough.

Q. What happens if the Israelis say no to a settlement, that time is on their side?

A. O.K. Let them explain that they are not looking for peace. You can't hide behind your fingers. As for us, we are preparing ourselves for a long resistance. We have known that from the beginning. In 1968 we started the first [training] camp for our kids.

Q. And you are prepared to go on for another 20 years?

A. Yes. The Israelis are stupid if they carry on in their policy. The current of history is not on their side. We are with the current of history.

Q. But the current of history has had the P.L.O. going nowhere slowly, until very recently.

A. We were close to our goals twice. Once in 1977, when Sadat betrayed us by going to Jerusalem, and in 1982, when we won in the longest ever confrontation with the Israelis, and Assad betrayed us.

Q. So your principal enemies have been Arabs?

A. No. They've been responsible for some of our troubles, perhaps.

Q. As an Arab, doesn't that make you angry?

A. No. This is my nation. I can't jump out of my skin.

Q. If in 1967 you had known what you know now, that the *intifadeh* as an unarmed mass movement in the occupied territories has achieved more in eleven months than years of P.L.O.-Israeli fighting, would you have chosen a strategy of armed revolution?

A. The *intifadeh* did not come out of a vacuum. It is the result of all the years of resistance, of struggle. You can't just say "start," like to a machine.

Q. You are willing to let history render the final verdict on you?

A. Yes. You see, you cannot hide the sun with your fingers.

"The current of history is not on their [the Israelis'] side. We are with the current of history."

Once in 1977, when Sadat betrayed us by going to Jerusalem, and in 1982, when we won in the longest ever confrontation with the Israelis, and Assad betrayed us.

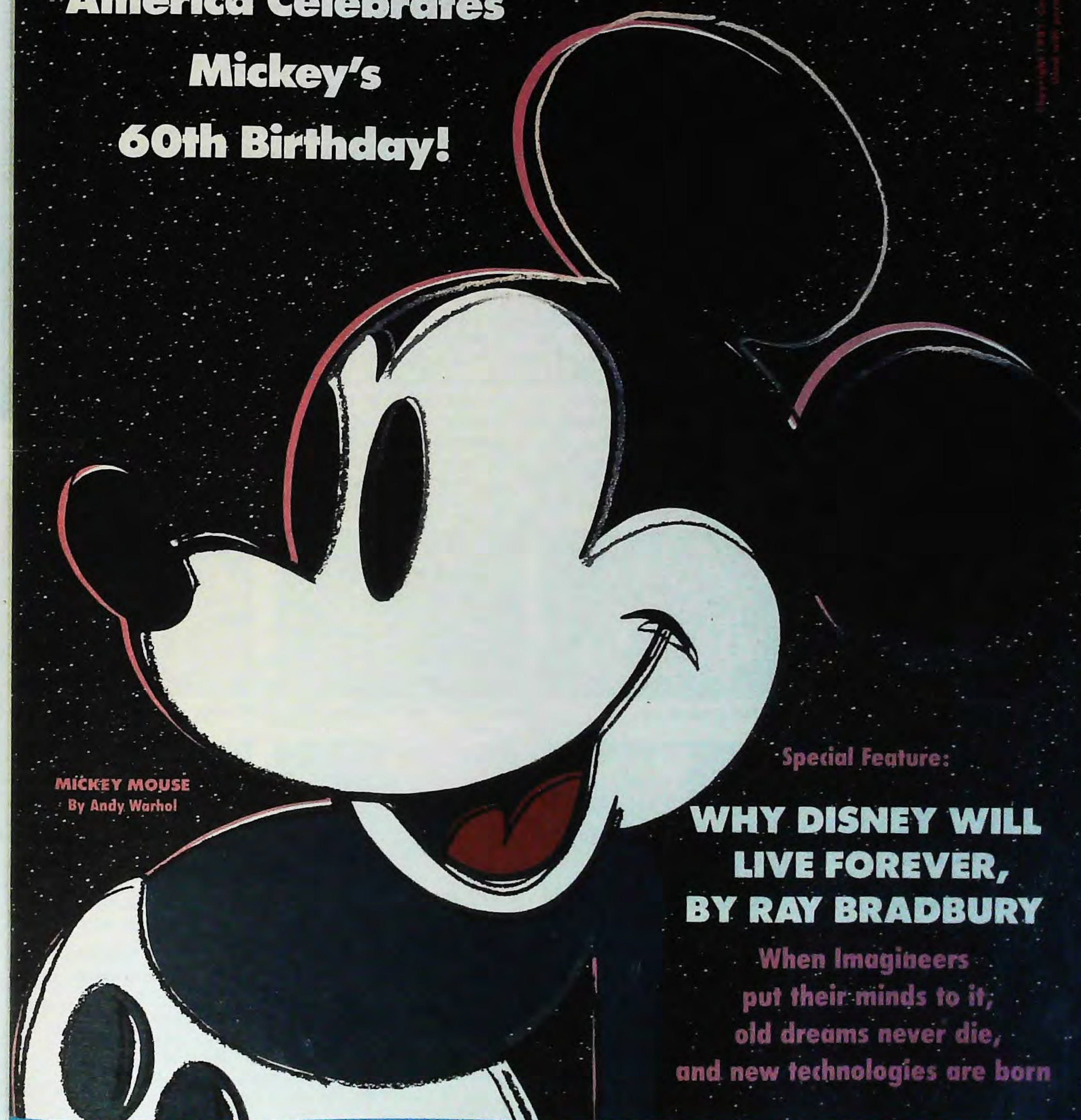
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VIDEO

BY LEONARD MALTIN

10 Cheers for the Unsung Disney

Sure, we all love Snow White, Bambi and Mary Poppins. Now let's hear it for Ichabod, Darby O'Gill and Thomasina. An appreciative look at some unheralded gems from Hollywood's most daring moviemaker.

WALT DISNEY WAS A MODERN-DAY MIDAS. EVERYTHING he touched turned to gold—especially at the box office.

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Walt Disney was as close to a Midas as Hollywood has ever seen. His instincts about the movie audience were astonishing. But he was not infallible, and he had his share of flops.

After all, everyone makes mistakes—even today's Disney wanna-be's, Steven Spielberg and George Lucas (and Lord knows, they're as close to Walt, in spirit and in success rates, as anyone in recent memory).

But even Walt's "failures" had distinction, because so many of them were only flops in terms of the box office. Walt was perhaps the most daring moviemaker in the history of Hollywood, and he was never afraid to try something new, something different. In fact, he insisted on it. A sure thing meant little or nothing to him; if it had, he would have bowed to public pressure and made a follow-up to his first feature, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. But he had no interest in merely repeating himself (imagine that—a producer who refused to

ceived their due . . . or which, in the course of time, have faded from memory.

When I wrote *The Disney Films*, I had the unique opportunity to watch every single Walt Disney feature, in chronological order. When friends learned that I was screening in my basement 16mm prints from the Disney library, I became pretty popular—for a while. There was no problem attracting a crowd the night I ran *Dumbo*, I can promise you (and remember, this was long before videocassettes). But by the time I got to *Secrets of Life* and *Rob Roy, the Highland Rogue*, it got pretty lonely. I didn't care. It was a marvelous opportunity for me to examine Walt Disney's career, and to see how one film led to another. I made my own "discoveries," and came to appreciate a number of films that I hadn't known before. To this day, I'm a proselytizer for my favorite unsung Disney films. But now, thanks to home video, the recipients of my harangues can do something about it. It's not the same as seeing these beautiful images on a theater screen, but it's a lot better than not seeing them at all.

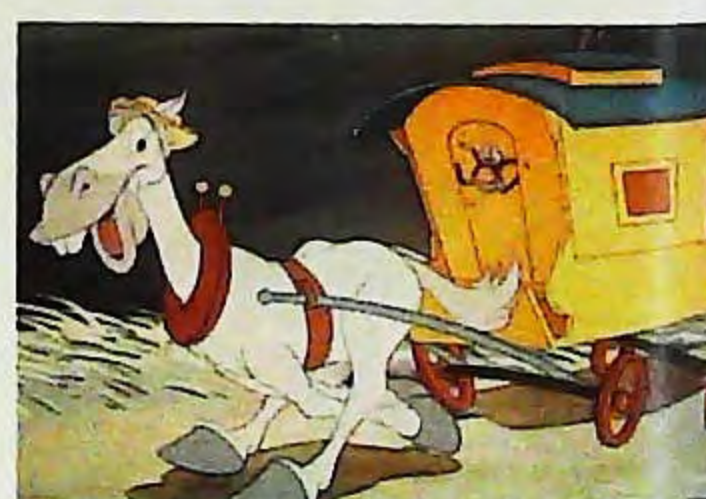
THE RELUCTANT DRAGON (1941) is basically a live-



The Three Caballeros



Darby O'Gill and the Little People



Ichabod and Mr. Toad



The Three Lives of Thomasina



The Reluctant Dragon



The African Lion

Walt Disney was not infallible, but even his box office failures were distinctive. Now, thanks to home video, Disney fans can rediscover those lesser known delights that have withstood the test of time.

do a sequel!). Instead, he wanted to tackle the challenge of *Fantasia*, which met with almost total indifference, except in critical circles, where, for the most part, it was greeted with outrage.

Fantasia finally came into its own in the 1970s, too late for Walt to see his dream movie accepted by the public. But there are other Disney productions that, for various reasons, have not yet re-

action tour of the studio (conducted by legendary humorist Robert Benchley) with a couple of animated sequences woven in. The behind-the-scenes footage is fun, and the cartoon segments are icing on the cake. My favorite: "Baby Weems," a gently satirical fable about a talking baby who becomes an over-hyped media phenomenon. (Alas, only an abridged version is available on home video.) ▶



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VIDEO



FILMS AND VIDEO

► How many spots are there in *101 Dalmatians*? Papa dog Pongo was drawn with 72 spots, while his amour, Perdita, had 68 spots (so she would look more delicate and feminine); each of the 99 puppies had 30 spots. So for the 113,760 frames of film, Disney artists drew a total of 6,469,952 spots!

► Which song did not appear in a Disney film? "Higitus, Figitus," "Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dee-Dah," "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious," "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da," "Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum," "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo," "Bluddle-Uddle-Um-Dum," "Heigh-Ho" or "Chim Chim Cher-ee?" (Answer: "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da," was a Beatles tune.)

► Three hundred artists worked six years to animate *Cinderella* (1950). It would have taken one artist 90 years of continuous work to animate the film. (It's available on Disney Home Video this Christmas.)

► In its seventh rerelease, in summer 1987, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* grossed \$47 million. More people have seen it than any movie in history. Its total worldwide gross, in 1988 dollars, is \$400 million.

WHAT'S NEW:

► *Oliver and Company*, Disney's 27th feature-length animated film, with the voices of Billy Joel, Bette Midler, Cheech Marin. November.

THE THREE CABALLEROS (1945) is one of my favorite Disney cartoons, though it's certainly not to be compared with the great story-features like *Snow White* or *Pinocchio*. But this tribute to our South American neighbors (produced during World War II) has so much charm, so many lovely songs (including "Baia" and "You Belong to My Heart") and so many dazzling moments of animation that it makes up for any arguable shortcomings. On top of all that, it's very, very funny—especially the title number with Donald Duck and animated cohorts Joe Carioca and Panchito.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART (1948) was one of Walt's first live-action films, and perhaps his most personal, as it painted a bucolic picture of life on a farm in the early part of this century. The movie has real charm, with Bobby Driscoll (who went on to play Jim Hawkins in *Treasure Island*) as the juvenile lead, Beulah Bondi (everybody's favorite movie mom) as his granny and a clean-shaven Burl Ives as his farmhand pal, who introduces the song "Laver Blue (Dilly Dilly)." Americana at its best.

THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD (1949) consists of two half-hour components (released separately on home video). The first, *Wind in the Willows*, is one of the Disney team's wittiest cartoon endeavors, based on the Kenneth Grahame story about the denizens of Toad Hall. The second, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, is Washington Irving's spooky tale of Ichabod Crane, with Bing Crosby singing and telling the tale in a jaunty style. Wonderful stuff.

THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD (1952) has long been eclipsed by the studio's animated cartoon feature of 1973... which is a real shame, because the live-action version is one of the best pictures Disney ever made, and one of the most underrated swash-bucklers of all time. It was the second of Walt's British productions (following *Treasure Island*) and it boasts a fine English cast led by Richard Todd as Robin, Joan Rice as Maid Marian and young Peter Finch as the snarling Sheriff of Nottingham. Good show!

JOHNNY TREMAIN (1957) manages to do what a lot of bigger, more ambitious films and TV shows haven't: It brings the American Revolution to life in human terms. (Did any of you actually see Hugh Hudson's *Revolution*, with Al Pacino? Never mind.) Told with disarming simplicity, the story continually emphasizes the personal side of the great issues at hand, and shows how young Johnny, initially apathetic to the cause of independence, becomes one of its greatest champions. An ideal film for young people.

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE (1959) is the tale of a tiptling caretaker who tricks the King of Leprechauns into granting him three wishes—though the king has more than a few tricks up his sleeve. To my mind, this film includes some of the

greatest special effects of all time, and certainly some of the most *convincing*. As a boy, I was so persuaded by Walt Disney's own TV show promoting the film that I wasn't sure if leprechauns were real or not—and I was too embarrassed to ask anyone. (I certainly wasn't going to find out from Walt, who, on screen, credited King Brian of the Leprechauns, thanking him for his cooperation!) The bonus, for today's audiences, is seeing a young and gangly Sean Connery in the romantic lead, as the young man who woos Darby's daughter. One of my favorite Disney movies.

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN (1959), sometimes known as *Banner in the Sky*, is a breathtaking film. When it came out, *Time* magazine predicted that it "may well become a children's classic of the screen, a sort of 'Tom Sawyer in the Alps.'" James MacArthur stars as the son of a legendary climber who was killed trying to scale the highest peak in Switzerland. Michael Rennie plays a famous mountain climber who's about to make the same trek, and Herbert Lom is memorably nasty as the impatient guide who goes along on the expedition. The scenes photographed against the Swiss mountains are eye-popping.

THE THREE LIVES OF THOMASINA (1963) is based on a wry and whimsical story by Paul Gallico (author of the perennial favorite *The Snow Goose*). Patrick McGeehan stars as a dour veterinarian in a small Scottish town, and Susan Hampshire is a local witch who enchants McGeehan's daughter, played by Karen Dotrice, who one year later would co-star in *Mary Poppins*. *Thomasina* did not enchant the critics when it made its debut nearly 25 years ago, but I contend that it stands in the top ranks of fantasy films. The sequence where Thomasina goes to cat heaven is truly memorable.

THE AFRICAN LION (1955) was the third of Disney's True-Life Adventure features, following *The Living Desert* (1953) and *The Vanishing Prairie* (1954), and in many ways it's the best. The husband-and-wife team of Alfred and Elma Milotte spent three years in Africa photographing the material used in this film, and the painstaking investment of time paid off. The remarkable footage of lions in their native habitat is as riveting as any story-feature Disney ever concocted. Unfortunately, this film is not available on video—and is not scheduled for TV or cable airings in the near future. I hope someone can convince the powers-that-be that it *deserves* to be seen; once it's back in the public eye, its reputation is sure to grow. ♡

Leonard Maltin is a lifelong Disneyphile and the author of The Disney Films and Of Mice and Magic: A History of American Animated Cartoons, among other film-history books. He is the film correspondent for the syndicated TV program Entertainment Tonight.

Fact is, they started beaming the minute they laid eyes on their Disney outfits. It's nice to know that today's

Disney products affect children the same way they did when they were first sold over 60 years ago.

But then again, magic is supposed to last forever.

The Great American Love Affair



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SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

TELEVISION BY RON POWERS

Is Disney Guilty of Innocence?

On the networks (*Golden Girls*), in syndication (*Duck Tales*) and on cable (The Disney Channel), the Disney mythos is solidly back in the mainstream. But can there be such a thing as too little sex and violence on living room screens?

MY SIX-YEAR-OLD URBAN-BRED SON SITS transfixed, a moist half-smile on his lips, as Walt Disney's 33-year-old *Lady and the Tramp* unspools on the home VCR—one of about 3 million copies purchased in the United States, I am staggered to learn. My kid is watching the reigning No. 1 best-selling videocassette.

I fidget. I *know* this movie. This movie and I go back a long way. Okay, the draftsmanship is uncanny; I concede that much. For unmitigated virtuoso dogginess, cinematic canon has nothing to equal Lady's night at the pound.

And yet I hover, my finger itchy over the Stop button. I am a parent of the 1980s, and a case-hardened critic of the television medium in the bargain. There's no problem here with the typical make-my-day complaints of my beat—child-directed media viciousness, scale-model avarice. But I also keep a weather eye peeled for an opposite excess: false innocence. There are pietistic passages in *Lady and the Tramp* of such overarching kitsch, such *convenient* benevolence and good-burgher (or good-mutt) morality that I fear my kid may be psychically oversoftened for his next ride on the school bus. There may be such a thing as *too little* sex and violence on the TV screen, I remind myself, my finger tightening on that red Stop button. . . .

And then I am forced to admit the truth: How can I censor this sort of hard-core wholesomeness out of my children's lives when I fooled around with the very same stuff more than a generation ago?

I was there when it all started. (So, I suspect, were a lot of parents who steer their children to-

ward the Powers family. We moved across town in 1957. On the Wednesday before Christmas Eve we found ourselves in a strange new house, the furniture still in its packing boxes. My father wrenched the black-and-white TV set out of its crate, and we all sat on the cold, bare, living room floor—watching our old friend raccoon-tailed Davy get to Congress.

Innocence was not then the cultural taboo that it has since become. (Granted, the pioneering film critic James Agee was grouching as early as 1943 about Walt Disney's "famous cuteness, however richly it may mirror national infantilism." Agee, a writer of brilliant perceptions, did not live to see "national infantilism" replaced by a commercialized national adulthood so darkly knowing as to mock the very integrity of childhood.) In Hannibal, as in much of the postwar nation, television was our conduit to an ambiguous future. But *Disneyland*, presided over by that shopkeeperish man in the overlarge suits and the responsible little mustache, was that conduit's reassuring connection to a sacred folkloric past.

I thought about that long-ago Yuletide night as my son and I sat watching *Lady and the Tramp*.



Disney's Sunday movie, *The Magical World of Disney*, has moved to NBC. Look for Harry Anderson as the new Absent-Minded Professor, an all-new Davy Crockett and *The Parent Trap III*. Also on NBC: *Empty Nest*, a new series starring Kristy McNichol.

ward The Disney Channel or toward Disney-generated home videocassettes. In fact, one-third of all The Disney Channel subscribers have *no* children under the age of 12; more than one-fifth have none under 18.) Back in 1954, when a new and experimental series called *Disneyland*, on a new and experimental medium called "television," was making an otherwise obscure actor named Fess Parker (as Davy Crockett) the most-recognized face in America, I was a kid growing up in Hannibal, Missouri.

Here is how central *Disneyland* was to the lives

Like his father before him, my six year old seemed oblivious to cynicism. The half-smile told me that he was off in some private place, working the whimsical dog characters into his own dreams, and perhaps fears, of a world whose bared teeth and dark shadows he is only beginning to suspect.

How strange—how Tinker Bellish—it seems now to consider that the Disney anthologies, collectively the longest-running prime-time series in network history (they span all three major net-

ANTHONY RUSSO

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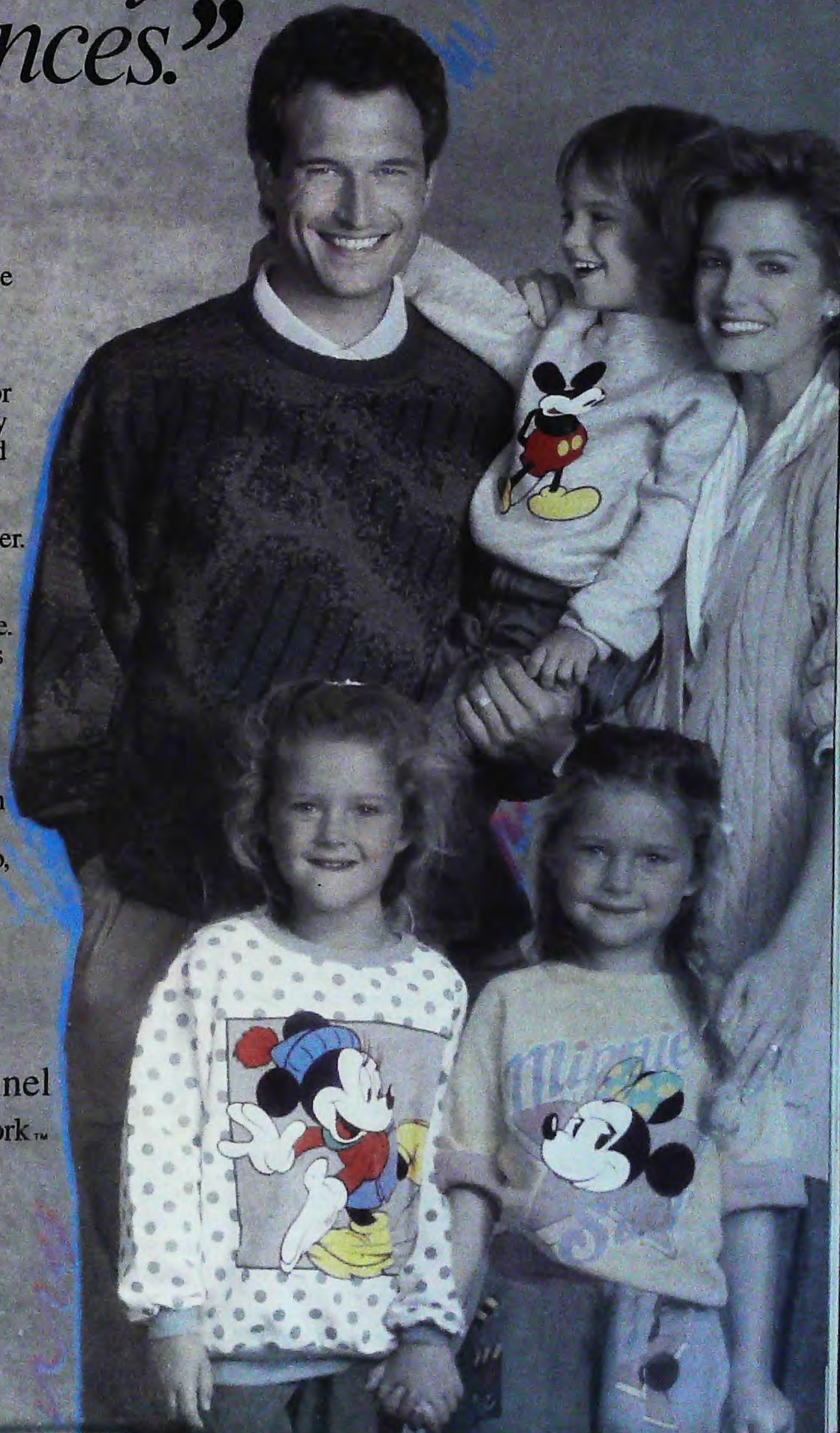
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TELEVISION



DISNEY TELEVISION

Walt Disney was the first film producer to recognize TV's potential. His first special, *One Hour in Wonderland*, aired on Christmas 1950.

The initial segment of *Davy Crockett*, which aired on December 15, 1954, ignited a coonskin-cap craze. More than 10 million caps were sold, exhausting the world supply of real raccoon skins.

"The Ballad of Davy Crockett," which sold 10 million records and was No. 1 on the Hit Parade for 13 weeks, was composed on the spot by Disney composer George Bruns and lyricist Tom Blackburn to fill time when the first episode came up a few minutes short.

The *Mickey Mouse Club* show, which ran from 1955 to 1959, was also a hit in such countries as Finland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Mexico and Japan. The 30-year-old episodes are still popular with kids today who watch it on The Disney Channel.

In 1959, Disney's *The Peter Tchaikovsky Story* was the first stereophonic TV show ever broadcast. Viewers put their FM radios next to their TV speakers.

WHAT'S NEW:

The New *Mickey Mouse Club*, The Disney Channel.

Why? . . . Because *We Like You*, a TV movie about the birth of the original *Mickey Mouse Club* show, The Disney Channel.

works and reruns off-network), had their origins in desperate network survival strategy, not to mention the promotional strategy of a California theme park. How strange to consider that without Disneyland there might well have been no ABC television network today—that there is a causal line connecting Mickey Mouse with Howard Cosell.

In the early 1950s, ABC was struggling hard for affiliate-station clearances. The network had been created by government decree in 1943 from certain capital assets held by NBC, to reduce that radio-age behemoth's economic dominance over a modest young upstart called CBS. ABC's chronic obscurity in the public eye instilled a "maverick" temperament within management circles—young and aggressive programmers willing to take high-stakes risks on ventures that their more established competitors could afford to disdain.

One of these risks involved reaching out for on-air "product" to the big Hollywood movie studios, generally regarded as the arch rivals of the fledgling TV industry. Complicating any deal with Disney in particular (the two other networks had negotiated with him but withdrawn in alarm) was Walt Disney's insistence that the network not only air his movie-style productions but help finance his visionary amusement park in Southern California. ABC, the self-styled "network of the young," finally agreed to roll the dice—risking the then-staggering purchase price of \$500,000. The gamble worked. Both Disneyland and the *Disneyland* hour became extraordinary successes. Prodded by this shopkeeperish man with his line mustache and his line-drawing mouse, ABC had decisively outflanked its older, more established rivals. Its path toward parity was assured.

BY THE EARLY 1980S, DISNEY HAD BEGUN TO EXPERIENCE hard times on network TV. (But then, by the 1980s, so had the networks). "A theme park company," was the way the head of a new TV management team described the old kingdom, and indeed it seemed that way. After the creation of The Disney Channel in 1983, the company pulled all other programming off the video airwaves. Was it possible that the grasping, jagged-edged 1980s had finally abolished that "famous cuteness" first revealed by Agee?

Well, no, as it turned out. A new cadre of executives, many of them veterans of the eminently pragmatic Paramount organization, comprehended one strategic verity: A strong national television presence was, if nothing else, crucial to the public image of Disney's other products—movies, theme parks, consumer goods.

And so today, Disney is solidly back in the television mainstream: A more sophisticated *Disney Sunday Movie* has returned to the networks (and

will move from ABC to top-rated NBC in the fall). *Golden Girls*, in its third season, is an authentic hit. And Carol Burnett has contracted to develop a range of projects for the company, possibly including her own network series.

This renewed network presence has not yet yielded profitability; yet in other video areas, the company's vital signs are up. *Duck Tales*, the adventures of Scrooge McDuck and his grandnephews, has shot to the top of all syndicated animated shows since its debut in September 1987. Feature-film "packages," under the umbrella titles *Magic I* and *Magic II*, are selling well to independent sta-



Lady and the Tramp: all-time best-selling video.



Duck Tales: America's top-rated syndicated cartoon.

tions. All told, the company plans to invest \$70 million in syndicated production by the end of 1988.

And then there is The Disney Channel. If there is any lingering doubt that a large constituency exists for the classic Disney mythos, The Disney Channel should dispel it: With a subscriber base of more than 4 million (as opposed to 720,000 four years ago), it is the fastest-growing subscriber TV service in the country. From a programming base of classic Disney cartoons, the channel has expanded its menu to include feature movies, variety specials, new animated series and such acquisitions as *A Prairie Home Companion with Garrison Keillor* and *College Bowl* (with Dick Cavett as host).

And so as my son sits transfixed, I, the vigilant father of the dark 1980s, relax. Far better a charming interlude of false innocence, I admit, than the alternative these days: no innocence at all. ♡

Ron Powers is the Pulitzer Prize-winning television critic for GQ. His most recent book is *White Town Drowning: Journeys to Hannibal*.



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Why DISNEY Will Live FOREVER

When Imagineers put
their heads together, watch out.
Yesteryear is reborn. Tomorrow beckons.

BY RAY BRADBURY

In 1952, Walt Disney assembled a group of artists, writers, designers, engineers, architects, technicians and craftsmen to plan and build Disneyland. After 36 years, these Imagineers (as Walt called them) are working harder than ever, creating theme-park and resort attractions that are light-years ahead of their time.

With their shared fascination for the futuristic and the fantastic, Ray Bradbury and Walt Disney became fast friends. The legendary sci-fi author offers an appreciation of how Disney's one-of-a-kind research-and-development team simultaneously preserves the past and peers into the future.

"Nothing has to die."

Walt Disney said this to me.

I remembered this when, a few years back, I received in the mail Abraham Lincoln's hipbone. With it came a note from an Imagineer robot-technician: "We're building a new Audio-Animatronics Lincoln. Dismantling the old one today, we wondered, who'd like to have Abe's hip? Ray Bradbury. So here it is!"

Walt was right. Nothing has to die.

Just rebuild it.

Steamboat America, lost?

Carve a river bottom, flood it, and send your Mark Twain paddle wheel down the riverway.

Victorian train travel, gone?

Nail up a rococo scrimshaw station, steam in the 19th-century locomotive, carry passengers from Civil War territories through African jungles into

A.D. 2000. ▶

Fellow dreamers of designs and technologies that have created Magic Kingdoms and could potentially reshape entire cities: Bradbury salutes two of "the maniacs in charge of this madhouse," John Hench (left) and Marty Sklar (right).



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAX AGUILERA-HELLWEG

Which is what the Walt Disney Imagineering assembly line of ideas, concepts, fancies and delights is doing out in Glendale, California. Just a few miles off is Forest Lawn cemetery, where everything's buried. Here at Imagineering, everything gets dug up. Even if it never died in the first place. Birth or rebirth is the order of the day at these series of empty barns, bins and bailiwicks that fill and refill with dreams, blueprints and 3-D objects that glide out to change our world, mostly for the good.

It all started when Walt dreamed a better mouse-trap for a few million mice, a place to trap and hold mobs of kids with mobs of ideas, without hurting them—Disneyland.

Disney needed a seedbed marketplace for ideas. So WED Enterprises, as it was once called (for Walter E. Disney), was built. Out of it sprang the facades, basements, attics and castles that grew up in the Anaheim orchards.

Into this maze of sheds and handball courts (where ideas bang back and forth between walls) Disney invited the most amiable assemblage of golfers that ever strolled off a summer green. Golfers, I say, because the men and women at Imagineering, busy stocking lakes with electric alligators, and teaching a robot hippo proper Baptist submersion, remind me of my dad's 18-hole companions, ambling forever down an eternal fairway, masculine and feminine, yes, but gentlemen and ladies.

How else would they be, being in love with flying elephants, live wooden puppets and jungle rides through A.C.-D.C., tape-animated, Dolby-sound African zoos? They are all gently crazed. And being crazily in love means never having to say you're sorry. People forgive you if they know your madness for life is the Night on Bald Mountain demon or Pinocchio's Monstro the Whale.

HOW DID I GET TO MEET THESE MASTER IMAGINEERS, these men who painted a dream metaphor in the middle of the air and then ran to build a foundation under it? Through Walt Disney, who came to me gift wrapped one week before Christmas 1963. Crossing the crowded interior of a Beverly Hills department store, I saw a man bearing down on me, his chin tucked over an armload of presents.

My God, I thought, it's my hero, Walt Disney!

I stepped up to him, gave him my name, saw his smile of recognition and dared to ask, "May I come have lunch?"

"Tomorrow?" said Walt.

Not next week or next year. But—tomorrow.

Before lunch the next day, Walt's secretary warned me: "One hour, from 12 to 1. Then—git!"

"Nothing has to die."

Spoken not as prophecy but practical fact.

It was Walt Disney seated across from me at his bridge table for that lunch of soup and sandwiches.

But he was, in fact, speaking on some future blueprints for Walt Disney World, the architectural clone, one size bigger, of Disneyland, and far off in the future, EPCOT Center, in Florida.

We were commiserating with each other over the fact that in the history of nations, world's fairs

were built one year, to be torn down the next. Dumb, stupid, ridiculous were some of the terms we tossed back and forth. Why not, we asked in our verbal badminton game, build a fair and let it stand forever? And, on occasion, tear down the wallpaper inside and repaper with new fancies, notions, concepts, ideas, dreams?

At one o'clock that afternoon, I leaped to my feet, shook Walt's hand, rushed for the door on cue. "Wait!" Walt cried, "I have something to show you!"

He hustled me out the door and out to examine the latest robot hippo, some spare-part mock-ups for the future Pirates of the Caribbean, and the plans for a PeopleMover that could one day solve pedestrian traffic problems in the big cities.

Breathless, we staggered back to Walt's office at three in the afternoon. Walt's secretary glared at me; she tapped her watch. I pointed at Disney and cried: "He did it!"

And indeed he had. If Walt saw from your face that you truly lit up about one of his wildest notions, you were lost and gone on the grand tour. Always winding up at Disney Imagineering.

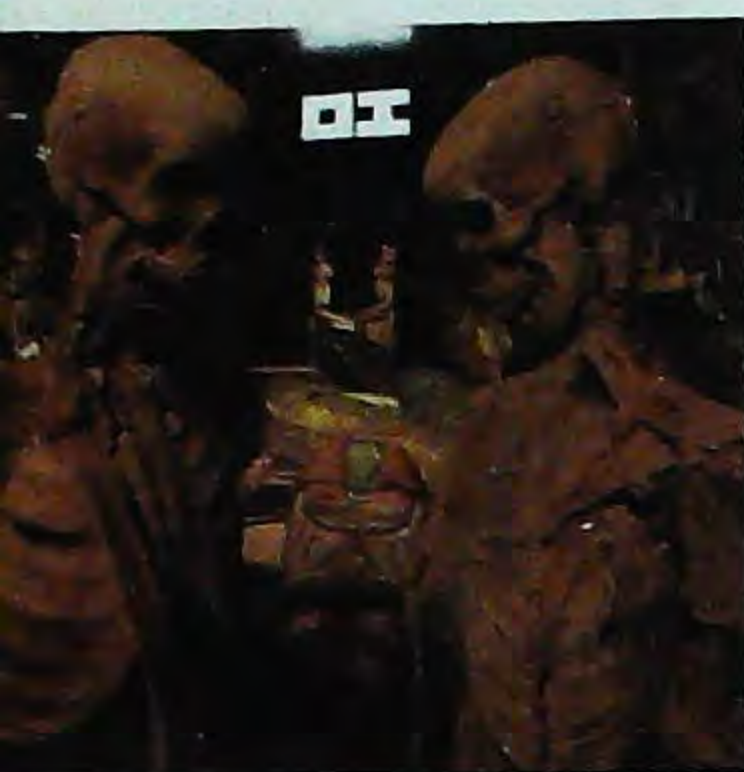
DISNEY IMAGINEERING INHABITS, OR RATHER POMEGRANATE seed explodes, inside a nondescript Glendale building that looks as if it might house 1,000 endless noon board meetings. There is no sign out front to indicate that at Christmas and Easter, here hides a madhouse of costumes and ambulatory self-wrapped gifts.

No hint that, at Halloween, Imagineering becomes a ghost manufactory, a giant Ouija board that summons up ghosts, skeletons, a mirror with a grotesque mask frozen in it that runs about telling people they "are not the fairest of them all," while Maleficent, as the Dragon, inflates herself to tower above the outside parking lot.

Who are the maniacs in charge of this madhouse? John Hench, sent by Disney to study at the Sorbonne in 1939, and the nearest thing to Walt himself. Almost 80, John, as he chats with the inhabitants of this millrace, scribble-sketches blueprints and critters with a fine-artist's hand.

Marty Sklar, the quietest of maniacs, who keeps Imagineering off the rails but on the tracks. Hired at age 21, while editor of the UCLA *Daily Bruin*,

Visitors to Walt Disney World's Disney-MGM Studios will not only get to watch new movies and TV shows as they're being made but will also get to interact with characters from their favorite films, such as *Alien*, which Imagineers have painstakingly brought back to life.



Imagineers re-created classic Hollywood sets—such as *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (top)—and used lifelike molds (center) to create Audio-Animatronics movie stars for the Disney-MGM Studios tour, opening in April. For EPCOT's Norway pavillion they created "troll dust" (bottom) for the Maelstrom high-seas adventure.





WALT DISNEY

► Walt Disney received more than 960 awards, including honorary degrees (from Harvard, Yale, USC and UCLA), the Presidential Medal of Freedom, France's Legion of Honor and Officer d'Academie, Thailand's Order of the Crown, Brazil's Order of the Southern Cross and Mexico's Order of the Aztec Eagle.

► Walt Disney collaborated with the leading artists of his time, including the Philadelphia Orchestra's Leopold Stokowski (who conducted the music for *Fantasia*), author Aldous Huxley (who wrote an early draft of a script for *Alice in Wonderland*), painter Thomas Hart Benton (whose work never reached the screen), composer Sergei Prokofiev (*Peter and the Wolf*) and surrealist painter Salvador Dali (whose animated short, *Destino*, was shelved after the completion of only one 15-second segment).

► No signature is better known than Walt Disney's. Starting in the 1930s, the familiar logo, created by Disney artists from their boss's handwriting, appeared as a trademark on all his products. For collectors, the real thing is harder to discern: Walt personally complied with requests for autographs, but studio artists were frequently called upon to help meet demand. Today, an autographed photo of Disneyland's opening day can fetch \$600.

Marty remembers that Disney gave him—a raw, untrained reporter—a chance to edit a Disneyland newspaper the month before Disneyland opened, 33 years ago. On Walt's behalf, he gives other young people a chance to jump off cliffs and build their wings on the way down, at Imagineering.

Between these two, Disney Imagineering has hired some fairly improbable gentlemen golfers, who no sooner employed then tee off mind grenades instead of golf balls.

Item: Tony Baxter, whose career was popping popcorn at Disneyland, in his spare time built a working model of a gravity-fall train. This 3-D calling card gained him the Imagineering job of creating the Big Thunder Mountain Railroad that roars down mountain tracks at Disney's theme parks. Its twin will soon be built at Euro Disneyland, and the chief designer for this new Magic Kingdom will be... Tony Baxter.

Item: Harper Goff, lover and collector of miniature model railroads. Walt Disney and Goff met in a London railroad-model toy store, saw the glazed stare of the amateur locomotive fiend in each other's faces. Goff wound up helping art sketch-design the Adventureland Jungle Cruise and making sure Disneyland's locomotives ran on time.

Further item: Tom Scherman. The young man was so enamored of Jules Verne that he secretly converted his Hollywood apartment into a clone of Captain Nemo's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea submarine with portholes, periscope, seashell telephones. His landlady, unaware of the transformation, blundered into the apartment one day and, stunned, threw Scherman out and dismantled the submarine. Scherman wound up with Disney Imagineering, building Nautilus submarines and dreaming up Jules Verne Discovery World.

And so it went and so it goes.

Sklar and Hench, then, are curators of a vast and vital storage hall of history, a living museum, a world's fair unto itself.

In sum, the Renaissance did not die, it just hid out at Imagineering Inc. You say you want Sleeping Beauty's castle? And the ghosts of Pierrefonds, Mad Ludwig's towers, touches of Vaux Le Vicomte, rise up in a Glendale parking lot to be truck-transited down freeways to Anaheim, Orlando or across the ocean airs to Japan.

LET ME RECOUNT A RECENT TELEPHONE EPISODE. An editor for the French paper *Nouvel Observateur* called from Paris. "Monsieur Bradbury," she said, "it has been announced, Disneyland comes to France. How do you feel about this? All those toys and games?"

"My dear young woman," I said. "You don't understand. It is not toys and games. It is France's gift of itself to itself!"

"What, what?" the lady cried.

"Good grief," I said, "don't you know how much Walt loved France and Paris and your gardens and flowers, and your 40,000 restaurants and your art museums and Carcassonne and Chantilly and Chambord and how he came to visit you year after year and looked around at the USA and said, 'I will

all this to my country, one way or another?' And the gardens were planted and 1,000 places to sit and people-watch placed, and the castle arose and one was Disneyland and the other Walt Disney World.

"A final touch, my dear young lady. In the past few years, visiting France, I have fallen in love with the work of the French architect Viollet-le-Duc, the man who rebuilt Pierrefonds, Carcassonne, part of Notre-Dame de Paris, and who placed the gargoyles up there in the wind and rain. Returning to Disneyland last year, I saw a spire on the side of Sleeping Beauty's castle. A duplicate of the convoluted and beauteous spire Viollet-le-Duc raised atop Notre-Dame 100 years ago. I called John Hench out at Imagineering. 'John,' I said, 'how long has Viollet-le-Duc's spire been on the side of Sleeping Beauty's castle?' 'Thirty years,' said Hench. 'My God,' I said, 'I never noticed before! Who put it there?' 'Walt,' said Hench. 'Why?' I asked. 'Because he loved it,' said Hench.

"'Because he loved it.' Something not needed but needed, not necessary but necessary. Costing approximately \$100,000. But added to the castle because Walt wished it to be there. Because of Walt, Viollet-le-Duc lives in America."

"Oh, Monsieur Bradbury," cried the lady editor in Paris. "You make me feel so good!"

"Because," I replied, "it's true!"

BESIDES EURO DISNEYLAND, WHAT OTHER WONDERS are Sklar and Hench summoning up by striking the earth with Walt's old sketch-book?

Norway, with its fjords and dragon-headed ships as part of the EPCOT Showcase territory.

A pulsing heartbeat excursion through the human body in the Wonders of Life adventure at EPCOT Center.

And the Lazarus-like resurrection, out of the California tombs, of Hollywood itself!

Millions of Japanese camera-hung tourists fast-brake their limousines at Hollywood and Vine each year. Leaping out merrily, they are stunned to be greeted by slimy winos, dilapidated hookers, arthritic dogs, burned-out shops and coke lovers whose arms look fresh from a porcupine fusillade.

If this is true for some years ahead, do you rebuild Hollywood? Yes!

But, 2,000 miles away! At the Disney-MGM Studios at Walt Disney World.

Here will be Grauman's Chinese, when it first rose to confound the apple-yard architects and cowboy real estate agents of the 1920s. Here will be Hollywood and Vine as it never was but should have been, with real movie stars on each corner. The last time anything like that happened was when Cecil B. DeMille drove his chariots through the intersection, on his way to Galilee. Once, as a child on roller skates, I thought I saw Clark Gable there, flagging a taxi. But that was another country, another time. Disney will rebirth the whole thing. Harlow, Gable and Colbert would feel right at home parading down this boulevard.

Ironically then that while the old Hollywood staggers toward a renovation that will mander on until



THE MAGIC KINGDOM

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Has Its Privileges.™



Don't leave home without it.



2005, Disney's Tinsel Town, for the same cost, will long since be up and operating.

Like Hollywood, like America, like the world.

For the simple fact, proved over and over in the history of towns and cities, is that city fathers and chambers of commerce know not themselves, nor much of anything else. The cities have gone to ruin and the people a ruination within. With no imaginative cures, the mayors and councils have floundered and sunk in tar and taxes. The Disney duchies are the answer.

The Disney duchies? Men who answer to the motto: *In excellentia lucrum*. In excellence is profit. Imagineers who show up, ask for carte blanche, no interference from dreamless officials high or low, and proceed to blueprint a city and build a dream.

Just a few years back, Houston Intercontinental Airport asked Imagineering to create a People-Mover to sort out and distribute the airport's mobs. Imagineering has just completed a master

plan for re-creating the remnants of the 1962 Seattle World's Fair, delivering forth a fresh new Seattle Center.

With this as a beginning, by century's end, most if not all of our American towns will have been touched and changed all for the good, by Walt's Paris-inspired, France-rejuvenated ghost.

AFTER WALT DIED, A RUMOR FLASHED AROUND that he had become a giant Popsicle at some cryonics morgue in East Azusa. Not so! How ridiculous! Walt didn't have to immortalize himself.

As he himself said: "Nothing has to die."

So—turn backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight. Let old cities and new arise.

And Walt? Hell, he's not dead. Just hiding out, like the hipbone of old Abraham L. and the Renaissance, at Disney Imagineering. ♡

Ray Bradbury's new short-story collection, The Townbee Convector, was published this year.

Using scale-model characters and scenes from Disney's *Song of the South*, Imagineers are building Splash Mountain, a flume-ride attraction that opens at Disneyland in January. Located in Critter Country, it will be the park's fastest thrill attraction, featuring a five-story free-fall drop at a breathtaking 45-degree angle.

THE GRAND FLORIDIAN BEACH RESORT. AT WALT DISNEY WORLD.



Journey back to the turn-of-the-century... to another time and another place. The Grand Floridian Beach Resort. An oasis of elegance that's the first of its kind since the golden age of pleasure travel.

Bright white towers and gabled roofs echo the Victorian architectural influence that has come to symbolize Florida's carefree winters and balmy summer nights. And inside, the towering five-story Grand Lobby is capped by three illuminated stained glass domes, glittering chandeliers and gleaming brasswork. At its center, a grandiose gazebo is an ornate aviary for a covey of rare Australian Rosy Bourkes...exotic pink parakeets that epitomize the period's rococo style.

Yet nowhere else is more attention paid to thoughtful details than in The Grand Floridian's 900 guest rooms and suites; accommodations are the most luxurious on Disney property.

The Grand Floridian Beach Resort is open now and accepting reservations for single night or longer stays.

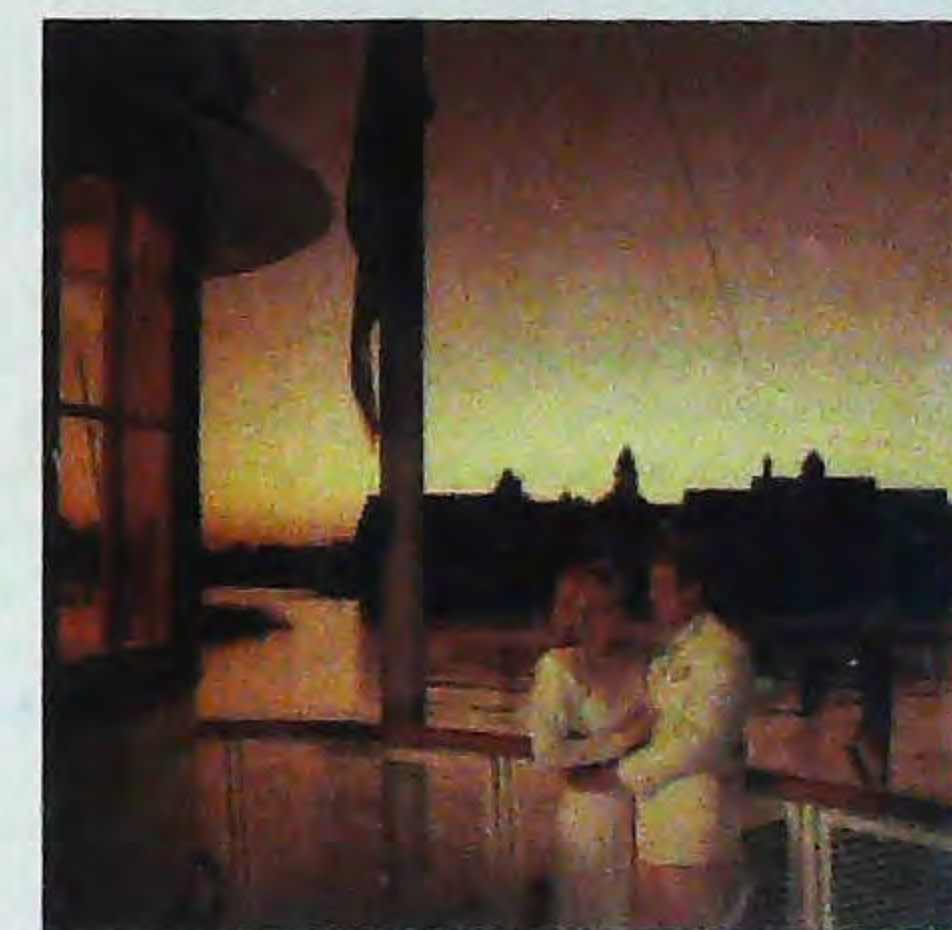
For reservations or information regarding the Grand Floridian Beach Resort, call (407) 828-3111 or see your travel agent.



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LIFESTYLE

BY BEVIS HILLIER

Mickeymania: A Consuming Passion

Thanks to legions of fans around the globe, classic Disney products have become valuable collectors' items. Why do otherwise sane adults invest all their spare time and money in hoarding an astonishing array of memorabilia?

IN ENGLAND, WHERE I WAS BORN, THERE IS A RUSTIC entertainment known as morris dancing. It dates from at least the Middle Ages and is said to have pagan origins. A group of men, wearing a trelliswork of ribbons round their legs, capers about in floppy hats, jingling bells, brandishing batons and waving colorful handkerchiefs.

My paternal grandmother was a wry and skeptical Londoner. When she visited us in the country in the 1950s and saw this performance for the first time—the morris dancers were cavorting and jingling in a field under her bedroom window—she uttered two words that became a saying in our family: "Grown men!"

If Granny Hillier were alive today, no doubt she would make the same terse comment about those adult collectors who have old Mickey Mouse dolls and other classic Disneyana cascading from every corner of their houses. Bernie Shine, Mel Birnkrant and John Fawcett, for example, three men who are certifiably sane, personable and respected in their professions. Shine is a Los Angeles personal-injury lawyer, just the man to call if your Porsche is totaled. Birnkrant is a freelance toy designer in the state of New York, and his designs are sound enough to make him a comfortable living. Fawcett is professor of art at the University of Connecticut.

So what is it that impels these three "grown men" to hoard Mickeys by the hundred? Why

Mickey appears on 9,000 licensed products—ranging from ice cream treats to 18-karat-gold and diamond brooches (\$5,800)—in more than 50 countries. Bernie Shine, however, collects only vintage Mickey paraphernalia, circa 1935.

does Shine carry, in addition to his normal, sober business card, a second card reading, "Bernard C. Shine: Mickeyologist"? Why would Birnkrant rather own a windup clockwork Mickey than an oceangoing yacht? What sense of priorities has led Fawcett to invest in what he ruefully calls "the world's most expensive wallpaper"? (He even has Mickeys grinning down at him from the ceilings—original artwork, posters and board games.)

It's no use looking for a common denominator: Mickeymania overpowers people in quite different ways. It struck Birnkrant in infancy. He got hooked

on Mickey by watching Disney cartoon films in 1940, when he was three. In the pop-art 1960s, he was beguiled all over again by Mickey's imagery. He began collecting in his 20s when he found a cast-iron Mickey bank in the Paris flea market. "It seemed to me incredible as sculpture, but the Mickey aspect gave me pause. I had given away all my Mickey things from childhood. But then I thought: 'I like this kids' stuff. Maybe growing up is admitting you like it.'"

As an artist, Fawcett feels that, "Mickey has always been a part of my life and art." Born in 1939, he pestered his parents to take him to Disney films. "Then I would go home and make drawings of the imagery to save it." To him the early Mickey is "the ultimate graphic symbol, made up of circles—a totemic, magical kind of thing." He collects not only Disney-licensed products but also "Mickey Mouse folk art—homemade stuff," such as a couple of papier-mâché masks perhaps created for a Halloween party, and a 14-inch wicker Mickey.



WAYNE SHIMABUKURO

Fawcett is prepared to buy Mickeyana of any period if it seems aesthetically satisfying; but Shine is interested only in Mickey artifacts that date from 1932 to 1938, the period when Disney's mouse still had a bare torso and "pie eyes" (like two black pies with a slice removed from each). Shine bought his first such example in 1969, a Mickey Mouse watch issued in 1933. Today the walls of his house are lined with dolls, games, bucket-and-spade sets, comics, bisque figures (of unglazed but fired porce-



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LIFESTYLE



COLLECTIBLES

In 1933 the phenomenal success of the first Mickey Mouse watch (\$2.95) saved the Ingersoll-Waterbury Company from bankruptcy. Macy's alone sold up to 11,000 a day. By 1939 the company had sold \$4.8 million in watches. In 1957 Walt was presented with the 25-millionth watch. In its original box, the 1930s watch is now worth up to \$400.

The first motion picture sound-track recording was the score to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, released by Victor Records in 1938.

The first Mickey Mouse toy was a soft doll, manufactured by Charlotte Clark in 1930 after a design created by her nephew, Bob Clampett. Clampett went on to become a famous animator in his own right, creating such memorable characters as the cat-and-canary team, Sylvester and Tweedle Pie.

lain), toy trains, badges and buttons. He also has a few "cels" (original celluloid animation art); single examples, with original background, have fetched five-figure sums at auction.

Walt Disney realized early on the potential of Mickey Mouse in consumer products. His merchandise-licensing business began in 1929 when someone (we don't know who) came up to him in a New York City hotel lobby and offered him \$300 to put Mickey on a pencil tablet. Disney needed the money, and agreed. In 1932 an astute Kansas City advertising executive, Kay Kamen, was put in charge of Disney licensing, and imposed rigorous standards. In 1933 the Mickey Mouse watch helped the Ingersoll-Waterbury watch company to snap out of the Depression. The Lionel Corporation, a manufacturer of toy trains, was rescued from bankruptcy in 1935 by a Mickey and Minnie handcar.

Kamen died in a plane crash in 1949, and many Mickey collectors think there was a decline in the quality of Disney-licensed merchandise from the 1940s to the '70s—"a tinge of mediocrity," as Birnkrant puts it. But in the 1980s there has been a big advance. Mickey has been "contemporized": His image has been sharpened, he has been translated onto teen surf and dance settings and has appeared on more "upscale" products.

The new trend began in the late 1970s when Max Raab, chairman and founder of the fashion firm J.G. Hook, noticed that Mickey and other Disney characters were being used on high-fashion clothes in Paris shops. "A bell rang," Raab recalls, "and I thought, 'Why can't we do that in America—take Mickey above the souvenir stand and the T-shirt level and centerpiece him?'" So he introduced the "by-no-means-inexpensive" "Mickey & Company" line of clothes. He now has six full-time graphic artists working on it. Four of the artists were trained at the Disney Studios, where consumer-product art is supervised by a man with unimpeachably hip antecedents—Carson Van Osten, who in 1966 founded the successful Nazz pop group with Todd Rundgren.

In the 1980s retailers became wary of theme characters (Care Bears, Cabbage Patch dolls), which seemed to be popular for three or four years, then faded from the public consciousness. The tried-and-trusted Mickey formula, which this year

has survived 60 years of fashion vagaries, seemed a better bet—especially now that Disney was giving Mickey, and Minnie, too (with the "Totally Minnie" look inspired by pop singer Madonna), a strong appeal to teens and young adults. Disney has also concluded a deal with Mattel, Inc., the Barbie doll company, for an imaginative line of preschool toys, including the Dreamtime Carousel, which projects Mickey and other characters onto the ceiling while Disney music lulls the child to sleep.

Mickey records, roller skates, shower curtains, skis, posh rockers (\$225 from F.A.O. Schwarz of New York City) and even Mickey-shaped ravioli (Disney and Famiglia's "Mickey's Pasta Pals") are among the new-style postmodern Mickeyana. In March 1987 a chain of all-Disney stores began opening across America. Like the Disney theme parks, each has costumed staff ("cast members"). The growing legion of collectors of old and new Disneyana is served by a new magazine, *Storyboard* (not associated with The Disney Company), which in less than a year has built a circulation of 15,000.

Is there a danger of overkill, of overexposing Mickey? Paul Pressler, Disney's vice president of licensing, admits, "It's a concern that we have every day. Before I sign every contract, we question the fit and the need in the marketplace."

Disney consumer products executive Steve McBeth says: "I do not believe that there is a finite amount of Disney that the consumer would want, providing the quality is there; but I do think, just as Mickey has evolved over the years, it is incumbent on us to push the creative bounds of what we do and always try to present the characters to the public in fresh and original ways."

Of course, to Shine and the other die-hard Mickeymaniacs, Mickey is sacrosanct. When Shine proposed marriage, he gave his fiancée a ring. He wrote her a note to go with it: "I love you more than Mickey Mouse." Being an honest man, on second thought he altered this to: "I love you as much as Mickey Mouse." When he finally presented the ring, the note read simply: "I love you." ♡

Bevis Hillier has served as editor of *Connoisseur* and *The Times of London Saturday Review*, and as associate editor of the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*. He is the author of *Mickey Mouse Memorabilia* and *Young Betjeman*, the first volume of his biography of the British poet laureate, Sir John Betjeman.

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CULTURE

BY PHIL PATTON

It's a Big World After All

The Japanese flock to Tokyo Disneyland. The French can't wait for Euro Disneyland to open in 1992. Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are top-rated TV stars in China. What is the secret of Disney's international appeal?

WALT DISNEY ONCE WROTE THAT, FROM Mickey's perspective, "the world is just a big apple pie." The world for Disney today is bigger than ever, but it is no longer just as American. With Tokyo Disneyland now five years old and Euro Disneyland less than four years from opening—with film, television and merchandising expanding rapidly around the globe—far-flung Disney executives are sending back messages that challenge our own quaint notion that Mickey's popularity ends at the U.S. border.

In France, Mickey is considered French; in China, where his TV show draws a weekly audience of 200 million (or about twice your average Super Bowl viewership), locals wax indignant at the notion he might be anything but Chinese. Perhaps because his personality is as pungent as Szechuan peppers, Donald has joined Mickey as China's top TV star—the Beijing duck of the hour, if you will. Consequently, Disney products are gaining a webhold in the People's Republic, where you can now listen to the *Totally Minnie* record album—with Mandarin lyrics.

According to Etienne de Villiers, president of Buena Vista International (Disney's worldwide TV distribution/production arm), there is "so much pent-up demand" for Disney TV material that global sales have increased sevenfold over 2½ years.

This fall, Vice Chairman of the Board Roy E. Disney will lead a Disney contingent to Moscow to explore the possibilities *glasnost* may have opened up for Mickey and friends. With Michael Jackson already moonwalking across Soviet TV screens, the field seems fertile.

Mickey is so well known today that he serves as an international icon, but his appeal extends even to those seeing him for the first time. Disney Imagineer John Hench often tells the story of how Dr. Tom Dooley put Mickey on the side of his hospital ship that was anchored off a Southeast Asian coast. Mickey succeeded in luring young patients for examination and treatment where even the Red Cross sign painted there had not. They had never seen Mickey before, but the kids knew immediately what he stood for.

Here, perhaps, is the clue to Mickey's international appeal. He provides an emotional counter-

part to the international signs on highways and in airports. Mickey and kin are more versatile, more subtle versions of the heart that appears on all those "I love Rome" and "I love Paris" stickers. "He's a universal symbol," agrees Roy Disney. "He has a basic goodness, a niceness—well, a likable friendliness. It gets translated without the words."

Mickey and the entire Disney enterprise were remarkably international right from the start. In the 1928 *Plane Crazy*, Mickey's impersonation of Charles Lindbergh is uncannily appropriate; both symbolized oceans that were no longer barriers and media images that could transcend language differences. Mickey came to China in 1935, when the *Beijing Daily Times* began running his comic strip, and for another 50 years he survived as an



adopted folk figure in China. It was also in the 1930s that Madame Tussaud recognized Mickey for the world celebrity he had become and installed him in her London wax museum; that the 10-year-old King of Siam declared his allegiance; that the Mouse of Burbank became a hit in the realm of the Lion of Judah, Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

The desperate efforts of propagandists to get a handle on Mickey only underscored his universality. Leading Soviet film director Sergei Eisenstein had famously praised Mickey as America's only

Disney imagery is visual rather than verbal; its symbols are universally embraced. In our image-oriented age, Disney characters, such as Winnie the Pooh, easily transcend cultural obstacles and overcome language barriers.

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8A9-TIME

CULTURE



MICKEY'S WORLD

► In 1987, The Walt Disney Company estimated that around the world, more than 200 million people saw a Disney movie on film or video; 395 million people watched a Disney TV show every week; more than 1 billion read a Disney book or magazine; 800 million saw a Disney educational film, video or filmstrip in schools and libraries; 3 million used Disney computer programs; 212 million listened or danced to Disney music, records, tapes or CDs; 270 million bought Disney-licensed merchandise in 50 countries; and more than 50 million passed through the turnstiles of Disney theme parks in California, Florida and Tokyo.

► The first periodical devoted to Mickey Mouse was *Topolino* magazine, which debuted in Italy in December 1932. America's *Mickey Mouse Magazine* followed a month later and lasted in various incarnations until the late 1970s. It was successfully resurrected last year, with a circulation of approximately 500,000.

► For the first time, 150,000 Lapps living in Arctic Norway will be able to read Donald Duck comics in their native tongue, thanks to the Oslo government, which gave \$60,000 to the Jaergalaedji Publishing House to help support the venture.

► What do Disney CEO Michael Eisner and Emperor Hirohito of Japan have in common? They both wear a Mickey Mouse watch.

contribution to world culture, but the official Soviet party line was to condemn Mickey as a symbol of the meekness of the oppressed proletariat. Then, seeing Mickey's appeal, the apparatchiks scrambled for new ground—and suddenly discovered in the Disney characters a sort of subtle *Animal Farm*-style explication of the evils of capitalism. Hitler, put off by the costuming in German cavalry helmets of Mickey's friends in one Disney short—a slight, as he saw it, to Germany's proud military tradition—condemned the mouse and banned Disney. But Mussolini appreciated Mickey and correctly associated him with the common man. The man who made the trains run on time was never late to a Mickey opening. When Italy produced its first low-cost people's car, it was named the Topolino, the Italian name for Mickey.

MICKEY'S FIRST OVERSEAS KINGDOM WAS TOKYO Disneyland, a \$750-million park that opened in 1983. Two years of careful planning averted most potential cultural faux pas at the complex, which now rates ahead of Osaka and just behind Tokyo among Japanese tourist destinations.

Language was the key problem. Writers from Japanese television were hired to help replace untranslatable jokes and rewrite the tour-guide scripts. (The American Disney parks' Main Street information center is called "hospitality house." That was the name planned for Tokyo, too, until it was pointed out that, in Japanese, the phrase designates a brothel.) Historians reviewed the accuracy of the Audio-Animatronics figures of Meiji warriors and shoguns—the counterparts to American patriots that appear in Orlando and Anaheim.

Tokyo Disneyland already has shaped the local culture. New Year's Eve, once an occasion for solemn reflection on the year passing, has now become a celebration of the coming year, thanks to the all-night party with fireworks and bands that has become an annual event at the complex.

Now Euro Disneyland is about to rise on nearly 5,000 acres that once raised beets and corn, a tract one-fifth the size of Paris and 20 miles to the east. Disney officials say that there are a number of reasons to believe that it has the potential to outstrip its American cousins. One, about 310 million people live within a two-hour flight of the new complex. Two, a preliminary survey found that 65 percent of the French population plans to visit Euro Disneyland. Three, Europeans traditionally take more vacation time than do Americans—often as much as four to six weeks per year—and, aside from Tivoli in Copenhagen, they have never had anything like an amusement park. Consequently, first-year attendance is expected to hit 11 million.

The 1992 opening date for Euro Disneyland coincides with the 500th anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America. The juxtaposition is appro-

priate: Euro Disneyland will mark a discovery of another new world for the Europeans and a rediscovery of Europe for Americans. Many Europeans know of Disneyland or have visited California or Florida. But some of the elements there are making a round-trip: thus it will be Jules Verne's Discoveryland (it was Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* that inspired Disney to create the undersea ride at Walt Disney World). Europeans envision an American West that is more Grand Canyon than Dodge City, and that fact will be incorporated into the Euro equivalent of Frontierland.

For the ground-breaking ceremonies, says Etienne de Villiers, "we're planning a multimillion-dollar Pan-European TV special" that will be globally simulcast next Easter. Because many of Disney's stories—from *Snow White* to the *Three Little Pigs*—grew out of a common European folkloric tradition, the production, according to de Villiers, "will be a formal tribute to our creative origins in Europe."

SHERYL HARDY, CALIFORNIA-BORN AND RAISED, found herself Japan-bound to head up the co-production of *The Disney Club* TV show there. She immersed herself in books about Japan and watched hours of Japanese television.

Color was one of the key cultural differences she discovered. Black, the color of mourning, was completely taboo, even for lettering; brighter colors were specified. Ribbons and balloons for a Donald Duck birthday party were tinsel foil garlands of the sort reserved in the West for Christmas. The Japanese love all the latest TV special effects, but the idea of having the show's hosts introduce themselves personally on screen is unthinkable in its immodesty. Instead, that task is performed with superimposed titles. When the show introduced exercise segments modeled on America's best-selling *Mousercise* video, the reaction went from uncertainty on the set ("What is a jumping jack?") to public enthusiasm expressed by a flood of positive letters. The idea, says Hardy, is "to dovetail the cultures." Hence Donald celebrates not only his birthday but also Golden Week, the Japanese festival of spring and cherry blossoms.

"For a while, everything seems commonplace," she says, "and then all of a sudden something will happen that reminds you you aren't at home." Not long ago, for example, Hardy found herself during rush hour dragging a chest full of costumes through the crowded Tokyo subway. Wedged in among bodies, she turned to her Japanese companion and asked, "Do you think Steven Spielberg got started this way?"

"Who?" came the reply. 🐭

Phil Patton is the author of *Razzle-Dazzle*, *Open Road* and *Voyager*.

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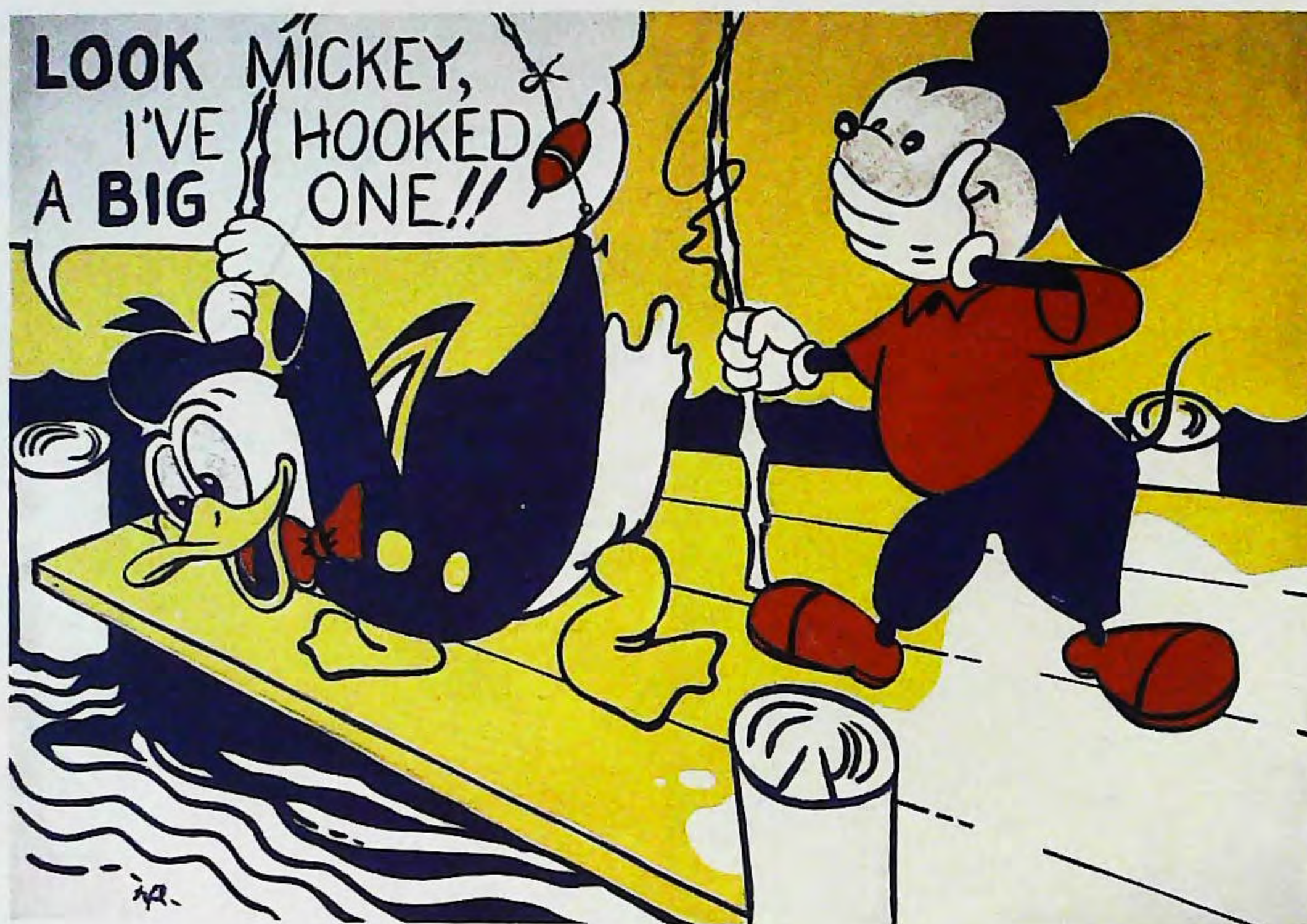


GALLERY

The Ultimate Tribute

Mickey, as other artists see him

"I DON'T PRETEND TO KNOW anything about art," Walt Disney once said. "I've never called my work an 'art.' I am in no sense of the word a great artist." What was he, then? Show-biz mogul? Corporate leader? Maverick entrepreneur? All of these, yes, but that wasn't all. Disney's major talent lay in his unsurpassed ability to fan the flames of creativity in those around him. His self-effacingly simplistic job description—"I am an idea man"—belied an extraordinary knack for inflating the imaginations of his loyal followers, who, in turn, fueled the fantasies of his global audience. Disney's paintbrush, then, was his staff; his canvas, the world. For evidence of his universal appeal—and influence—behold these Disney-inspired masterpieces. 🐭



ROY LICHTENSTEIN
Look Mickey, 1961



WAYNE THIEBAUD
Mickey Mouse Cake, 1988



MICK HAGGERTY
Mickey Mondrian



DON EDDY
Daydreamer, 1984

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World Notes



Lost property: Hurricane Joan flattens the Atlantic port of Bluefields

NICARAGUA

The Check Isn't In the Mail

For the people of Nicaragua, Hurricane Joan was a rare thing, only the fourth such storm to touch their shores in the past century—and by far the worst. But for officials in Managua and Washington, it was just politics as usual as Joan's 125-m.p.h. winds cut a swath of panic and devastation across the country, leaving 116 dead and flattening the Atlantic port city of Bluefields.

All but foreclosing the prospect of relief assistance from Washington, Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra declared, "The best help they can give us is to stop the

[rebel] aggression." He accused the U.S. of encouraging the *contras* to take advantage of the storm to infiltrate back into Nicaragua from Honduras. In lieu of direct aid, he suggested that Americans make donations to nongovernmental agencies.

The Reagan Administration was no less stubborn. Some U.S. officials indicated that they would consider a request for aid from the Nicaraguan government—a safe bet since they knew none would be forthcoming. Others seemed to rule out even that prospect, charging that the Sandinistas would only misuse the funds to further their campaign against the *contras*. As partisan politics raged, the losers were the 181,000 Nicaraguans who are now homeless.

SOUTH KOREA

Cleaning Up After Chun

President Roh Tae Woo pledged last week that by year's end he would cleanse his government of the kind of abuses that stained the record of his predecessor, General Chun Doo Hwan. Two ad hoc committees of the opposition-controlled National Assembly will open investigations this week into alleged misdeeds during Chun's tenure.

The hearings will follow an Assembly "audit" that examined, among other things, the deaths of at least 54 "undesirables" in "re-education camps." One of the committees will probe such "irregularities" in greater detail while the other will look into the massacre of 180 people during a 1980 popular revolt in Kwangju. Among the witnesses summoned: Lee Soon Ja, Chun's wife, and Chang Se Dong, ex-head of the Agency for National Security Planning, South Korea's CIA.

BRITAIN

Pounds, Chains And Furlongs

For generations, Britain has reveled in a system of weights and measures that confounds the outside world. Instead of using the no-nonsense metric system, Britons measured their cricket pitches in chains (22 yds.), their horse races in furlongs (220 yds.), their meat in pounds and their beer in pints. Bowing to a proposal of the European Community, however, the British have tentatively agreed to convert their systems to metric, starting in 1994.

But not all of them. It's goodbye to the pound, the ounce, the gill (4 fl. oz.) and the rod (a quarter of a chain). But the furlong will stay because it



Not about to lose his pint

occurs only in sports, as will the troy ounce (31 g. vs. 28 g for the standard ounce) because gold-bullion operations couldn't survive without it. As for the pint, the measure of morning milk and evening ale for millions, London hopes the Community will agree that it just wouldn't be cricket to abolish it.

SOVIET UNION

A \$400 Million Bug Bomb

For three years the hulking eight-story structure in Moscow has stood empty, the ultimate example of a property grown too hot to handle. Work on the new U.S. embassy was halted when American inspectors discovered it was riddled with supersophisticated Soviet eavesdropping devices, implanted during construction. Last week, following lengthy studies by private engineering firms, Ronald Reagan recommended that the \$22 million structure be razed. Said the President: "We have to do it. We have no choice."

The Administration will also recommend that the next Congress authorize funds for a second new embassy on the same downtown Moscow site.

This time, to ensure a bug-free building, State Department officials plan to prefabricate most of it in the U.S., ship it to Moscow in pieces and have it as-



Hot property: uncompleted U.S. embassy in Moscow awaits demolition

sembled by imported American workers with security clearance. Estimated cost: \$400 million. Ever optimistic, the Administration hopes to cut that total by dunning the Soviets for \$29 million in damages for shoddy workmanship and delays on the initial project.

Meanwhile, the Soviets, who in 1985 finished construction of their new embassy in Washington, will not be allowed to use it during the demolition and rebuilding of the U.S. facility. That is expected to take at least five years. Reflecting Moscow's exasperation at the delay, the Soviet news agency TASS called the Administration's bugging claims "groundless" and "farfetched."

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Desperados

In 1985 a U.S. drug agent was tortured and murdered in Guadalajara. The search for his killers continues. His colleagues see a cover-up reaching the top levels of Mexico's government

By Elaine Shannon

Friends in Guadalajara called the U.S. drug agent Enrique ("Kiki") Camarena el gallo prieto, the dark rooster. It meant a fighter, a man who always won.

In June 1980 Camarena was reassigned from Fresno to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration's office in Guadalajara. For the next 4½ years, the agent would pursue a dual mission: to hunt down Mexico's marijuana and cocaine barons and convince an incredulous Reagan Administration that the multibillion-dollar drug pipeline extended into the highest reaches of the Mexican army, police and government.

Eventually, Camarena would despair and request a transfer. But only three weeks before he was to leave, he would be abducted and brutally slain. This is Camarena's story.



"We've Got a Man Missing"

At 2 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 7, 1985, Enrique ("Kiki") Camarena stashed his DEA badge and his service revolver in his desk drawer and headed for a luncheon date with his wife. As he stepped through the consulate portal into the sunlight, shopkeepers were drawing their blinds and workmen were laying aside their tools for the afternoon siesta. A soft breeze ruffled the skirts of the passing women. Guadalajara, a grimy pink fleshpot of a city, was carefree and enticing on these warm winter days.

The recent months had been the most tense that Camarena and his wife Mika had ever known. There had been too many street shootings, too many kidnappings, too many bad omens. Kiki had told Mika that he did not think the traffickers would actually shoot an American agent. She was not so sure. Mika, 34, was tiny, pretty and stoical; she had always been able to live with danger. But now she was beginning to crumble. And Kiki, at 37, was beginning to burn out. In California he used to hound an outlaw until the man broke. But in Mexico the crooks

laughed at him, brushing him off as if he were a scorpion stinging a thick leather boot.

On this particular Thursday, Kiki walked out of the consulate and headed across Calle Libertad to his pickup truck. It was parked in the lot of the Camelot bar, a seedy joint whose proprietor, grateful for the DEA contingent's hefty beer tabs, gave the agents parking privileges. Camarena turned off the truck's burglar alarm with his key and unlocked the door, but he was interrupted before he could get into the cab and grab the two-way radio, with which he could alert his partners.

According to the DEA's reconstruction of events, five men appeared at the agent's side: a reputed drug trafficker, two Jalisco state policemen and two professional killers. One of the men, Samuel

Ramírez Razo, flashed a badge from the Federal Security Directorate (DFS), the shadowy arm of the Interior Ministry, most DEA agents who worked in Mexico and on the border considered the DFS the private army of the drug czars.

"Federal Security," said Ramírez. "The comandante wants to see you." The men grabbed Camarena and shoved him into a beige Volkswagen Atlantic. Ramírez threw a jacket over Kiki's head, and the driver sped away. Two hours later, Captain Alfredo Zavala Avelar would also disappear. Zavala worked as a pilot for the Mexican Ministry of Agriculture. On the side, he worked for the DEA. On this day, after he taxied his plane to the hangar at Guadalajara International Airport and climbed into a car, two men pointed an AR-15 semiautomatic rifle at him, forced him into the back seat of a Ford Galaxie and sped away.

Mika, meanwhile, returned home, wondering why Kiki had failed to keep their lunch date. As the evening dragged on, she put to bed their three young sons—Enrique, 11, Daniel, 6, and Erick, 4—and then dozed off. At 5:30 the next morning,



she woke with a start. Finally, at 6:30 a.m., she called Victor ("Shaggy") Wallace, one of Kiki's fellow agents.

Wallace's chest tightened. He telephoned his boss, James ("Jaime") Kuykendall, the agent in charge of the Guadalajara office, who promptly started dialing informants, friends—anyone he could think of. At 8:30 a.m. he called the U.S. embassy in Mexico City. "I think we've got a man missing," he said.

In the States, the DEA men would have rounded up 20 or 30 agents, cops and sheriff's deputies, acquired a batch of warrants and started kicking doors. Here, they could not enter a home unbidden, make an arrest or interrogate anyone. They would have to persuade the Mexican Federal Judicial Police to start hitting houses. That was not going to be easy. No major trafficker had been jailed in Mexico for any length of time since 1975—and that one was a transplanted Cuban.

When Kuykendall and Wallace asked the M.F.J.P. for help, they were told to go to the Jalisco state judicial police. The DEA men considered the Jalisco police worse than useless. Some of them moonlighted for the drug traffickers.

By Friday night, about 50 DEA agents began converging on

"Federal Security," Ramírez said. The men grabbed Camarena, shoved him into a beige Volkswagen Atlantic, threw a jacket over Kiki's head and sped away.

Guadalajara from other parts of Mexico. The M.F.J.P. had about 80 Federales on the scene by Saturday morning. Still, none of them would go door to door. Every decision had to be cleared by Primer Comandante Armando Pavón Reyes, who had been sent from Mexico City to lead the search. He in turn explained that he had to telephone Mexico City to clear everything with Manuel Ibarra Herrera, head of the Federales.

Sometime after 2 p.m. Saturday, a DEA agent monitoring the private radio network that belonged to drug lord Miguel Ángel Félix Gallardo, "the godfather," heard him order an underling to deliver some cash to the Guadalajara airport. Kuykendall gave Pavón Reyes a list of the tail numbers of Félix Gallardo's planes. Pavón Reyes and about 30 Federales



Pavón Reyes and the punk spoke quietly, shook hands and, to the astonishment of the DEA men, exchanged embraces.

rales headed for the airport. Kuykendall signaled to three DEA agents. "Go with them. Hang onto them. Don't let them out of your sight."

As the DEA men pulled up to the airport, they saw a Falcon executive jet in the hangar area. It was not one of Félix Gallardo's planes, but five men with machine guns were guarding it. The Federales swarmed around the plane. The guards readied their machine guns; so did the Federales. After a few tense minutes, the DEA agents saw Pavón Reyes approach a swarthy man with a mop of black curls and a diamond-encrusted bracelet six inches wide. Pavón Reyes and the punk walked around the side of the aircraft, spoke quietly, shook hands, walked around to the front of the plane, and, to the astonishment of the DEA men, exchanged embraces. Several of the other Federales greeted the punk.

Saying that he had to make a call, Pavón Reyes walked into a nearby hangar where the Mexican Attorney General's office maintained a communications center. Later the DEA would determine that a call had been placed at that hour from that telephone to the private office line of M.F.J.P. Director Ibarra.

When Pavón Reyes returned from his phone conversation, he embraced the swarthy man once more and motioned to the plane to leave. As the craft moved to the runway, the man waved a champagne bottle, grinned maliciously, took a deep swig, then raised his machine gun and shouted, "My children, next time bring better weapons, not little toys."

When DEA agents subsequently inspected photos of the Guadalajara traffickers, they realized that the punk was Rafael Caro Quintero, one of the most notorious drug barons. Later a Federales agent confided to Ed Heath, the DEA attaché in Mexico City, that the trafficker had promised Pavón Reyes 60 million pesos, about \$270,000, to let him leave the airport.

In Washington DEA administrator Francis ("Bud") Mullen was informed that traffickers were being allowed to leave Guadalajara. Agitated, Mullen flew to Mexico.

Mika Camarena implored him to pull every string he could find. If the worst had happened, Mika demanded justice. Her sons must not think that their father had died in vain. "Don't let my husband become a number," she pleaded.

Plantation in the Desert

It had taken a leap of faith for Kiki Camarena to become a narcotics agent. Born in the poor Mexican border town of Mexicali and raised in the poor California border town of Calexico, he had been a high school football star, a Marine and a cop. When he joined the DEA in 1974, he knew, better than most, the odds stacked against him. He had seen the misery that led people to take drugs and the desperation that caused them to smuggle. He knew about cops who took bribes, politicians who welshed on promises and judges who jailed poor kids and scolded rich ones. Yet Kiki believed—he had to believe—that an individual could make a difference.

From the start, he was a natural in the theater of the street. The brawny young agent, with his curious blend of Latin machismo and Yankee work ethic, could slip effortlessly into a Puerto Rican accent or toss off Mexican gutter slang, whatever the role demanded. Narcotics agents, the good ones, tended to become obsessed by their cases. Even by those standards, Camarena was a driven man.

Early in 1980 Camarena got a call from Pete Hernández, an old DEA chum, urging Kiki to join him in Guadalajara. This was Kiki's chance to escape the sweltering monotony of the central California farmlands. The DEA never ordered agents abroad; they volunteered, and the agents willing to go received extra points in their personnel files. Besides, Guadalajara was good for a man with a family. There was an American school for the boys. His government salary would pay for a nice house and a maid. As for work, there was plenty of it.

The Good Guys



ENRIQUE CAMARENA
A veteran U.S. drug agent, he disappeared in Guadalajara in February 1985. His body, found a month later, showed signs of torture.



JAMES KUYKENDALL
As agent in charge of DEA's Guadalajara unit, he urged his men to forget about compiling empty statistics and go after major drug traffickers.



JACK LAWN
The DEA deputy administrator suspected that someone had tried to placate the U.S. by offering a plausible group of murderers.

When Camarena arrived in Guadalajara in June 1980, it was Colombia, not Mexico, that was making headlines with spectacular drug seizures and sensational shoot-outs involving the so-called cocaine cowboys. If Mexico was mentioned at all, it was as a "success story" for its campaign of eradication by aerial spraying.

Camarena soon came to share his colleagues' conviction that corrupt officials in the Mexican Attorney General's office were sabotaging the aerial-spraying program, pocketing the bulk of the \$10 million that the U.S. State Department was providing each year for the program and, in addition, taking pay-offs from the traffickers. In Guadalajara, Camarena found himself pitted against an underworld cartel that was running the city like an occupation force. Nearly all the traffickers came from the highlands of Sinaloa. They had survived clan wars, police sweeps, even a military assault, only to emerge more fierce.

Their leaders—Félix Gallardo, 35, Caro Quintero, 29, and Ernesto Fonseca Carrillo, 50—had each amassed hundreds of millions of dollars. None had better than a second-grade education. By the early 1980s, Félix Gallardo was moving cocaine from South America on a scale previously accomplished only by the Medellín cartel in Colombia. Cocaine was far more lucrative than marijuana and opium combined; because it reached Mexico in refined form, it was far less vulnerable to detection than marijuana plants and opium poppies.

Kuykendall arrived in Guadalajara some 20 months after Kiki as the resident-agent-in-charge. The office was supposed to have seven or eight agents. Instead Kuykendall found himself confronted with two very angry young men. Hernández and Camarena were working double time.

What most upset the young agents was headquarters' insistence on meaningless arrest and seizure statistics. They wanted to devote their time to gathering intelligence on the major traffickers. From the sheer volume of contraband that informants said was being moved, Hernández and Kiki figured that the leaders must enjoy the protection of a large number of officials. But the agents did not know the three cartel leaders well enough, let alone the dozen or so lesser drug lords.

Kuykendall told the younger men to forgo the statistics and go after the big boys. He advised them about the care and feeding of sources. "An informant," he said, "has to like you." You had to go to his son's baptism, his daughter's wedding, drink with him, sing with him.

Camarena and Hernández developed dozens of contacts. In May 1982 one of them came in with an outlandish tale. The man said that 220 acres of marijuana were growing up in the state of San Luis Potosí, about 200 miles northeast of Guadalajara. The agents were skeptical. This place was in the middle of the vast central Mexican desert. The man insisted the plants were irrigated by underground wells. The marijuana stalks



Camarena found himself pitted against an underworld cartel that was running Guadalajara like an occupation force.

were already 5 ft. high. The plantation belonged to Caro Quintero, Fonseca and a third partner.

The agents realized that the charges, if proved, would thoroughly discredit Mexico's eradication campaign. The U.S. provided airplanes for Mexican government forces to make regular aerial inspections of the country. A field of any size would stand out in the desert like green neon. If the forces responsible for that particular zone failed to find it, that meant one of two things: they knew and were not telling, or they did not know because they were not running reconnaissance missions. That suggested they were either taking bribes or taking U.S. money and aircraft under false pretenses.

The easiest way to scope out the situation would have been to fly over the plantation, but DEA agents needed official escorts to do that, and they were not ready to tell the Federales what they knew. Kuykendall tried to impress State Department officials in Mexico City with the significance of the desert plantation, but the diplomats shrugged off his exhortations.

Camarena eventually managed to secure a photograph of the area and enough detail to persuade the embassy

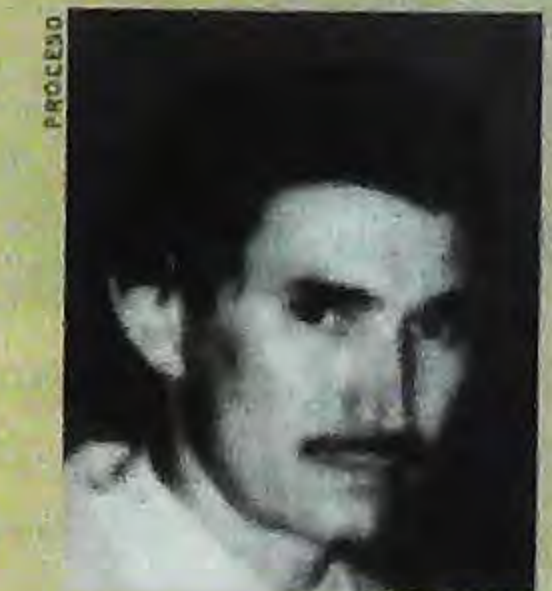
The Bad Guys



ERNESTO FONSECA CARRILLO
DEA officials believe he is running his empire from a well-furnished cell in the federal prison in Mexico City.



RAFAEL CARO QUINTERO
Two days after the kidnaping, he offered a police official \$270,000 and was allowed to leave Guadalajara.



MIGUEL ÁNGEL FÉLIX GALLARDO
By the early 1980s, he was moving cocaine on a scale rivaled only by Colombia's Medellín cartel.

that the plantations existed. In early September his evidence was presented to Mexican authorities. It was so compelling that they ordered a search-and-destroy mission.

Seven helicopters took off early on a bright September morning, bearing army personnel and Federales. Camarena and Kuykendall, who were also aboard, were shocked when the emerald marijuana plantation came into sight. Years later, Kuykendall recalled, "When we were about 20 miles away, we began to see the dark green spot. You couldn't miss it. The government could not have helped but know it was there."

The raid netted up to 5,000 tons of an extraordinarily potent marijuana called sinsemilla—without seeds. There was not a living soul within miles. According to Camarena's informants, an M.F.J.P. officer had sent word just before the raid, giving the traffickers time to flee. The DEA agent concluded that Federales in two states had to be involved, as well as elements of the army and possibly other government officials.

"Does Somebody Have to Die?"

That the traffickers were tipped off to the raid did not surprise Camarena and Kuykendall. Sometime earlier, one of the Federales had told the two men a story about the rites of passage for Mexican police officials who assumed high posts—

in this case, a new comandante of the M.F.J.P. One day the door to the man's office flew open, and there stood the celebrated Caro Quintero. As his bodyguards positioned themselves around the room, cradling their submachine guns, Caro Quintero sauntered up to the comandante. "¿Que quieres? ¿O plata o plomo?" he hissed. "What do you want? Silver or lead?"

The comandante's hauteur crumbled, and he nodded. He chose silver. He lived well after that.

In May 1983 Hernández asked for a transfer back to Texas. He said he wanted to put somebody in jail who would stay in jail. He was tired of seeing dopers pay their way out.



Agents' cables went unanswered, requests for reinforcements were ignored, calls for diplomatic intervention were dismissed as heavy-handed.

In early 1984, the most important case of Camarena's career took shape. An informant reported that the Guadalajara traffickers had formed a syndicate to finance thousands of acres of sinsemilla in the states of Zacatecas, Durango and Chihuahua. The participants formed a *Who's Who* of the Mexican narcotics industry: Caro Quintero, Fonseca and 22 other men. In violation of the agreement between the U.S. and Mexico that banned air surveillance by American agents, Camarena hired pilot Zavala to fly to Zacatecas to see the fields.

In late May, Camarena and Kuykendall learned that the Federales knew of the Zacatecas plantations and were planning to raid them. Kuykendall concluded that DEA attaché Heath had informed M.F.J.P. headquarters over his objections and those of Camarena, who said that it was not time to hit the fields because the marijuana hadn't grown big enough. The Federales moved in on the plantations shortly thereafter. As usual, the major suspects were nowhere to be found. Camarena felt that the seizure of 20 tons of marijuana was nothing compared with what he had believed was there.

Something else troubled the U.S. agents. The Caro Quintero gang now knew who Camarena was and what he looked like. Kiki had gone undercover to the Zacatecas plantation and had an informant introduce him to Caro Quintero's overseer, Manuel Chávez. Later, when Chávez was arrested, he saw Camarena with the Federales. The overseer was soon freed, and DEA agents assumed that he told Caro Quintero about Camarena.

For Kiki and his partners, the worst of it was that their superiors in Mexico City and Washington seemed to ignore or distrust their warnings that Guadalajara had become one of the most hazardous cities in the world for a DEA agent. Cables went unanswered, requests for reinforcements were ignored, calls for diplomatic intervention were dismissed as heavy-handed. The U.S. Government's line to the public was unvarying: Mexico's campaign against drugs was a "model program."

One night after work, over beers in the Camelot bar, Kuykendall and Camarena vented their frustrations. When Kuykendall's forebears settled in Texas, the crooks who preyed on settlers in the frontier were called desperados, living life on the run. But in Guadalajara the crooks were the hunters, the lawmen the hunted. The agents on the front lines, they were the desperate ones. Kiki told Kuykendall, "Jaime, it's time to go. We're way out front—and there's nobody behind us."

In late 1984, DEA headquarters, the State Department and the embassy were finally forced to accept what Camarena and his partners had been saying since 1982 about the phenomenon of desert plantations. Around Nov. 1, reports trickled into the DEA office in Mexico City of a large marijuana cultivation and processing complex out in the Chihuahua desert. Five nights later, Mexican and U.S. lawmen headed into the Chihuahua desert at dawn. Nearing the village of Bufalo, they saw irrigated fields, barracks and drying sheds. They found two other such sites.

No one had ever seen so much marijuana in one place. In 1983, U.S. analysts had concluded that 12,000 to 15,000 metric tons of marijuana were being consumed in the U.S. Here, in a single location, agents had seized and destroyed between 2,500 and 10,000 tons of high-grade sinsemilla.

DEA agents in Guadalajara had not contributed to the actions that led to the Chihuahua bust. But Kuykendall feared that the Guadalajara office would bear the brunt of any attempts at revenge simply because Caro Quintero knew the agents there were responsible for his earlier losses in San Luis Potosí and Zacatecas. Kuykendall put in another request for diplomatic passports, which would give his men some protection from arrest; they were not granted until seven months after Camarena's death. Kuykendall also asked for at least four more men. Two came

On Nov. 14, the new men drove to the airport and noticed that Félix Gallardo's hangar was open. They shot a few pictures, then saw Félix Gallardo himself, staring at them. The agents headed for the terminal, pronto, followed by *pistoleros*. The two new agents left Guadalajara the next day.

That month, Camarena told Kuykendall that he was putting in for a transfer to San Diego. Mika was relieved, but she was alarmed that the transfer might take a couple of months. Just weeks earlier, gunmen in Guadalajara had unloaded a 30-round magazine into a DEA agent's car; five minutes later and the agent's three children would have been standing where the car was parked, waiting for the school bus.

In January 1985, two investigators from the staff of the House Foreign Affairs Committee came to Mexico. Kuykendall and Camarena said that the DEA's situation was hopeless. Corruption was everywhere. The congressional staffers promised to do what they could. They kept their word: the report they filed was tougher on the Mexican government than any official study in years. But because of printing schedules, it was not published until two weeks after Camarena's disappearance.

The congressional staffers urged the agents to go public with what they knew. They recoiled. They were not whistleblowers. "What's gonna have to happen?" Camarena said miserably. "Does somebody have to die before anything is done?"

The Search for Kiki Camarena

It was Sunday, Feb. 10, and Kiki had been missing for 70 hours. Bud Mullen headed to the office of Pavón Reyes, the Federales official sent from Mexico City to lead the search. The DEA administrator conjured up every exhortation he could think of

The young comandante stared at him with a blank smile.

Barely going through the motions of searching for Camarena, Pavón Reyes' men started hitting traffickers' houses at a sluggish pace the next day. The homes were deserted. Not one arrest was made. Rigid with anger, Mullen persuaded John Gavin, the U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, to turn up the heat.

Gavin called a press conference and sketched a picture of organized crime engulfing Mexico. Guadalajara, the jewel of the heartland, was inhabited by 18 major gangs and was fast becoming one of the world's most important drug-trafficking centers. Mexican officials viewed Gavin's press conference as one more example of U.S. intrusion upon Mexico's sovereignty. The Attorney General's office responded with denials.

Kuykendall was in despair. He drove to a local hotel and knocked on one of the doors. "I'm James Kuykendall. I'm with the DEA," the agent said. "I'm not supposed to be here."

Kuykendall had confronted a lot of hazards in his day, but this was the first time he had ever come face to face with reporters. Kuykendall scorned reporters. He considered them meddling, sensation-seeking voyeurs. Liberals. Probably they smoked pot. Now he figured that the only way to find Kiki was to generate so much publicity that the Mexican government would have to produce him.

Kuykendall gave the reporters and television producers the addresses of the kingpins' houses and hangouts. His information moved the Camarena story to the front pages and the prime slots on the nightly news.

Even so, Mullen, now back in the U.S., was reaching the conclusion that the situation was hopeless. There were no notes, no ransom demands, no calls. That meant that the kidnapers did not want to bargain.

Then Mullen and his deputy, Jack Lawn, received a cable from the DEA agents in Guadalajara that they regarded as final

proof of the Federales' treachery. At Félix Gallardo's place, one of the searchers had come across a snapshot. It was a photograph of a grinning Camarena with several Federales, taken at the M.F.J.P. office in Guadalajara. It looked as if one of Kiki's Federales friends had betrayed him to Félix Gallardo. And among agents, betrayal aroused emotions stronger than grief, more complex than pain.

On Feb. 15, with the search for Camarena still going nowhere, Mullen spoke by telephone with William von Raab, the U.S. Commissioner of Customs. "Listen, Willy," said Mullen, "could you take a look at the border for us?"

"I'll do better than that," von Raab replied. "I'll question everybody."

At 6 o'clock that evening Eastern Standard Time, Operation Camarena went into action. Customs inspectors searched everything that rolled, walked or flew out of Mexico. Traffic backed up for miles. Mullen phoned von Raab. "Willy, you can't believe it. The Mexicans are starting to respond."

But the activity was an illusion. The very next night, Federales Director Ibarra personally intervened to allow a key member of the Guadalajara cartel to leave Mexico. Two days earlier DEA agents had located Juan Matta Ballesteros, a Honduran who was Félix Gallardo's cocaine connection, in an upscale Mexico City neighborhood. But Ibarra kept putting off a raid until Matta escaped.

Meanwhile, the border operation was being sustained at serious political cost to the U.S. Administration. Mexican officials professed to be mystified by the U.S. reaction to the Camarena kidnapping. An assistant to President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado asked, "How can the U.S. make such a scandal over one agent's abduction?" On Feb. 22, De la Madrid telephoned Reagan. By the end of the day, the White House decided it was time to call a halt to the border operation.



Kiki soon came to share his colleagues' conviction that corrupt officials in the Mexican Attorney General's office were sabotaging the aerial-spraying program.



The widows of Bravo's sons accused the Federales of murdering their husbands and in-laws in cold blood.

Bloodbath at the Bravo Ranch

On Thursday, Feb. 28, Pavón Reyes showed Kuykendall an anonymous note. It said Camarena was being held at the Rancho El Mareno, about 70 miles away in the neighboring state of Michoacán. The ranch belonged to Manuel Bravo Cervantes, a former Michoacán state congressman. The writer claimed to have seen Camarena at the ranch. If the DEA agent was not alive, the letter said, his body would be in Bravo's orchard.

Kuykendall did not think the note was particularly significant. The worldwide publicity about the kidnaping had attracted a flurry of anonymous letters and calls, all spurious. But Kuykendall asked to make a copy of the letter so that the DEA could study it more closely.

Pavón Reyes was extremely agitated by the request. He snatched the letter away and said that he intended to send a team of Federales agents to Michoacán early Saturday morning. Kuykendall thought this was strange. Up to now, Pavón Reyes had been exceedingly slow to make decisions. When Kuykendall asked Pavón Reyes to take some DEA agents with him, the young comandante responded that they must be at his office promptly at 8 a.m. Saturday.

A team of Americans showed up at the appointed hour only to find that the raiding party had left two hours earlier. One agent jumped in his car and drove to Michoacán. By the time he pulled up in front of the small stucco ranch house, it was over. Bravo, his wife and their three sons were dead. One Federales agent had been killed with an automatic weapon.

As the Federales told the story, they had arrived at the house at 7:15. When they ordered the family to surrender, automatic-weapon fire had erupted from the house, killing the

M.F.J.P. agent. The Federales said that the fire fight had lasted a good half hour. In the midst of the battle, they said, the wives of two of the sons had shown up with a carload of ammunition. The Federales were holding the two women for questioning.

Camarena was not in the house, and the DEA agents were unable to persuade the Federales to look in the orchard. The Federales also would not let the DEA agents examine a cache of weapons they claimed to have seized from the Bravos. After much haggling, the Federales agreed to provide a list of serial numbers, but when the DEA agents tried to run the numbers through a U.S. gun-tracing system, the computer rejected every number. The DEA agents doubted that the Bravos had used automatic weapons. They suspected that the dead M.F.J.P. agent had been killed by one of his own men.

The widows of Bravo's sons were quickly released—an odd event if they had really delivered ammunition. The young women accused the Federales of murder in cold blood.

On March 5, Pavón Reyes allowed the DEA agents to take a crew of laborers to the ranch to dig up the orchard. The agents and their crew found nothing.

Early that evening, a young villager walking down a road behind the ranch was overcome by a gust of fetid air. In a clearing a few yards from the road, he spotted two big plastic bags. One was open. A pair of rotting human legs jutted out. The local police chief was summoned. Inside the bags he found two cadavers, black with decay. Pavón Reyes was notified, but he did not alert the DEA.

At 7 the next morning, Mexican television stations in Guadalajara and Mexico City announced that the bodies of Camarena and pilot Zavala had been discovered. Not until 7:45 a.m. did the Federales call the DEA office.

Cadaver No. 1, as the Red Cross doctors labeled it, was that of a muscular Hispanic male in his thirties. Three ribs on the left side were broken. The right arm was broken and showed numerous lesions. The doctors thought a foreign object, possibly a stick, had been forced into the rectum. The left side of the skull was caved in. The body was clothed in jockey shorts, the hands and feet tightly bound.

Cadaver No. 2 was a heavyset adult male in his forties. The doctors said the rectum had been violated. The jaw was gaping and the hands had broken free of their bonds. The doctors were of the opinion that the man had been buried alive.

The doctors thought the bodies had been buried elsewhere, dug up and dumped on the roadside. The DEA agents who observed the autopsy agreed. The soil on the bodies was black; the soil at the Bravo ranch was lighter in color. Attaché Heath reported to headquarters that the whole thing looked like a plot to frame the Bravos, who were conveniently dead.

The next morning a team of three U.S. forensic specialists flew to Guadalajara from the FBI laboratory in Washington. Using dental records and fingerprints, the team determined that the younger man was Camarena, the elder Zavala. Both men were believed to have died the day after they were abducted, Camarena probably as a result of a puncture wound from a blunt instrument like a tire iron or crowbar that had been driven into the left side of his skull.

On March 9 the streets of Calexico were jammed with mourners walking to Our Lady of Guadalupe, where Kiki had married Mika 15 years earlier. After the Mass, Mika drove to Calexico's tiny airport. She boarded the one-engine plane that belonged to the local DEA office. The pilot guided the craft to a bare peak that straddled the border, looming over the badlands outside Mexicali and Calexico. Mika scattered Kiki's ashes on the mountain's face. Now, like the rock, he belonged to the histories of two frontiers.

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The tapes suggested a sustained, systematic conspiracy involving not only the Guadalajara cartel but officials of several government agencies.

Telltale Tapes

Dead men can tell you a lot if you know what to ask.

From the autopsy report, it was clear that Kiki had been tortured. Moreover, the pathologist said there had been no insect bites on the bodies. If the corpses had been exposed for any length of time, even overnight, there would have been bites. This, and the specks of black dirt, told DEA deputy administrator Lawn that the bodies had been buried quickly, exhumed just as quickly and dumped on the roadside a few hours before they were found. The Bravos could not have put those bodies there; all the men in the family had been dead for three days before the bodies were discovered.

Lawn suspected that someone in authority had attempted to placate the DEA by producing the victims and offering a plausible group of murderers—the Bravos. He was certain, but could not prove, that a high-level cover-up was under way.

On March 12 the Federales rounded up seven Jalisco state judicial policemen and six former Jalisco policemen. The most important detainee was Gabriel González González, the comandante in charge of the homicide squad that handled the Camarena case for Jalisco. By the next evening, he was dead.

A government spokesman said that González González had died of "acute pancreatic hemorrhaging" while in custody. U.S. investigators suspected that he had been beaten to death. Two of the other detained policemen confessed to kidnaping Camarena. A third confessed to collaborating in his abduction.

All the policemen who were detained recanted their confessions when they were brought into court. They claimed they had been tortured. All the men had bruised noses and a few showed black-and-blue ribs and backsides. One dropped his trousers and offered to show his bruised testicles.

The first big break in the Camarena case came via a memo from the CIA in April. An agency source claimed that Camarena's captors had tape-recorded his interrogation. The CIA

memo included a nickname that Kiki had used for one of his informants. Only Kiki and agent Kuykendall had known that name. "This is real," Kuykendall said.

Lawn confronted Attorney General Sergio García Ramírez, who eventually acknowledged that there was a tape. He said the municipal police had found it in Puerto Vallarta, in a villa where drug lord Fonseca had been captured by fluke ten days earlier.

Lawn listened to two tapes in the Attorney General's building. On the first, Camarena was being asked names of informants and agents, and he was giving them up. Lawn perceived two main questioners. One was crude and impetuous. The other was a low, patient voice, asking logical questions in a practiced manner. This man had conducted interrogations before. He was familiar with details of the DEA's activities in Mexico. At one point Kiki referred to him as "comandante."

On the second tape, Lawn heard Guadalajara's DEA radio traffic from the morning that the Federales had raided the Bravo ranch. One or more people, Lawn realized, had wanted not only a precise record of Camarena's interrogation but an audio account of a crucial moment in the cover-up.

In August the Attorney General's office permitted attaché Heath to listen to four cassettes. It was the first time that the DEA learned of the existence of two additional tapes. One of the new cassettes continued the interrogation of Camarena. The other recorded the interrogation of a small-time Cuban-American drug trafficker named Anthony Brito and his wife or girlfriend. Brito, who had been working as an FBI informant in Texas, disappeared after being debriefed in El Paso by the DEA and FBI in early March. But the Camarena and Brito abductions were 30 days and 1,500 miles apart. Why was this tape bunched with the cassettes made in Guadalajara?

Late in August came the most stunning news of all. The CIA obtained a transcript that purported to be from a fifth tape of Camarena's torture. The interrogator asked Camarena what he knew about "Arévalo Gardoqui." DEA agents were convinced this could be only one man: General Juan Arévalo Gardoqui, Mexico's Defense Minister. With 25,000 Mexican soldiers under his command, Arévalo shared responsibility with Mexico's Attorney General for eradicating poppies and marijuana and for rounding up traffickers.

It was a mystery why the interrogator asked Camarena about Arévalo Gardoqui. The transcript did not suggest any connection between Arévalo and Kiki's kidnaping. Camarena, like many other DEA, Customs and CIA officials, had received a number of allegations from informants that Arévalo and his son Juan Arévalo Lamadrid, an Interior Department official, were in league with the Guadalajara cartel, and had received payoffs. But none of the charges were buttressed by conclusive evidence.

Shortly before Labor Day, García Ramírez finally provided the U.S. embassy with copies of the four tapes Heath had heard. Segments seemed to be missing from the Camarena interrogation. There were breaks in the middle of conversations. Questions and answers did not fit, as if large chunks had been excised.

Even more perplexing was the Mexican officials' insistence that the tapes had been found together. The ramifications were devastating. Here, supposedly rescued from a single hiding place, was evidence of nine murders that had occurred in three different states: Camarena and Zavala in Jalisco, Brito and his girl in Chihuahua, the five members of the Bravo family in Michoacán. That suggested a sustained, systematic conspiracy involving not only the Guadalajara cartel but also officials or former officials of several different government agencies.

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DESPERADOS

In Pursuit of Justice

"When is it going to be over?"

Three and a half years have passed since Mika last saw Kiki alive, and American agents still do not know who killed Camarena,

who ordered him killed, or why.

The best evidence the U.S. Government has is the tapes of Camarena's interrogation. Yet the tapes themselves do not tell the whole story. Mexican authorities have had more than 60 people in custody but have not permitted U.S. voice-analysis experts to conduct tests on them. Nor has a single witness surfaced who would testify that he saw the death blow struck.

Justice Department prosecutors have sent at least one letter rogatory, a formal demand for evidence, to the Attorney General's office, yet the information has not been produced. Mexican officials insist that there was no deep mystery to the case. "This one guy killed him, and we put that guy in jail," says the law adviser at the Mexican embassy in Washington.

The reference is to drug lord Caro Quintero, who was snared by DEA agents and Costa Rican commandos outside San José in April 1985, then deported to Mexico. Caro Quintero is a big fish, but nearly every U.S. agent who has studied the Camarena case believes that other, more influential people were involved, at least in the obstruction of the investigation.

The first U.S. indictment in the Camarena murder was unsealed in Los Angeles on Jan. 6, 1988. Five men were indicted for Kiki's murder, including Caro Quintero and Fonseca. Four others, including Pavón Reyes, were charged with being accessories after the fact for helping Caro Quintero escape from Guadalajara. Of the nine men charged, three were in custody in the U.S., two were fugitives and three were imprisoned in Mexico City. The ninth, Pavón Reyes, was arrested on March 22 and imprisoned in Guadalajara.

Although the indictment symbolized Washington's intention to keep the investigation alive, many disturbing questions persist. What about the records indicating that Pavón Reyes made a phone call to a private line in the M.F.J.P. director's office just before Caro Quintero was allowed to slip away? Why did the Federales refuse to let DEA agents search the Bravo ranch for three days after the Federales gunned down the family? Why did the Federales delay for more than twelve hours before informing the DEA that the bodies might have been located? Why were the bodies of Camarena and Zavala exhumed and dumped in Michoacán? Who made that decision? Who allowed the tapes to be found—and why?

Months after Camarena's death, his former colleague Shaggy Wallace said, "What happened to Kiki is a tragedy. But more has happened since Kiki died than when he was alive." In a way he is right. The directors of the Mexican Federal Judicial Police and the Federal Security Directorate have been replaced and 700 of their subordinates have been dismissed. The Mexican Attorney General's office has stepped up the eradication effort and the army claims to have launched new assaults on trafficking strongholds. In Sinaloa, 1,300 state police officers have been fired and at least 100 prosecuted.

Yet, as Camarena would have been the first to point out, all this is mostly paint and plaster. Today Mexico remains the U.S.'s No. 1 source of heroin and marijuana and a staging area for at least a third of the cocaine entering the U.S. market. In Mexico, Caro Quintero, Fonseca and 21 other suspects have been convicted of various crimes, including drug trafficking and illegal weapons possession, but as yet there have been no convictions in the Camarena murder. DEA officials believe Caro Quintero and Fonseca are running their drug organizations from the federal penitentiary in Mexico City.



Three-and-a-half years have passed since Mika last saw Kiki alive. American agents still do not know who killed Camarena, who ordered him killed or why.

Most discouragingly, the De la Madrid government has failed to attack endemic corruption. Significant elements of the police and military establishments remain dependent upon illegal sources of income. DEA agents still report incidents in which police commanders and state officials have ordered the torture and dismemberment of rivals and suspected informers.

DEA agents continue to blame the Mexican administration for stonewalling and the Reagan Administration for shrinking from demanding answers. Hardly any of the men based in Mexico are signing on for new tours. In most cases, the agents are simply burning out on embassy politics, DEA politics, Mexican politics, informant politics.

Mika Camarena has confidence that the prosecutors and agents are doing their best, but she cannot understand why U.S. officials are not tougher on their Mexican counterparts. Not knowing the truth is even worse than seeing the guilty go unpunished. She hopes to know it all some day, no matter how much it hurts. "Kiki knows now, better than all of us, that justice will be made by one person," she says. "God will make it."

In late September in the federal district court in Los Angeles, a jury found three men—former Jalisco state policeman Raúl López Alvarez; René Martín Verdugo Urquidez, a Caro Quintero associate; and Jesús Félix Gutiérrez, a convicted Los Angeles trafficker—guilty of complicity in Camarena's murder. Throughout the trial, the defense attorneys argued that their clients were merely scapegoats and that those really responsible for the murder of Kiki Camarena are much higher up in the Mexican government, and are still free. More than a few DEA men would scoff at the defendants' claim of innocence. Few would scoff at the defense's charges of a cover-up at a high—a very high—level in Mexico City.

**Special
Report:
Big-Time
Buyouts**

Duel of the Takeover Titans

Takeover wars have raged on and off for decades, but corporate America has never seen anything quite like the battle for RJR Nabisco. The combatants are brandishing tens of billions of dollars and mobilizing squadrons of bankers and lawyers on a scale previously unimagined. On one side is the firm of Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts, until now the undisputed master of the leveraged buyout. On the other is an alliance between a group of RJR Nabisco executives and Shearson Lehman Hutton, an old-line investment firm determined to break KKR's dominance of the hottest, most lucrative business on Wall Street. If either side pulls off the deal, the course of U.S. corporate history could be changed forever.

The contest has already pushed the price for RJR Nabisco above \$20 billion, which means that the potential buyout would dwarf the largest previous takeover, the \$13.3 billion acquisition of Gulf by Chevron in 1984. The megastakes battle has taken the starch out of corporate chiefs everywhere. After all, if RJR Nabisco, the 19th largest U.S. corporation (1987 revenues: \$16 billion), can be taken over by the new breed of dealmakers, is any company safe? Is Du Pont doable? Can General Electric be hot-wired? Worse, must every chief executive view a healthy balance sheet as his worst enemy, a potentially rich source of leverage for a pushy buyer? Concludes James Scott, professor of finance at Columbia Business School: "There is no magic number anymore. There is no safety in size."

The big-time leveraged buyout is one of the cleverest financial gimmicks of all time. An investor group, which often includes some of the target company's top managers, borrows billions to take the firm private by buying its stock from the shareholders. The company's own assets are used as security for the financing. After the deal is completed, the new owners usually try to bring their debt down to a manageable level—and pick up enormous profits along the way—by selling off parts of the company piecemeal. In the case of RJR Nabisco, the total market value of

popular individual brands like Oreo cookies and Winston cigarettes may be far higher than the \$20 billion price tag for the company as a whole.

Buyouts have become so attractive that they are sweeping through corporate boardrooms like no other business fad in memory. In the first ten months of 1988,

according to IDD Information Services, a Manhattan research firm, 143 companies were taken private in buyouts worth \$91 billion, in contrast to 105 deals worth \$36 billion during the same period of 1987. These transactions are enriching shareholders and buyout specialists, but the takeovers could be causing grave damage



RJR NABISCO

60% Food Division
Oreo cookies, Del Monte vegetables, Planters peanuts, LifeSavers and other products racked up 1987 sales of \$9.4 billion

40% Tobacco Division
Sales of Camel, Salem, Winston, Vantage and other cigarette brands brought in \$6.3 billion last year

to U.S. industry. Never before has debt been substituted for shareholders' equity on such a huge scale. No one knows how these highly leveraged companies will fare in the next recession.

The buyout binge is causing concern among U.S. financial regulators. Responding in writing to questions from the Senate Banking Committee last week, Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan said the Fed had cautioned banks about extending loans for leveraged buyouts. He suggested that Congress take a closer look at tax provisions that encourage such buyouts. Greenspan's views sent a tremor through the stock market, and share prices of companies involved in takeovers took a tumble, as many investors turned fearful that the buyout boom could suddenly go bust.

The market was also disturbed by reports that Federated Department Stores, which was acquired by Campeau Corp. earlier this year in a highly leveraged \$6.6 billion deal, had withdrawn a \$1.2 billion issue of junk bonds because there were not enough buyers. Federated's problems sent

a message that financing for huge takeovers may be increasingly difficult to arrange.

Both KKR and Shearson are confident they can raise the money to buy RJR Nabisco, but it will not be easy. KKR has built up a \$5.6 billion buyout fund with capital contributed by insurance companies, pension funds and other big investors. With that capital base, KKR has the ability to borrow as much as \$56 billion, but how much it can raise for a single takeover remains to be seen. As in past deals, KKR will get part of the money by issuing high-yield junk bonds through Drexel Burnham Lambert. But that financing could be jeopardized if Drexel and its junk-bond wizard, Michael Milken, are indicted, as expected, for securities fraud. As insurance, KKR has also recruited Morgan Stanley and Merrill Lynch to help sell bonds.

In response, Shearson has called in yet another Wall Street firm, Salomon Brothers, to assist in attracting investors. Ultimately, Shearson can draw on the financial resources of its parent company,

American Express (1987 revenues: \$18 billion).

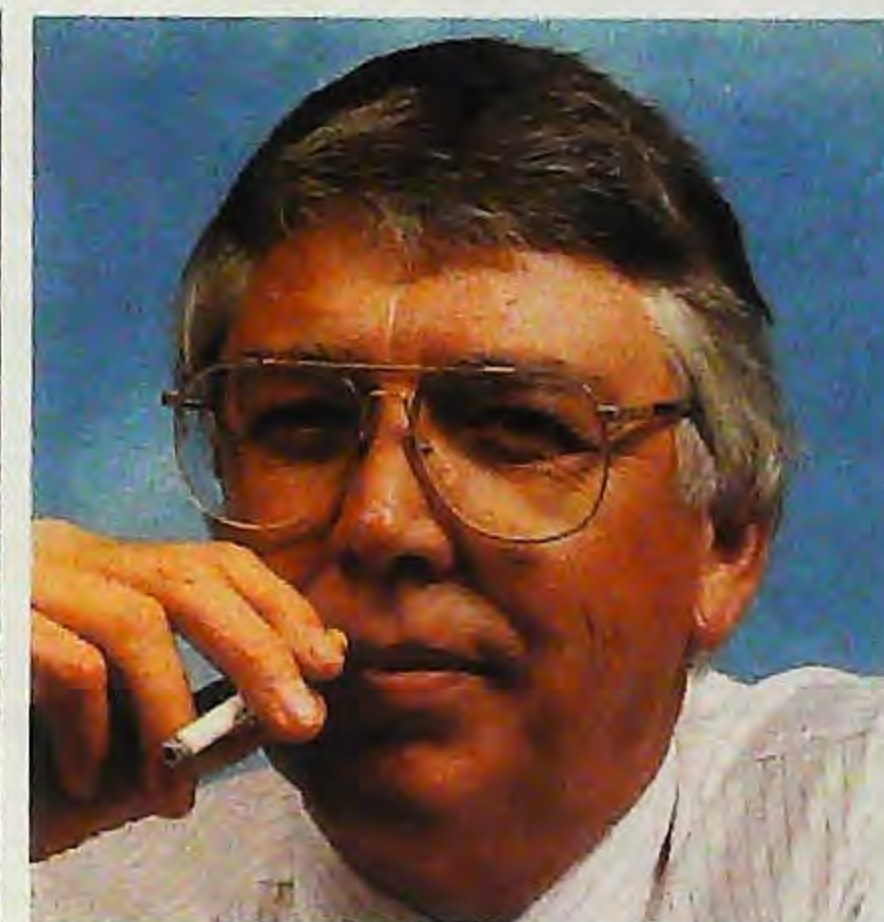
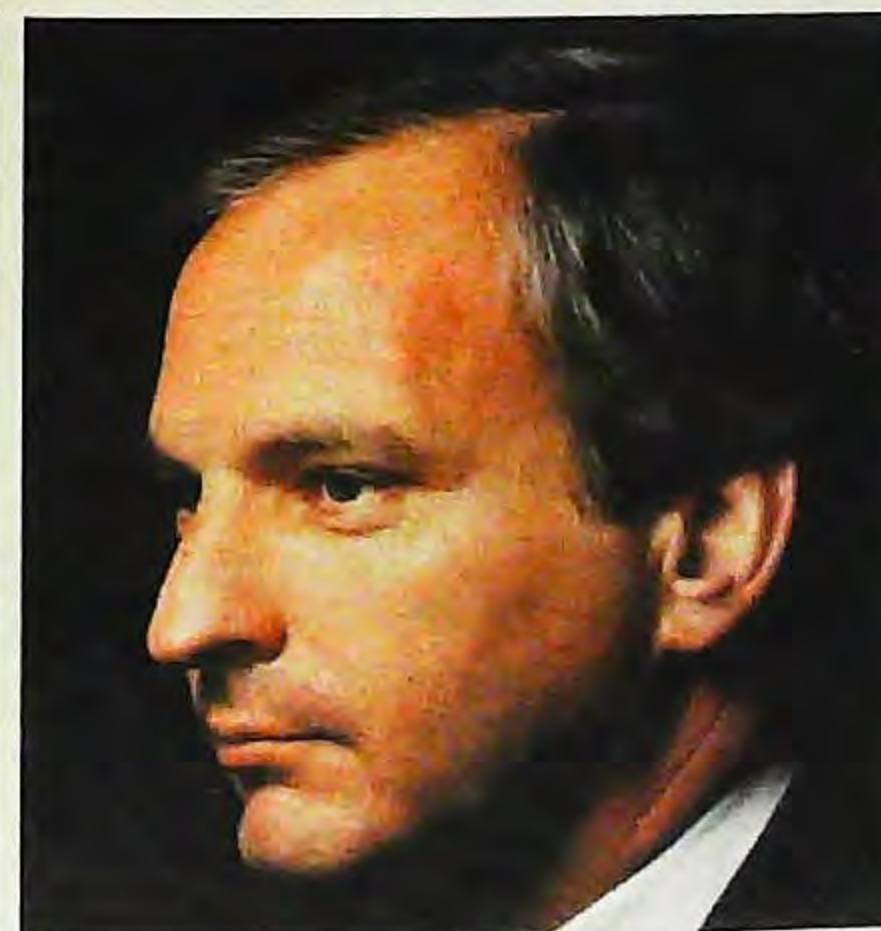
Neither KKR nor Shearson can finance the takeover of RJR Nabisco without some \$12 billion in loans from commercial banks. Already the opposing bidders are lining up commitments from major banks in the U.S., Western Europe and Japan. Says a skeptical Wall Street investment banker: "The two sides are now competing to see how big a mountain of debt they can put on the head of a pin."

It was KKR that first brought leveraged buyouts into the headlines. Founded in Manhattan in 1976 by three men from the Bear, Stearns investment firm—Jerome Kohlberg, 63, Henry Kravis, 44, and George Roberts, 45—the company started out modestly, with friendly deals in which it joined forces with management to take companies private. Among its first targets were U.S. Natural Resources (price: \$22 million) and Pack River (\$136 million).

But KKR's early success gave it a taste for bigger and bolder deals. By the mid-1980s, KKR started to make unsolicited takeover bids, though the company still does not like to go through with a buyout unless the target firm's board of directors eventually agrees to the deal. Kohlberg left KKR last year because he was concerned about the aggressive course his junior partners were taking.

Under the guidance of Kravis and Roberts, KKR has become a Wall Street steamroller. Its biggest buyouts include the Beatrice food conglomerate for \$6.2 billion and the Safeway grocery chain for \$4.5 billion. But while KKR is well known as an investment adviser, few people realize that it has become one of the largest industrial holding companies in America. Though KKR readily sells off pieces of the firms it buys, it usually retains some core businesses. Of the 35 companies it has acquired, KKR still has control of 23. As a result, KKR has become a huge conglomerate. The companies it controls produce everything from French colonial furniture to dairy products. If KKR were classified as an industrial company, according to FORTUNE magazine, its estimated \$38 billion in annual revenues would make it the seventh largest in the U.S., just behind General Electric.

KKR has also become a cash machine with many ways of making money. To begin with, KKR charges investors in its buyout funds annual management fees amounting to 1.5% of their investments. Companies taken private by KKR pay the firm 1% to 2% of the purchase price for handling the transaction. But the really big money rolls in when KKR starts to sell off divisions of the companies it acquires. So far, KKR has taken in \$7 billion by unloading parts of Beatrice. In recent years the investors in KKR's buyout funds have earned annual returns of about



...AND ITS SUITORS

Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts

As the hottest buyout duo around, Henry Kravis, top, and George Roberts were not about to miss the biggest takeover of all time

RJR Management with Shearson Lehman Hutton

The investment firm's Peter Cohen, bottom, helped chief executive Ross Johnson put the company in play

Business

30%. Says James George, manager of Oregon's \$9 billion public-employee retirement fund, which has invested \$640 million with KKR: "The secret of KKR's success is that it makes an awful lot of money for its partners." Agrees Gus Oliver, a general partner in Coniston Partners, another Manhattan investment firm that specializes in takeovers: "KKR's success reflects the compounding effect. Because of its track record, it can attract all the capital in the world. Because of its capital base, it can do any deal in the world."

Maybe, but the RJR Nabisco deal will put that assertion to a stern test. The struggle for the huge company began two weeks ago, when it was announced that a group of managers led by chief executive Ross Johnson, 56, was considering making a \$17.6 billion buyout bid, to be put together by Shearson—not KKR. The announcement came after Johnson delivered a startling message to the RJR Nabisco board of directors: "This company ought to be in play." News of the buyout proposal stunned Henry Kravis, who felt betrayed by Shearson's chairman, Peter Cohen. For one thing, Kravis and Cohen, 41, were friends and former classmates at the Columbia Business School. Moreover, Kravis had previously spoken to Johnson about a buyout of RJR Nabisco. Now it seemed to Kravis that Cohen was trying to steal the deal. Actually, Johnson had brought the idea to a trusted friend: James Robinson III, chairman of

American Express and Cohen's boss.

Determined not to let the RJR Nabisco deal get away, Kravis demanded that Cohen come by KKR's Manhattan offices. Chewing out Cohen in front of Shearson aides, Kravis demanded a major role in the buyout, sputtering, "This is my franchise!" Cohen walked out, suggesting they talk again in a few days. But before that talk took place, Kravis delivered a thumping counterpunch: a \$20.6 billion buyout bid for RJR Nabisco.

Once both proposals were out in the open, the two sides began to think about working together. On Tuesday, Oct. 25, Kravis and Cohen made their peace over breakfast at the Plaza Hotel. In a two-day series of round-the-clock meetings that followed, the KKR and Shearson/RJR teams discussed alternative buyout plans. George Roberts, who normally works out of KKR's offices in San Francisco, and Robinson of American Express joined Kravis, Cohen and Johnson in the negotiations.

Early on, KKR reportedly offered Shearson a \$125 million "kill fee" to step aside. Cohen brushed off the idea as "personally insulting." Once serious talks began, the participants saw they had different strategies in mind. KKR preferred to sell the tobacco business to pay back the buyout loans and retain the food business, a good fit with the Safeway chain.

Johnson's team wanted to keep the tobacco company and sell off Nabisco, Del Monte and the other non-tobacco parts of the business. Positions hardened shortly after midnight Tuesday, when KKR partner Roberts made what may prove to be the most expensive personal gaffe in the annals of corporate negotiations.

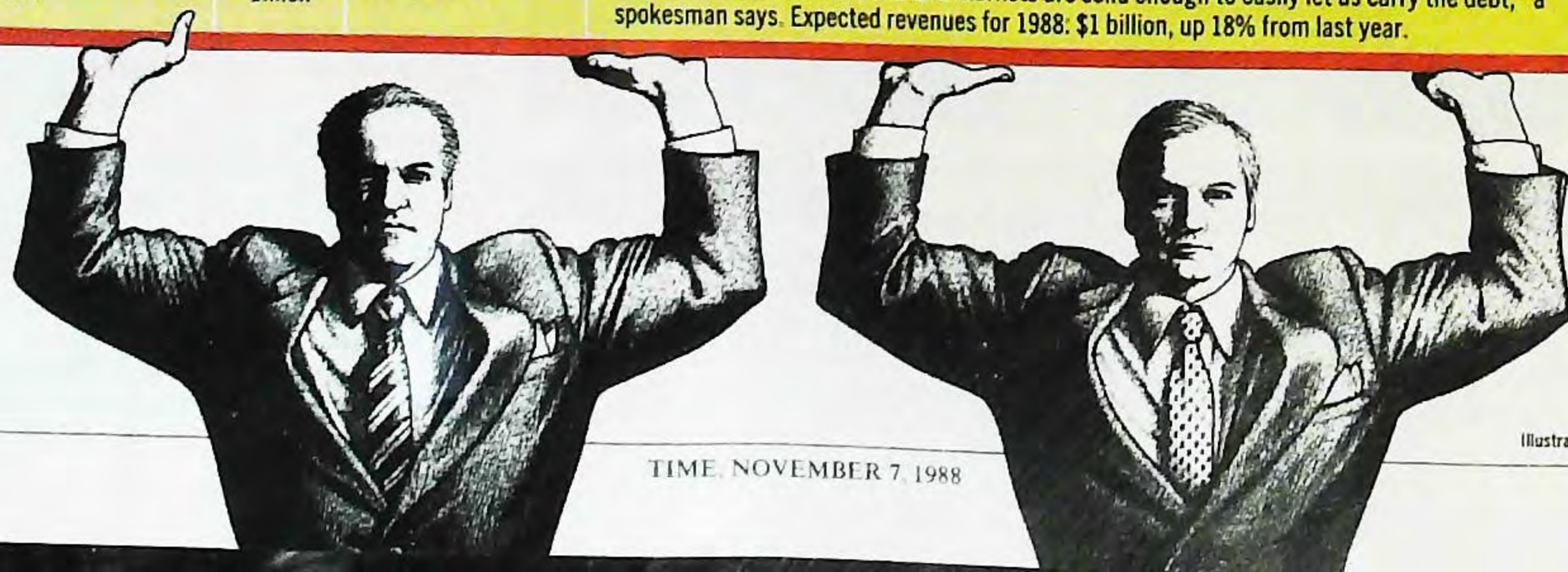
Arriving at RJR's Manhattan offices about 1:15 a.m., Roberts flinched at the sight of Cohen puffing away on his ever present cigar and asked sarcastically if RJR, which sells some 290 billion cigarettes a year, also made cigars. Roberts, who moved to a seat across the room, seriously misjudged his audience. The last thing the embattled RJR team wanted to hear at that hour was another antismoking crack, especially from a would-be ally.

But the real sticking point was the issue of power. KKR has always insisted on controlling the companies it acquires. That policy went squarely against Shearson's promise to Johnson that he could keep 51% of the voting shares. The talks broke off on Wednesday, after Johnson said he would have nothing further to do with KKR.

At week's end KKR had the highest offer on the table, but the Shearson team was preparing a new bid. Ultimately, RJR Nabisco's board of directors, which includes such outsiders as Charles Hugel, president of Combustion Engineering and Martin Davis, chairman of Gulf & Western, will probably have the final say on who, if anyone, buys the company. Some Wall

KKR's LARGEST DEALS

Target company	Price	Date	How it worked out
Beatrice Food and consumer products and services	\$6.2 billion	November '85	Under KKR's direction the company sold units that made Tropicana juices, Max Factor cosmetics and Samsonite luggage, trimming the work force by 80% as it focused on making foods such as Wesson oil and Swift meats. KKR has taken in about \$7 billion by selling off pieces of Beatrice, but what is left of the once proud company has lost \$105 million this year.
Safeway Stores Supermarkets	\$4.2 billion	July '86	Before KKR came along, Safeway (1987 revenues: \$18.3 billion) was the No. 1 U.S. food retailer. To reduce debt incurred in its buyout, the company sold or closed 1,174 of its 2,336 stores. With expected revenues of \$13 billion this year, it is now No. 3, behind Kroger and American Stores.
Owen-Illinois Packaging products, health care	\$3.8 billion	February '87	The U. S.'s largest producer of glass containers (fiscal 1988 revenues: \$4 billion), the company lost \$40 million last year, and has \$3.8 billion in long-term debt. Says an Owens-Illinois insider: "Nobody likes this kind of debt, period. Nobody likes operating in this kind of circumstance."
Jim Walter Construction products and services	\$2.4 billion	August '87	Now known as Hillsborough Holdings, the Florida firm has sold only three of 32 subsidiaries, and operating profits rose 3%, to \$315 million, in the year that ended Aug. 31. The managers are happy that KKR has left them in place, but servicing a debt of \$3.4 billion is a challenge. Says vice president David Townsend: "People have adapted well, and it is exciting, but hard work."
Duracell Batteries	\$1.8 billion	May '88	This former division of Kraft is one of KKR's strongest companies. The buyout generated borrowing of \$750 million, "but our sales and markets are solid enough to easily let us carry the debt," a spokesman says. Expected revenues for 1988: \$1 billion, up 18% from last year.



TIME Chart
Illustration by Mirko Ilic

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Business

Streeters think the financing will prove so difficult that KKR and Shearson will have to work together. In a conciliatory move on Friday, KKR said it would not press for selling off the tobacco division.

If the mammoth deal is completed, it will intensify the debate about whether leveraged buyouts are good or bad for American business. Proponents point out that the stock market has severely undervalued many companies. Thus the only way shareholders can get fair value for their investment is through a buyout. Another argument in favor of the trend is that by breaking up conglomerates, buyout specialists create more efficiently run businesses.

But what is good for shareholders and investment bankers is not necessarily good for the country. Certainly the thousands of workers who have been laid off as a result of KKR's deals see little virtue in leveraged buyouts. Top executives go along with or even instigate buyouts because as major shareholders they stand to profit. The resulting companies may be leaner, but often they are also weaker, with little money to invest in expansion or innovation. Says Michel David-Weill, the French senior managing partner of the Lazard Frères investment firm: "The wave of leveraged buyouts is weakening the competitiveness of many U.S. companies that have fought so hard to regain it."

A more immediate danger is the debt being loaded on corporate America. This summer Revco, a chain of 2,000 drugstores based in Twinsburg, Ohio, defaulted on \$700 million worth of bonds and went into bankruptcy proceedings just 19 months after going private in a leveraged buyout. Some experts fear that Revco will be one of many major failures resulting from the buyout binge. In the first half of this year, Standard & Poor's lowered the investment ratings for \$216 billion worth of corporate securities, while raising the standing of only \$130 billion in such debt. Warns economist Henry Kaufman: "If this deterioration of corporate debt is occurring in the course of an expansion, you can imagine what will happen to a lot of corporate debt in a recession."

In his letter to the Senators last week, Fed chairman Greenspan noted that current tax law encourages corporate borrowing. Companies, for example, can write off the interest on their loans. Greenspan suggested that Congress consider whether the tax incentives that are helping fuel the trend are still prudent. If Congress takes Greenspan's advice, the heyday of big-time buyouts could come to an end.

—By Janice Castro.
Reported by Thomas McCarroll and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York



ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY GARY BASEMAN

When Managers Are Owners

Leveraged buyouts come in many different varieties. In some cases, corporate raiders snap up a company with borrowed money, then throw out the management, dismember the firm and sell off the pieces. But in other deals, including the proposed buyout of RJR Nabisco, the managers initiate the action. In one of the least controversial types of management buyouts, the executives of a particular division buy it from a larger parent company. These managers are out to prove they can run their own show—and run it better than some sprawling conglomerate that has grown inattentive or slothlike in responding to the needs of its far-flung divisions. Some 1,100 units of U.S. companies have been acquired by their managers since 1982, and it is a blue-chip list: the Montgomery Ward department-store chain, bought by its executives from Mobil; the former ITT subsidiary that makes Scott lawn products; the onetime Unisys unit that produces Nu-kote ribbons for typewriters and computer printers. "Management buyouts create powerful incentives for entrepreneurship, risk taking and long-term planning," says Martin Dubilier, chairman of a New York City investment firm that bankrolls many executives seeking control of their companies.

Take the case of Scott. The longtime message from ITT had been to "do O.K. and stay out of trouble," recalls Tadd Seitz, now president of O.M. Scott & Sons of Marysville, Ohio. "There was no great push for excellence." But after Seitz and his fellow managers bought the unit in 1986 for \$133 million, they promptly came out with several new products that ITT executives had blocked. Among them: Winterizer, a compound that protects lawns during the winter. ITT management, Seitz says, had feared that Winterizer might sabotage sales of other Scott lawn-care products. But it has become the company's second biggest seller without hurting overall revenues a whit: Scott's sales rose 16% last year, to \$187 million, and are expected to top the \$200 million mark this year.

The executives who bought Nu-kote also felt ignored by their corporate parent. After the 1986 merger of the Burroughs and Sperry computer companies that produced Unisys, corporate headquarters decreed in a confidential memo that "ancillary" units would be put on the auction block. Reinhold Tischler, then president of the Nu-kote division, called his boss and said, "Ancillary division reporting in. We'd like to buy it." On Jan. 16, 1987—Tischler calls it Independence Day—he and 20 other managers bought Nu-kote for \$60 million. After they eliminated several aging product lines, overall sales grew 17% last year, to \$150 million.

Despite such impressive showings, most of the companies that have been bought by their managers are weighed down by debt. Scott's \$133 million in outstanding obligations is more than five times as great as its shareholders' equity. Nu-kote's \$55.6 million in debt amounts to more than eleven times equity. If sales plummeted or interest rates rose, those debt loads could become crippling burdens. The new manager-owners have made a good start at running their companies, but the test will come during the next economic downturn.

—By Gordon Bock. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York

Guess which car has a higher resale value? Guess again.

Admittedly, it was close.

But when the final results were totalled, the Hyundai Excel GLS edged out the Mercedes 190E by a bumper.*

According to the 1988 July/August Kelley Blue Book, the Hyundai retained 87% of its original price vs. 83% for Mercedes.

And while some were rather surprised by the outcome, Hyundai owners weren't.

After all, consider everything the Excel comes equipped with. There's room

for five, reclining bucket seats, wall-to-wall carpeting, even an electric rear-window defroster.

There's also a rather selfish reason for the Excel's high resale value. Who could part with a car that comes with so many standard features—over 70 in all? Extras like an electronically tuned AM/FM stereo cassette with auto reverse. As well as free membership in the Cross Country Motor Club.®

Besides coming fully equipped, the Hyundai also comes with a 36 month/

36,000 mile Bumper-to-Bumper limited warranty (with no deductible required).**

And along with holding its value down the road, the Excel from Hyundai has a very reasonable price tag to begin with. Plus, a well-deserved reputation for being reliable and dependable.

All of which helps to explain why the Excel is one of the few stylish cars that doesn't lose its figure.

For the location of the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-826-CARS.

With a Hyundai, you always get your money's worth. Now, you can practically get your money back.

HYUNDAI
Cars that make sense.



*Comparison of 1987 Hyundai Excel GLS and 1987 Mercedes-Benz 190E. **See Dealer for warranty details. © 1988 Hyundai Motor America. Seat belts make sense.

Business Notes

LITIGATION

It's All In the Cards

If greeting-card creator Susan Polis Schutz were fashioning a card to mark the event, it might feature a Day-Glo rainbow anchored in a pot of gold. Schutz and her husband Stephen, both 44, won a two-year battle that pitted their small, Boulder-based card company, Blue Mountain Arts, against the giant of the business, Hallmark Cards.

At issue was Hallmark's Personal Touch series, a two-year-old line of 83 cards that feature long, syrupy poems adorned by picturesque natural landscapes. In their \$100 million suit, the Schutzes contended that the Hallmark products were rip-offs of cards



The Schutzes each display an original, right, and a Hallmark copy

and posters they had been producing since the early 1970s. In May a U.S. appeals court agreed. The Supreme Court refused to hear the case, and now Hallmark has agreed to stop publishing the Personal

Touch cards, buy back existing cards in the line from some 21,000 Hallmark outlets in the U.S. and pay the Schutzes an undisclosed sum. Said Susan: "We got everything we wanted."

TAKEOVERS

Bottoms Up For Brown Ale

Never before had anyone tried to invade Scotland from Down Under. But when Australia-based Elders IXL, makers of Foster's Lager, launched a hostile \$2.7 billion takeover bid for Scottish & Newcastle Breweries in October, the Edinburgh company responded with a counterattack worthy of Robert Bruce. For the next two months, S & N will ship to 30 countries around the world 36 million bottles of its Newcastle

Brown Ale with the labels printed upside down. "It's a symbolic way of saying hands off, thumbs down, keep away," explains managing director David Stephenson. S & N executives hope that publicity about the campaign will persuade the British government to stop the raid by Elders, which has bought up 11% of the Scotland brewery's stock.



THE ECONOMY

Steady as She Goes

On the surface, the news from the Commerce Department looked bad. Showing the effects of a still high trade deficit and this summer's drought, the U.S. gross national product expanded at an annual rate of only 2.2% in the third quarter, down from 3.0% in the previous three months and the weakest performance in nearly two years.

But economists were more

pleased than alarmed by the figures. Many had been afraid that the economy was overheating and that mounting inflation and higher interest rates were on the way. Now analysts are more confident that the economy stands a chance of avoiding those perils without going into a sharp downturn. "There is no reason for worry in this GNP result," said Allen Sinai, chief economist of the Boston Co. investment firm. "Growth of just under 3% is pretty good. This is more like a soft landing than a recession."

BANKING

Who Will Pick Up the Check?

Nobody likes to pay for other people's mistakes—least of all the bankers at Great Western Financial of Beverly Hills. So the California giant, the third largest savings and loan association in the U.S., with assets of \$31 billion, was indignant in 1987, when the fees it pays the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation for insurance coverage on deposits went up by 150%, to \$43 million a year. Healthy S and Ls

like Great Western were being forced to subsidize the cash-starved agency's efforts to rescue scores of poorly managed, insolvent institutions.

Last week Great Western announced that it would try to escape the FSLIC burden by applying for coverage from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which protects commercial banks. Since banking problems have not become as severe as the S and L crisis, the FDIC has not raised its premiums as much as the FSLIC and would charge the California institution only \$17 million. Congress passed a law

FINANCE

Kicking Down The Debt

Brazil's foreign creditors usually demand payments in a hard currency, such as U.S. dollars. But Philips, the giant Dutch electronics firm, had a different idea. The company cashed in \$4 million worth of Brazilian loans for 1.5 billion Brazilian cruzados to buy a tangible asset: soccer star Romário Farias. The 22-year-old player,



Brazil's all-star export

who led Brazil's team to a silver medal in the Olympics, has signed a three-year, \$900,000 contract to play for PSV Eindhoven, a Dutch team sponsored by Philips. Frustrated Brazilian fans are wondering: Will their country try to solve its debt crisis by exporting its best athletes?

in 1987 prohibiting most federally insured S and Ls from abandoning the FSLIC, but Great Western's executives plan to circumvent the ban by merging with a Washington State savings bank that is already covered by the FDIC.

Federal regulators are bound to fight the defection in order to discourage other healthy S and Ls from attempting to follow suit. A mass desertion could bankrupt the FSLIC fund and saddle taxpayers with the expected \$50 billion to \$100 billion bill for rescuing the savings industry.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

TV's hardest-hitting newsmagazine show is made by kids

The administrator of a Florida psychiatric hospital stares blankly into the television camera as the reporter bores in on him. "What kind of degree does your admissions clerk have?" asks the correspondent, who has already shown us how the hospital readily admits children for extended stays. "I'm not really sure," responds the administrator wanly. "Well,

crippled Zambia's economy, and profiled an eleven-year-old chess prodigy. This week's show features a report from the campaign trail. If she were raped by her father, Suki Cheong, 11, asked Republican vice-presidential candidate Dan Quayle, should she be permitted to have an abortion? Quayle's answer: no.

Founder Clappitt's original plan was to create a news organization "by children, for children" offering features on doll hospitals and white-water rafting. Then, during the 1976 Democratic Convention, the fledgling Children's Express scooped the national press corps by breaking the news that Walter Mondale would be Jimmy Carter's running mate. "My ideas were totally changed after that," recalls Clappitt. "Suddenly, it was about children taking responsibility—about real-world journalism."

Initially intended to put out an insert for adult newspapers, Children's Express went on to publish a magazine, a syndicated news column and a book containing a collection of its best articles. Stories are now distributed to 35 newspapers, and another book is due out next month. All are the work of 400 eight-to-18-year-old contributors recruited from around the country. The move to TV was the idea of 60 Minutes producer Harry Moses, who had worked on a piece about the organization. PBS was so impressed by a pilot version that it offered a \$2 million grant for the first twelve shows. However, Moses must find a new backer for next season.

Most of the story ideas for the TV newsmagazine, like those for its print counterpart, are generated by the children. Once a story is approved, however, Moses assigns an adult associate producer to work with a teenage editor and a reporter between the ages of nine and 14. "We are not as pure" as the print version, says Moses, because the children cannot write to the exact times required by TV. Instead, the producers write the narrative based on a discussion with the reporter, using his or her words whenever possible. "Television is their generation," says Moses. "They seem to have no fear of the camera, and, unlike adults, they don't overemote."

Some parents may emote over the frank subject matter of many of the segments. And a few local PBS station executives are concerned that the tough interviews sound artificial. "Are the children really asking the questions from their own perspective, or are they acting as puppets for the executive producer?" asks John Felton, vice president of programming at WPBT in Miami. But the young reporters know their stuff. Albert Lin, 15, tells how he softened up New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato with "lighthearted questions" before zeroing in for a grilling on PACs and gun control. "It's the stealth attack," gloats Lin. Nonplussed, the Senator turned to an aide and asked, "Who is this kid, Sam Donaldson or what?" —By Laurence Zuckerman.

Reported by Naushad S. Mehta/New York

Video

Playing Along

A game allows viewers to spin the Wheel of Fortune at home

It is television's top-rated game show and home to America's sexiest woman of letters, Vanna White. Now *Wheel of Fortune* has inspired the genre's most futuristic home game. A new device from Mattel enables viewers to play along with the nightly syndicated show. The unit, when aimed at the TV set, picks up an encoded signal that activates a miniature computer. For each word puzzle, the player can "spin" a wheel to accumulate prize money, choose letters and try to guess the hidden phrase. The TV players' guesses also show up automatically on the home unit.

The game, selling for around \$80, offers more technical razzle-dazzle than competitive challenge. Beating the TV



Computerized ABCs, but no Vanna White

players is not hard, because they usually delay offering a solution in order to build up the pot. But the interactive concept may catch on. Youngsters last season could blow away TV villains in *Captain Power and the Soldiers of the Future*, and Mattel is developing six more interactive TV products. Guess the culprit on *Murder, She Wrote*, perhaps? Divine Alf's gag lines in advance? Nah—too easy.

Medicine

About-Face over An Abortion Pill

France vs. the right-to-lifers

When a French pharmaceutical firm announced last week that it was suspending distribution of an abortion pill because of worldwide boycott threats by right-to-life forces, the action touched off an international furor. Prochoice advocates promptly labeled the ban on the pill, called RU 486, a blow to women's rights. More than 1,000 physicians attending a meeting in Rio de Janeiro signed petitions urging that the company, Roussel Uclaf, reinstate the pill. The outcry apparently worked. By week's end, under an unprecedented order from French Minister of Health Claude Evin, the drug company, which is partly owned by the government, abruptly reversed its decision.

RU 486 was approved by French health officials in September, and is manufactured under the trade name Mifeprestone. Administered within the first five weeks of pregnancy, it causes abortions by blocking the action of the hormone progesterone, thus provoking the uterine lining to slough off the embryo. If taken with a prostaglandin, a substance that makes the uterus contract, RU 486 is about 95% effective. Some 8,000 women have used the pill, which has been available only in hospitals and medical clinics and has no harmful side effects.

Family planners have hailed RU 486 as a safer, less expensive way to end unwanted pregnancies, but right-to-life groups fear that it could make abortions commonplace. Roussel officials say that much of the protest against the pill came from U.S. abortion foes like Dr. John Willke, president of the U.S. National Right to Life Committee. Willke charges that RU 486 can cause birth defects if it fails to induce an abortion. "It may be a chemical time bomb," he asserts.

Nonsense, says Dr. Annie Bureau, a French birth-control expert: "This product constitutes both scientific progress and an advantage for women." Faye Wattleton, president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, who deplored Roussel's decision to drop RU 486 as "a tragic display of cowardice," called the company's about-face "the right decision for the women of France and, indeed, for women all over the world."



All the risks of major surgery: mother is shown newborn baby after undergoing a caesarean

Safer Births the Second Time

The old guard adopts a new policy on C-sections

Once a C-section, always a C-section. That is the snappy guideline most obstetricians have followed since World War I. By the mid-1980s, 1 baby out of every 4 born in the U.S. was delivered by caesarean, making the U.S. the world leader in surgical deliveries. In 1987 an estimated 35% of the procedures were done only because the mother had previously delivered by C-section. Last week the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists officially declared new guidelines on caesareans for the first time in 70 years. Its recommendation: doctors should encourage mothers who have had a C-section to have a normal vaginal birth unless there is definite medical need for surgery.

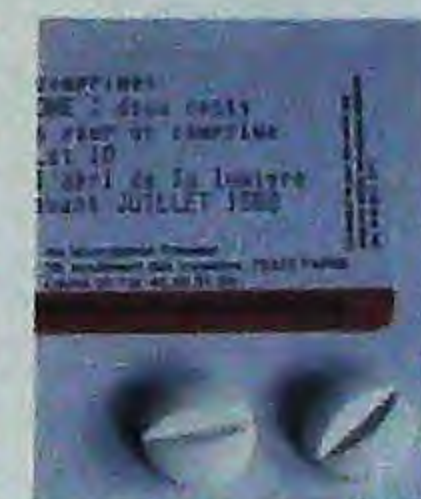
Although many doctors have long advised women against having repeated C-sections, the high rate of surgical deliveries has continued for a number of reasons. Among them: advanced fetal monitoring, which is more sensitive to the signals of fetal distress; a trend toward larger babies, who are more difficult to deliver vaginally; and more requests from mothers exhausted by labor.

Another significant factor is that many doctors perform caesareans at the first signs of fetal distress to protect themselves from malpractice suits. Moreover, caesareans demand less time for physicians in the delivery room. "It's a lot easier for a doctor to schedule a woman for caesarean and come in at 8 in the morning and be done by 8:30," says Mortimer Rosen, director of obstetrics and gynecol-

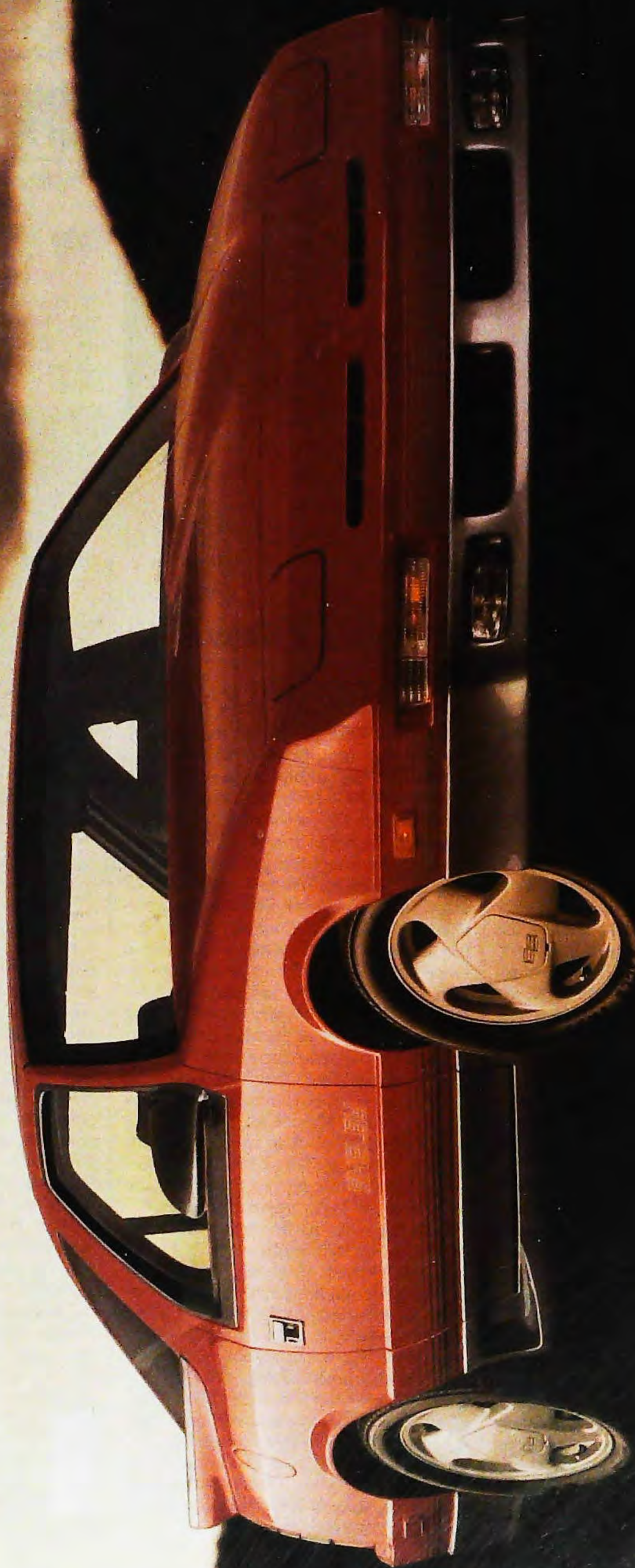
ogy at New York's Presbyterian Hospital. For the past decade, studies have shown that vaginal births are possible for 50% to 80% of women who have had C-sections. At the same time, the case against the surgical procedure has mounted. Caesarean sections carry all the risks of major surgery, including complications associated with anesthesia, blood transfusions and infection, especially of the uterus. The incidence of maternal mortality is twice as high for women who undergo repeat caesareans, and infants are at increased risk for respiratory problems and distress caused by anesthesia given to the mother. On balance, the benefits of vaginal deliveries after C-sections, have long outweighed the advantages of surgical births. Says R. Harold Holbrook Jr., director of maternal-fetal medicine at the Stanford Medical Center: "It's been clearly proved that it's safe to have a natural birth after having a caesarean section."

Still, physicians are concerned that women who have had a vertical uterine incision, which is now used in less than 1% of all caesareans, risk tearing along the scar. Their advice: better to have another C-section. But the vast majority of those who have undergone C-sections have had the preferred horizontal incision across the lower abdomen, or "bikini cut," and for them last week's announcement may finally break the old saw against vaginal delivery the second time around, and even the third.

—By Dick Thompson.
Reported by Georgia Harblson/New York and Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



Furor over RU 486



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Theater

Moonstruck in Lower Manhattan

ITALIAN AMERICAN RECONCILIATION by John Patrick Shanley

They are the last ethnic group America can comfortably mock. In movies and on TV, the Italian-American male is Stanley Kowalski without the sex appeal, the female a masochistic Judy absorbing too many Punches. So it is a tonic to meet the Italian Americans in John Patrick Shanley's plays (*Danny and the Deep Blue Sea*) and films (*Moonstruck*). The residents of Shanley's Little Italy dare to express their

faw?" and tosses them to the ground. Her contempt stokes Aldo's ardor and Huey's too. As their older friend May (Helen Hanft) notes wistfully about the triumph of love over logic, "I'll never again have the courage to be that stupid."

In plot and production, this is *Moonstruck* on the cheap. But it is hardly less satisfying, with smart, authentic turns by the rumbustious Turturro and the gorgeously desperate San Giacomo. Shanley's title is appropriate: he wants to reconcile the comic-derisive image of Italian Americans with his own comic romanticism. And like almost everyone in this poignant fable, he gets what he wants. —By Richard Corliss



"What faw?": Haynes and Turturro

Aerobicized hearts and love-sick flowers.

feelings in street poetry whose melodic line is closer to Verdi's than to Bon Jovi's. In his new off-Broadway play Shanley goes further, announcing that these days it is the women who have aerobicized their hearts and the men who are love-sick. Shanley knows that men are the last dying breed of romantics. Of course: he's Irish American.

The romantic geometry in *Italian American Reconciliation* is familiarly lopsided. Teresa (Laura San Giacomo) loves and is in love with Huey (John Pankow). Huey loves Teresa but is in love with his ex-wife Janice (Jayne Haynes). Janice hates Huey and just about everybody else. Nor is the world crazy about her. Teresa, who thinks Janice "should live on a black mountain and drink out of a skull," tells Huey, "You're spoiled by women. You think you got woman-love coming to you out of your destiny." But who, in a Shanley comic opera, can ignore *la forza del destino*? Huey has to get Janice back.

To this end he enlists his best friend Aldo (John Turturro) to tame the shrew with roses and sweet talk. Cyrano did better. Janice stands on a moonlit balcony, takes a look at the flowers, snorts "What

Travel

Cracking Down

The FAA orders overhauls to make aging 737s safer

When the seats shudder and the wings flutter and the engines crescendo in what sounds like a last and mighty effort to lift off, what traveler has not wondered nervously whether the plane should be retired? America's aging fleet of passenger jets became a national concern last April when a 19-year-old Aloha Airlines 737 ripped apart in midair. Since then, cracks have been found in the fuselage of some of the other 429 Boeing 737-100s and 737-200s still flying in the U.S., giving rise to fears that regular inspections are not enough to ensure safe flights.

Last week the Federal Aviation Administration proposed a rule requiring airlines to shore up their older 737s by replacing the 7,200 rivets on each plane's fuselage. "It's time to fix design weaknesses rather than continuing to inspect for flaws," said Anthony Broderick of the FAA. "It is a fundamental shift in our way of operating." Safety experts predicted that the ruling would eventually be extended to other aircraft that are 25 years old or older.



Raising fears: the Aloha jet

Let Them Eat Cake! And Crème Brûlée and Chocolate Mousse and...

Americans, dieters and fitness buffs included, are demanding their just desserts

BY MIMI SHERATON

Desserts these days are rarely what they seem. What looks like a slice of chocolate layer cake is really a reward for jogging those extra two miles in the morning. A towering wedge of vanilla-scented cheesecake, laden with calories, is no more than fair compensation for eating only salad or fish for lunch. And warm apple pie à la mode is not the obvious self-indulgence it once was, but a vital, midday energy booster for a deserving workaholic. Whatever the reasons (or sweet excuses), desserts are back in style with a vengeance, in restaurants and bakeries, even as diet-obsessed Americans vow to cut their calories and cholesterol levels.

"I ran three miles this morning and

did sit-ups so I could have these," says Edward Edelman, 43, a New York financial consultant, as he dips into a bowlful of raspberries crowned with a snowfall of whipped cream at Vico, an uptown Italian trattoria. In San Francisco, Sterrett Brandt, 30, until recently traffic coordinator at U.S. Recycling Industries, says she wouldn't hesitate to order chocolate tortes or cheesecake when treated to a business lunch. "Since I'm not paying, the calories don't really count," she rationalizes. In Chicago, Donna Needy, 41, a casualty-company exec, begins each weekday with a healthy dose of high-fiber Metamucil powder and follows up with a strict 900-calorie diet. But, she confesses, "the 900 calories can be anything: ice cream or Fannie May lemon butter creams."

She is not the only one known to make a complete meal out of sweets. Gail Beck and Barbara Peck periodically order desserts as main courses in New York City's Oyster Bar & Restaurant in Grand Central Station, which lays out a whole table of alluring confections to tempt its mostly seafood-eating customers. "We wear sunglasses when we do that," says Peck, who wouldn't want to run into her diet doctor. "And walk in backward," adds Beck.

Restaurateurs are amused by such antics. And delighted. "Dessert sales started going up two or three years ago, and there seems to be no end in sight," reports Leonce Picot, owner of the Down Under and Casa Vecchia in Fort Lauderdale, La Vieille Maison in Boca Raton and the Old House in Monterey, Calif. Ten years ago,

only 25% to 30% of diners in his restaurants ordered dessert. Now, says Picot, as many as 70% of Florida customers and 80% of those in California are indulging. Boston's Ritz-Carlton hotel and Shaw's Crab House in Chicago confirm the trend: dessert sales at both are up about 15% over last year.

Nationwide, 42% of Americans admit they ordered dessert more than once a month last year, according to *Restaurants & Institutions* magazine, up from 17% the year before. But the boom is not confined to eating out. Supermarket bakery sales were up 21% in 1986 and '87. And bakeries are bursting with business. "Desserts in restaurants are only half the loaf," affirms Elliott Medrich, co-owner of Cocolat, a San Francisco Bay-area chocolate shop renowned for its truffles. "The real dessert action is in the high end of take-away-food places or for people cooking at home."

Whatever the venue, desserts ring up rich profits for purveyors. Because they are based on relatively inexpensive ingredients that can be prepared in advance, there is a higher profit percentage in desserts than in most appetizers or entrées. "Waiters also like to offer pastries because that raises the check and, therefore, the tip that is a percentage of the total," observes Dieter Schorner, the gifted pastry chef whose velvety chocolate cake and

supple, sugar-glazed crème brûlée have caused many a dieter's downfall at such restaurants as Le Cirque in Manhattan and Potomac in Washington.

Schorner has just opened his own rose-pink confection of a bakery-café, Patisserie Cafe Didier, in Washington's Georgetown, where chocolate cake (\$2.50 a slice) and cream-puff swans (\$2 each) are among the offerings. "Desserts sell better when they are beautiful," he notes, "so decorating is important."

So is display. A growing number of restaurants and cafés are raising the temptation factor by presenting their delectables on a rolling cart or a table strategically placed near the entrance. "Some customers reserve their choices before ordering dinner because they know we run out of certain things," says Sam Rubin, owner of the seafood restaurant John Clancy's in Manhattan, where individual lemon meringue tarts (\$6) and dense, moist chocolate velvet cake (\$6) are among the first to go. Another trend: dessert samplers, with an assortment of up to seven different confections. Joyce Goldstein, chef-owner of San Francisco's Square One, describes her \$6.50 version as "a ritual platter, a little orgy."

Not all restaurants prepare their own desserts, which is a boon to suppliers like

Just Desserts, the San Francisco bakery. In addition to running four retail shops, it services 550 restaurants. Its best sellers: chocolate sour-cream fudge cake, apple pie and carrot cake. In five years the business's butter consumption has jumped from 3,000 lbs. a week to 7,000, while its weekly flour order has doubled from 20,000 lbs. to 40,000.

With the American sweet tooth ever aching for fulfillment, it is no wonder that the role of the pastry chef has become more glamorous and more highly paid in recent years. At the Culinary Arts Division of Johnson & Wales University in Providence, a two-year pastry program that began with 13 students in 1983 now has 208 who are learning to perfect such all-American favorites as cheesecake (the choice of one out of four restaurant dessert eaters), apple pie, fruit tarts and chocolate everything. "Making pastry requires creativity," says Arlene Chorney, an administrator at the school. "It's edible art."

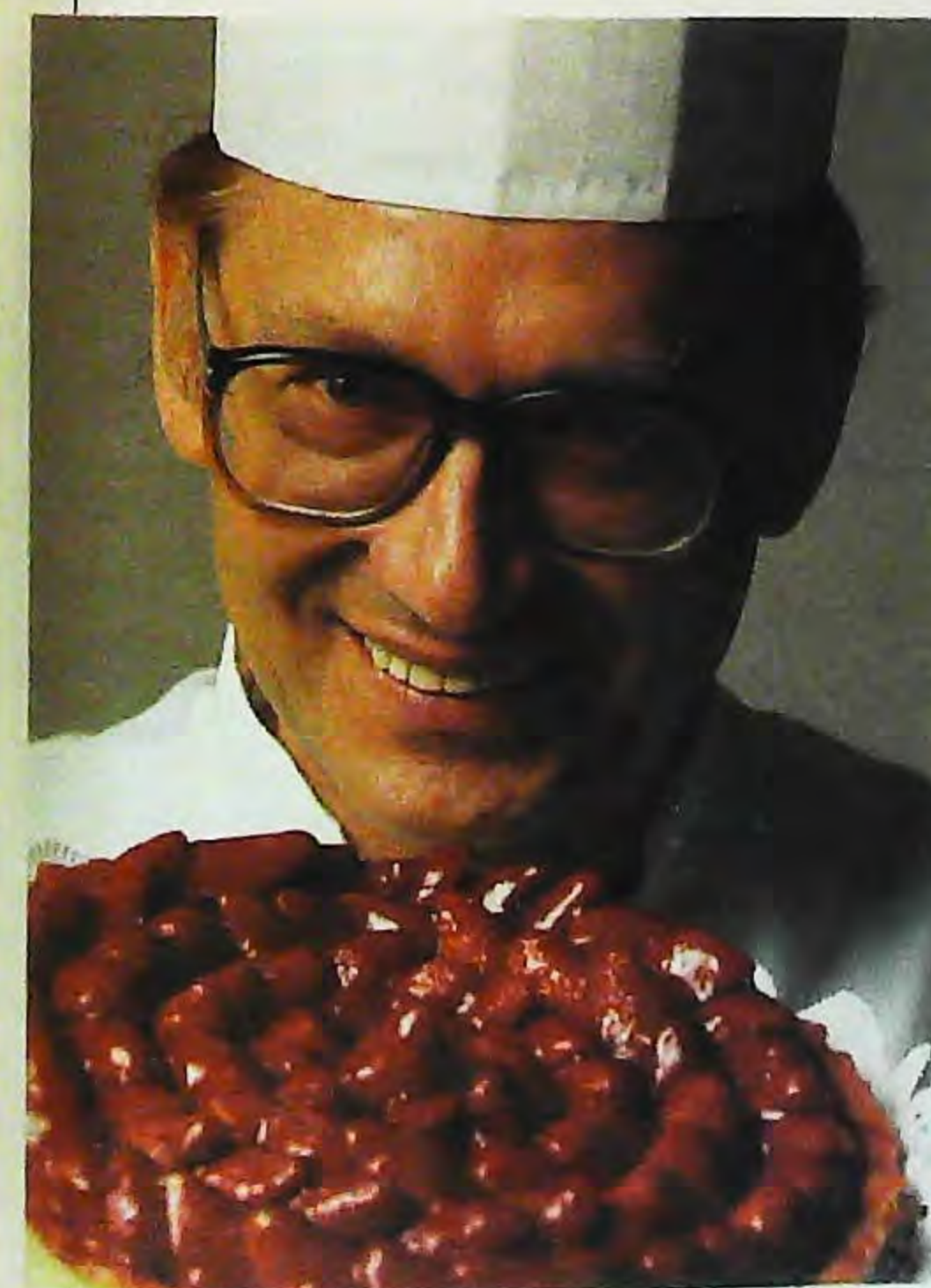
Perhaps one of her graduates will become a latter-day Carême, the incomparable 19th century pastry chef to Talleyrand. All it would take is the right proportions of diligence, talent, eggs, butter and sugar, and perhaps a short prayer to St. Honoré, patron saint of bakers. —Reported by D. Blake Hallanan/San Francisco and JoAnn Lum/New York



Chocolate, in such forms as German chocolate pie, is the favorite flavor of dessert lovers at Four Seasons Hotels around the U.S. Dieters may feel more virtuous if they choose the hotels' mousse-filled raspberry tulip below. But whom are they kidding?



A budding pastry chef learns how to put the icing on the cake at the Culinary Arts Division of Johnson & Wales in Providence. Mastering the confectioner's art is essential, for to tempt the palate, pastries must first please the eye.



Business is also booming for bakeries that supply restaurants. A top seller at San Francisco's Just Desserts: chocolate sour-cream fudge cake.

Restaurants are not the only places where self-indulgent sweet teeth reward themselves. At retail bakeries and cafés, many order or carry out such extravaganzas as the cream-puff swans and strawberry tart baked by Dieter Schorner, left, for his new Patisserie Cafe Didier in Georgetown.



Part-Time All-American

Jessica Lange survives one new film, scores in the other

BY RICHARD CORLISS

Talk about having it all. Jessica Lange is juggling three golden balls: a life with playwright-actor Sam Shepard, status as a celebrity supermom (two children by Shepard, one by Mikhail Baryshnikov) and, when she can make time, movie stardom. Is Lange's part-time job as exemplary actress a hobby, as football is for Bo Jackson? If so, it can be no less punishing or rewarding, because Lange—any actress, really, in today's Streepstakes—must find the core of feminism, of flinty self-fulfillment, in a modern movie role. No wimpering-wife parts, thank you. Just Joan of Arc in Levi's, with Silkwood strength and Flo-Jo flash.

Two new films show Lange playing by these implicit rules while bending them to suit. In *Far North*, she is Kate, a Manhattan careerist come home to Minnesota. Kate is a little addled, but less so than most of her



Harper and Lange: They shoot movies, don't they?

relatives, and she possesses a loyalty to the whims of her dotty dad that is fierce enough to pass for independence. In *Everybody's All-American* she is Babs Rogers Grey, Louisiana U.'s Magnolia Queen of 1956, who blossoms into a principled businesswoman even as her marriage to a college

football star withers like a corsage she forgot to press into her yearbook. Within the hash marks of familiar sports drama, the picture aims to be a Southern-fried epic, and Lange nudges Babs toward that goal. She is Scarlett O'Hara who almost becomes Maggie the Cat—until, in the '80s, she ends up so strong and nurturing she could be a *Lear's* cover girl.

Lange only inhabits her films; she doesn't write or direct them. Shepard assumed those two tasks in *Far North* and distinguished himself in neither. The plot is as old as *Antigone*, the emotional temperature as wintry as Ingmar Bergman's, the conflict as scabrous as any Eugene O'Neill family flaying. And yet the movie unravels as if it were an anguished parody of Shepard's own play *A Lie of the Mind*. He lured Lange and a cast of fine actors to Duluth, then stranded them on a back road halfway between Hysteria and Catatonia. Virtually every character is either deranged or noisome. The big debate is over which daughter loves Dad (Charles Durning) more: Kate, who insists on shooting the family horse, or Rita (Tess Harper), who wants to save it. The film should have been put out of its misery

long before. They shoot movies, don't they? Yes, but few so spectacularly egregious as this one.

Don't go *Far North*. Instead, consider heading south for *Everybody's All-American*, directed by Taylor Hackford and written by Tom Rickman from Frank Deford's novel. At least you will discover that Louisianans have more fun being miserable, and accomplish it in suaver style, than Minnesotans do. This is the movie that asks, Is there life after the Sugar Bowl? Jan. 1, 1957; that's when Gavin Grey (Dennis Quaid) soldered his legend to his destiny by scoring his team's winning touchdown.

How sweet it is to have just one such moment in life. How bitter to have it early, and then be forced to rerun it ad nauseam, until the triumph turns into sitcom. Bitter for Gavin, for the luminous Babs, for their bookworm nephew Donnie (Timothy Hutton) and their lumbering pal Lawrence (John Goodman). The story meanders through 25 years of the changing South—civil rights, women's rights, the capricious kingdom of celebrity—and ends in 1981, but its moral should catch in many a yuppie throat. The price of pursuing eternal youth is catching it, like a cold you can



Lange and Quaid: Is there life after the Sugar Bowl?

"Everything that the South wanted to believe about itself."

never shake. Especially for the eternally adolescent male. Games, after all, are what men play with themselves.

Movies have trod this turf once or twice before: the mid-'50s were rife with such sprawling family sagas (*Giant*, *Written on the Wind*). And it might seem as if such broad emotions, such guileless ironies, have no place in our blandly cynical age. But

Hackford (*An Officer and a Gentleman*) strides easily among movie clichés. His gift is to play them as if they're all new and all true. And this time he has a cast to lend them flesh and nuance. Quaid creates a genuine pathetic hero, first exuding charm, then marketing it. And Hutton, in the thankless role of Gavin's conscience and Babs' would-be lover, makes his clammy patience and docile come-ons darned near authentic.

As the one character who grows and doesn't just calcify, Lange brings wily zest to each step in Babs' coming-out party. She can toss dewy-eyed soul into a line like "I just want to be Mrs. Gavin Grey"—all ardor, no condescension. She can bear, with a smoldering fuse, the later ordeal of player's wife and baby factory. She can tease Donnie while ironizing her flirtation: "It's every Southern mama's legacy to her daughter." She can seize control of her own life and still stand by her man. Gavin may have embodied, as the film suggests, "everything that the South wanted to believe about itself." But as she matures in this role, Lange comes close to embodying everything a modern woman hopes to see in the mirror of her hard-earned self-esteem. ■

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So, Your Old Man's a Fraud . . .

Families of pols are fighting against the pressure to be perfect

BY NANCY TRAVER

As the victorious candidate is sworn in, his wife dutifully holds the Bible, her gaze uplifted adoringly, and his children, sparkling with intelligence and good health, sit obediently nearby. Or do they? In the midst of this year's no-holds-barred campaign season, families of candidates high and low are beginning to change the old rules by candidly airing their grievances and trying to break out of cardboard caricatures. "They're still reticent," notes Stuart Hart, a psychologist at Purdue University. "But they're also standing up and saying, 'Hey, wait a minute, I've got needs too.'"

The first instinct is to turn to the people who share their problems: other political families. Last week in New Orleans spouses and children of elected officials gathered to swap survival tactics at a conference sponsored by the American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy. They heard the results of a survey of 1,000 politicians, their spouses and children on their attitudes toward campaigning, media coverage and other pressures, sponsored by an Indiana-based self-help group called Partners in Politics. "Families of public officials have to learn how to do their job well without suffering in the process," says Carolyn Mutz, wife of Indiana's Lieutenant Governor and a founder of the organization. "Many political families don't know how to achieve a balance."

The Purdue University poll, the first of its kind, predictably revealed general willingness to undergo the rigors of campaigning. But many spouses and children of politicians are increasingly admitting that they feel trapped in the roles the public pushes them to fill. Children, of course, are among the most affected. After their father was selected as George Bush's running mate, the three children of Indiana Senator Dan Quayle saw him harshly criticized for, among other things, avoiding duty in Viet Nam. They were knocked down by TV cameramen and questioned about their father's rumored involvement with former Playboy model and lobbyist Paula Parkinson.

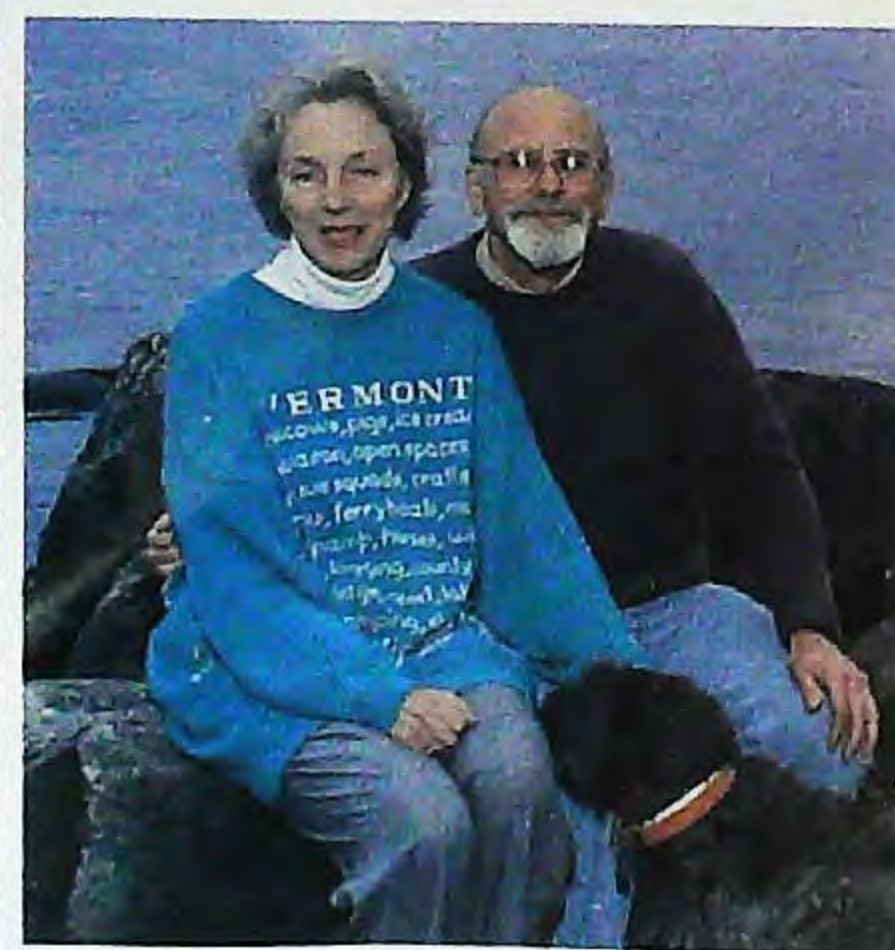
Quayle's wife Marilyn responded by packing the brood off for two weeks to a friend in the country, while their father fended off questions about his background. "We needed to get accustomed to



Quayles on the tarmac before the Republican Convention
Are they trapped in a role the public pushes them to fill?

a new campaign, but we also had to get our children back on an even keel," she says. Her method for preparing children is to talk them through confrontations before they occur. "Nothing should be allowed to take them by surprise," she says. "The truth will be far less frightening for them than anything they can imagine."

Then there are the "first gentlemen"—the male spouses who suddenly



Vermont Governor Kunin and husband Arthur

find themselves sitting on the sidelines after their wives are elected. Dr. Arthur Kunin, a kidney specialist and the husband of Vermont Governor Madeleine Kunin, concedes that at first he was "not always happy waiting for my wife to come home." Kunin began to see that he had assumed the role his wife had held for the first 15 years of their marriage. "It's very important for a man to understand what being a high executive means to his wife," says Kunin. "I handled it by reversing our situation. Other men will have to find solutions that work for them."

Some political spouses resent the demands life in the public fish-bowl makes on their families. One woman recalls being followed into a public rest room and accosted about her husband's position on abortion. Another describes taking a family vacation after a grueling re-election campaign, only to find the hotel telephone ringing off the hook. One political wife even carries a supply of her husband's cards to give constituents who badger her in public. Jeanne Simon, wife of Illinois Senator Paul Simon, tries to head off such pressures by carving out regular private time with the candidate. "We ask that the staff put us together once a week for dinner," she declares. "And we make it a rule that family—only family—is invited."

The public, though, allows the candidates to enjoy just so many benefits of ordinary life. Going to a psychiatrist or marriage counselor, for example, is still strictly taboo, and making such a step public can be politically damaging, if not fatal. Kitty Dukakis, wife of Democratic presidential nominee Michael Dukakis, thinks it a "sad commentary" that President Reagan referred to her husband as an "invalid" last August, after baseless rumors circulated that he had once sought counseling. "Everyone who needs help should be able to get it," she says. "It should never become a political decision."

Some psychologists argue that politicians whose families have received help with their problems may be better able to serve the public. But they acknowledge that even family counseling is likely to be seen as a sign of weakness. Psychologist Charles Figley, who treats state and local officials in Indiana, helps ease the way for them by inviting them to his home, disguising their counseling sessions as dinner parties. Better, he says, to call it "educational consultation." At least, that is, until voters wise up and begin to prefer flesh-and-blood First Families to all those smiling, we've-nothing-to-hide supporting casts.

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Scene from the 1951 film version of *Show Boat*: discovering America's own artistic heritage

Here Comes the Show Boat!

Broadway musical? Or opera in disguise? And does it matter?

BY MICHAEL WALSH

- Q: When is an opera not an opera?
A: When it's a Broadway show.
Q: Then when is a Broadway show not a Broadway show?
A: When it's an opera.
Q: So how do you tell the difference?
A: That's a tough question.

These days, a very tough question. For too long "opera" has been narrowly defined as what goes on at the Metropolitan Opera House; a rigid distinction between art and entertainment, fervently defended by a musical flat-earth society, has denied audiences the riches that lie beyond the narrow shoals of the classical repertoire. Today, though, singers and conductors are making the voyage and discovering a brave new world on the other side: America's own authentic artistic heritage. Broadway, say hello to high class.

Since 1985, when Leonard Bernstein's 1957 musical *West Side Story* was released with an operatic cast that included soprano Kiri Te Kanawa and tenor José Carreras—and sold handsomely—other shows have got the tony treatment on records: Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel* (1945) and *South Pacific* (1949), and Lerner and Loewe's *My Fair Lady* (1956). Now, most impressive of all, comes Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II's 1927 musical adaptation of Edna Ferber's novel *Show Boat*.

With a cast that features opera stars Frederica von Stade (Magnolia), Teresa

Stratas (Julie) and Jerry Hadley (Ravenel), as well as a cameo appearance by Lillian Gish as the Lady on the Levee, this *Show Boat* aims high. "*Show Boat* was thought of as a dusty operetta, but it is really a moving piece of music drama," says conductor John McGlinn, 35, whose passion for the score drove him to record the Mississippi riverboat musical in its complete 1927 version. McGlinn restored the overture, reinstating three important ensemble numbers and, most controversially, insisting on Hammerstein's original dialogue, which includes use of the word nigger. The result is a *Show Boat* wiped clean of the sentimental and sanitized patina it had acquired over the years. In its place stands a raw, powerful and angry work whose seriousness of pur-



Bernstein leading *West Side Story*

The *Magic Flute* isn't stuffy high art either.

pose and lofty artistic aspirations are unmistakable.

Not all the recordings have been as musically successful as *Show Boat*. In *West Side Story*, Carreras' Hispanic accent was as wrong for the role of the New Yorker Tony as Te Kanawa's British inflection was for the Latino Maria. In *South Pacific*, the casting of tenor Carreras, in the role created by bass Ezio Pinza, was a bit of commercialism that necessitated transposing the part and ended up distorting the balance. Further, imagining the New Zealand-born Te Kanawa as an all-American Nellie Forbush was a greater suspension of disbelief than many listeners were willing to make. Yet *My Fair Lady* was solid and assured, even if Jeremy Irons did not erase the memory of Rex Harrison as Henry Higgins. And *Carousel*, with songstress Barbara Cook and opera bass Samuel Ramey as the ill-fated lovers, was thrilling.

Broadway shows, however, do not have to be cast with opera stars to be taken seriously. What they have to be first is respected. "There are great theater pieces of the teens, '20s and '30s that don't exist in performable form," laments McGlinn. "If a show closed out of town, the scores could be thrown out on the last night. A lot of pre-*Oklahoma!* Rodgers and Hart, Porter and Kern shows are gone forever. We're trying to reclaim from oblivion all the work of America's greatest writers and composers."

It is a worthy cause. What, after all, is the American musical but a transatlantic cousin of the Viennese operetta whose patrimony also includes the harmonic and rhythmic vitality of jazz? The line from Johann Strauss and Franz Lehár to Frederick Loewe and Richard Rodgers is really very short. Far from being an exotic and irrational entertainment, opera is the most vital and popular of musical forms. Is Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, composed in the vernacular for the Viennese commercial theater, stuffy high art just because it is 200 years old and occasionally performed at the Met? That would be news to Mozart, who craved popular esteem and pointed to it as a proof of artistry. Are Bernstein's *Candide*, Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Saint of Bleeker Street* and George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* frivolous musicals just because they were first performed on the Great White Way? Not at all.

Fish got to swim, birds got to fly: the best composers will always write seriously, even when they are frankly dressing their tunes for success. The move from Broadway to opera house—from quotidian show to stage classic, in other words—is well under way. The only difference is that now people are finally catching on. —Reported by Nancy Newman/

New York



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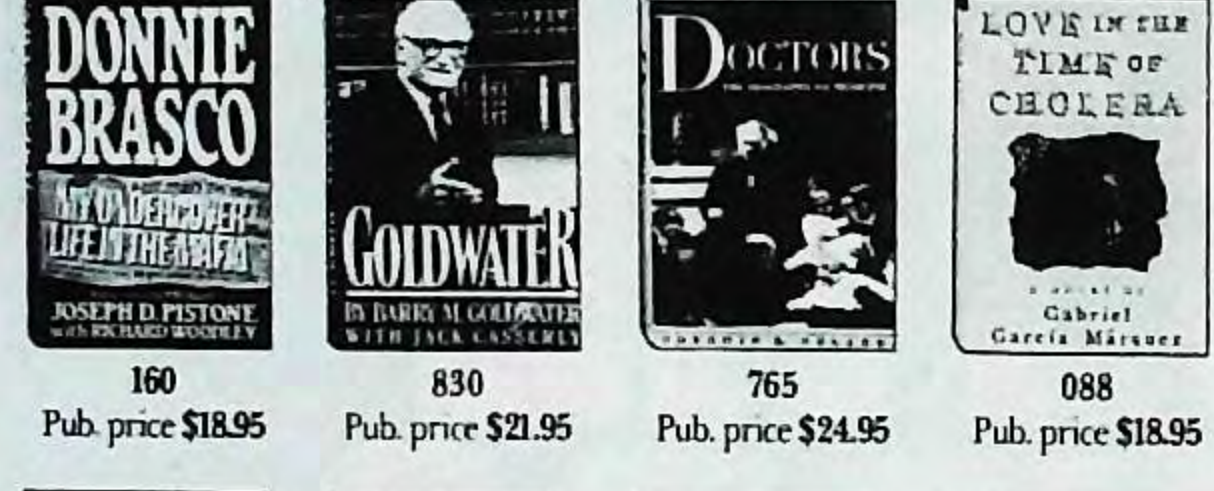
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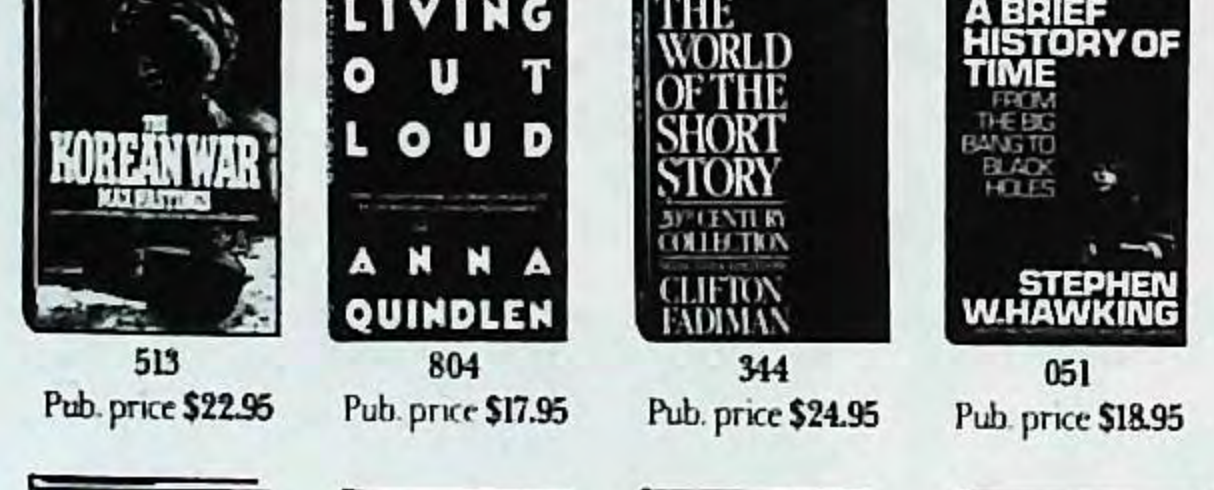
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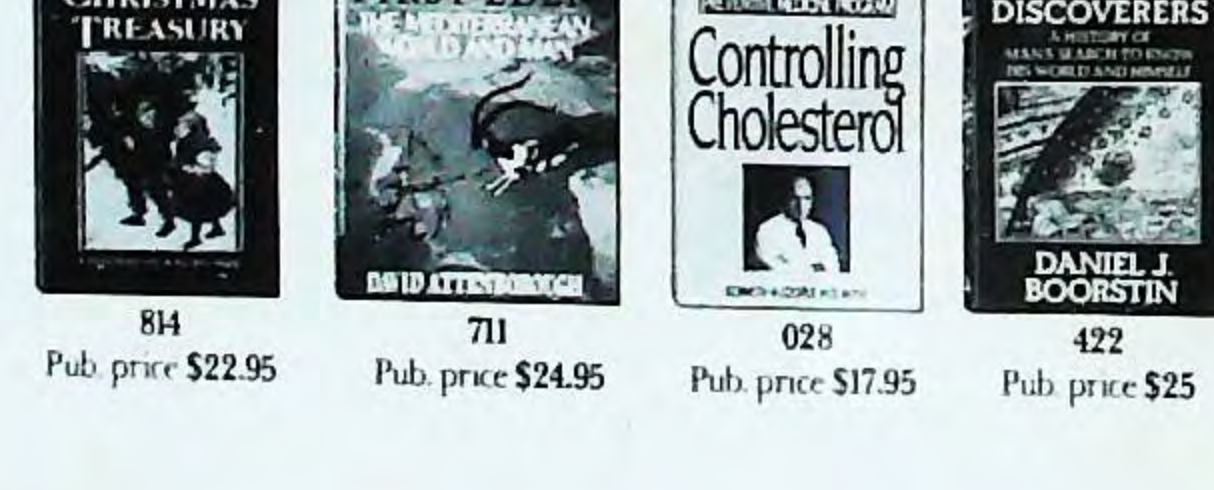
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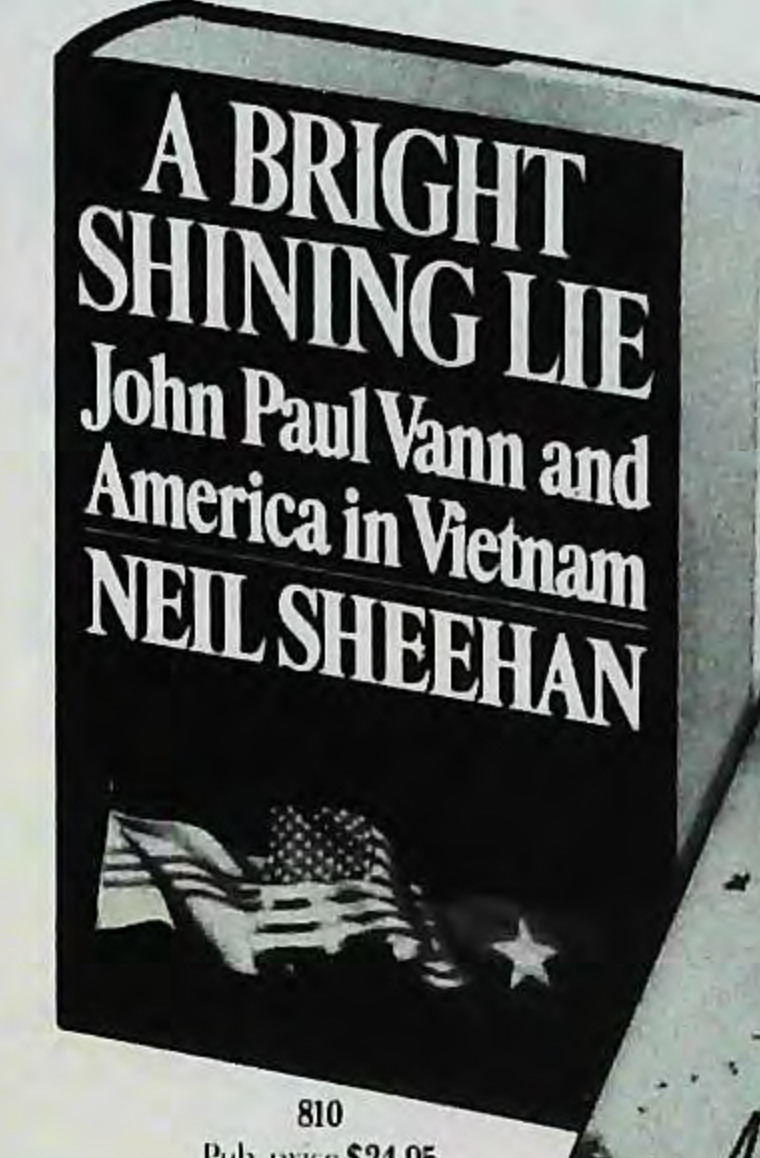


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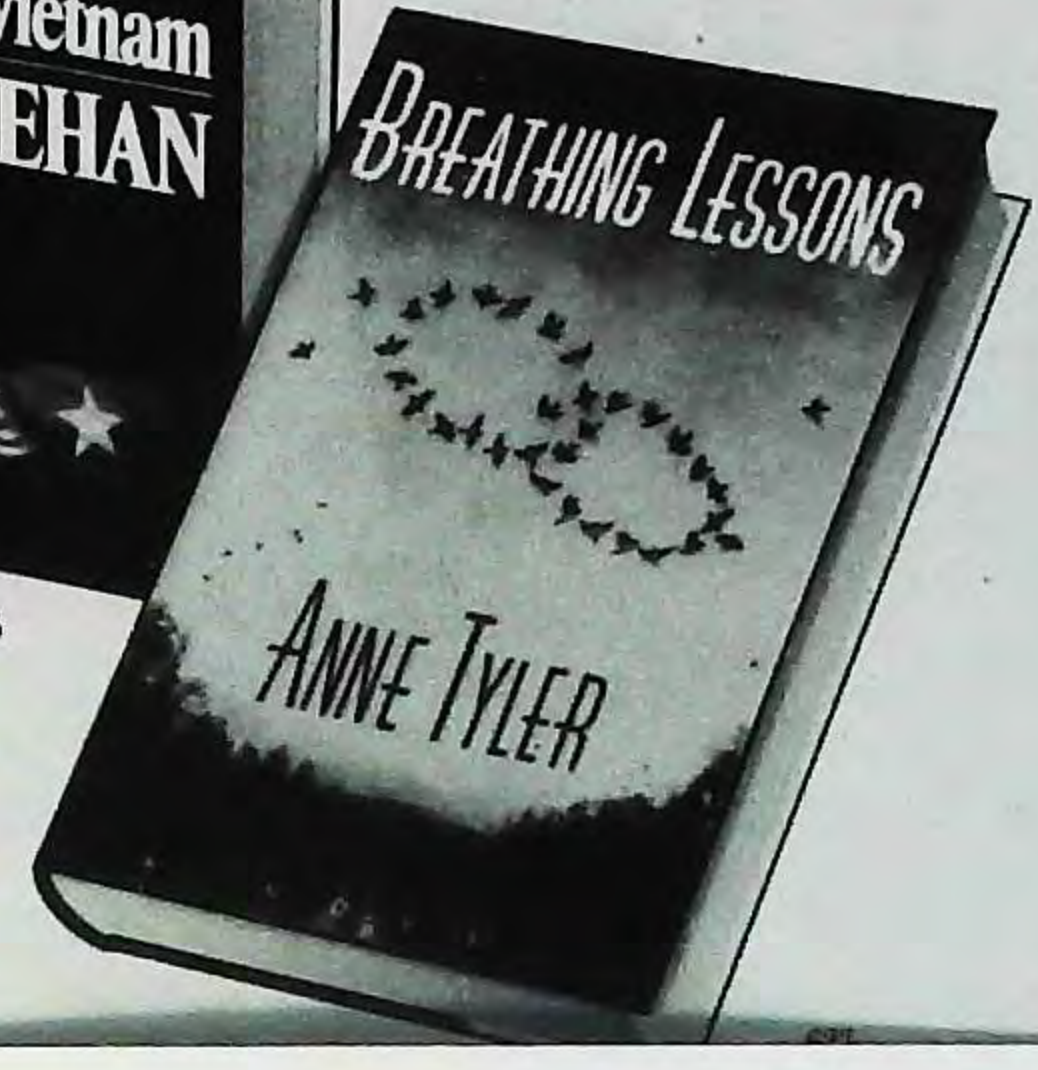


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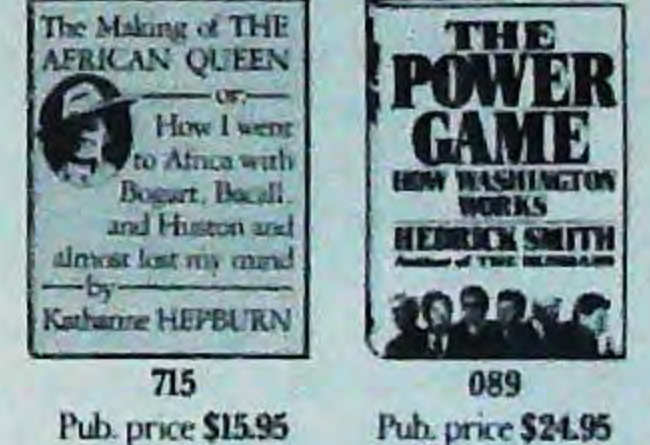
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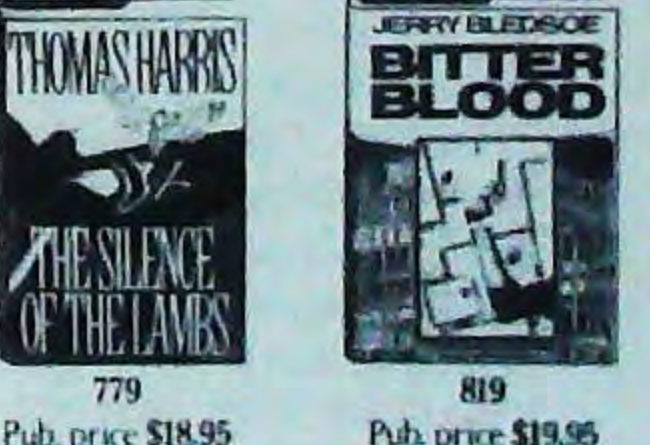
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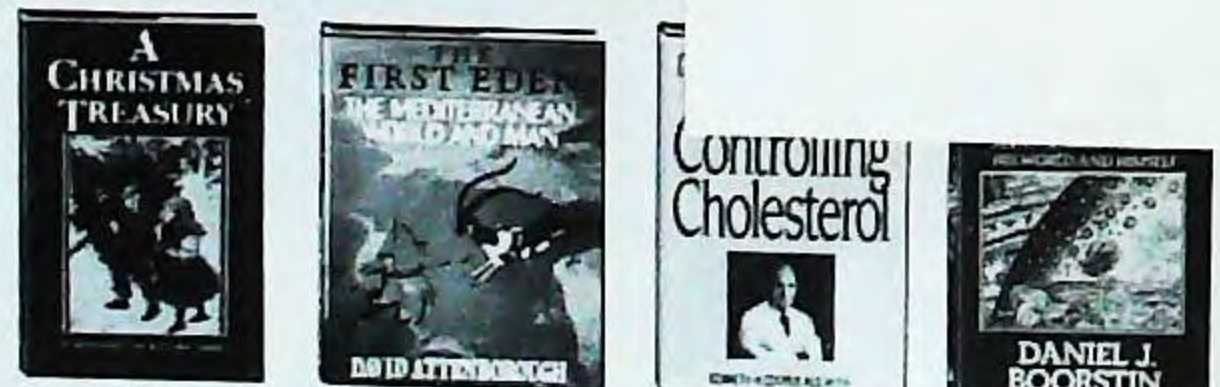
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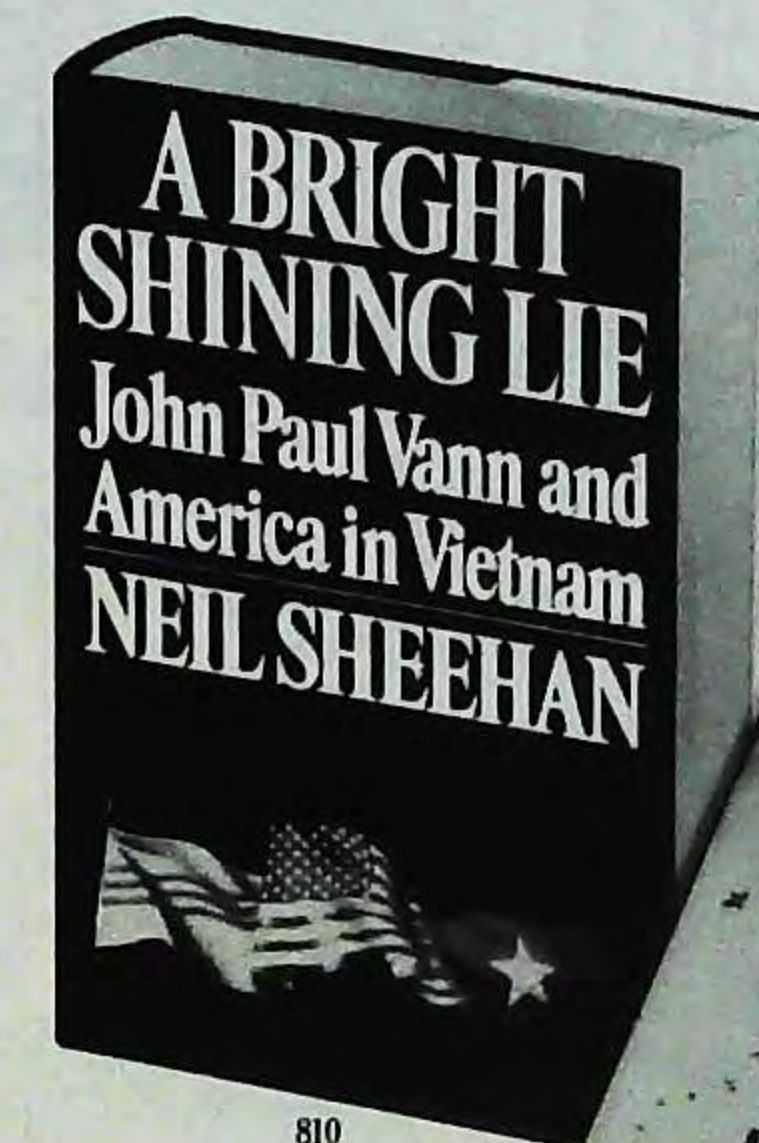
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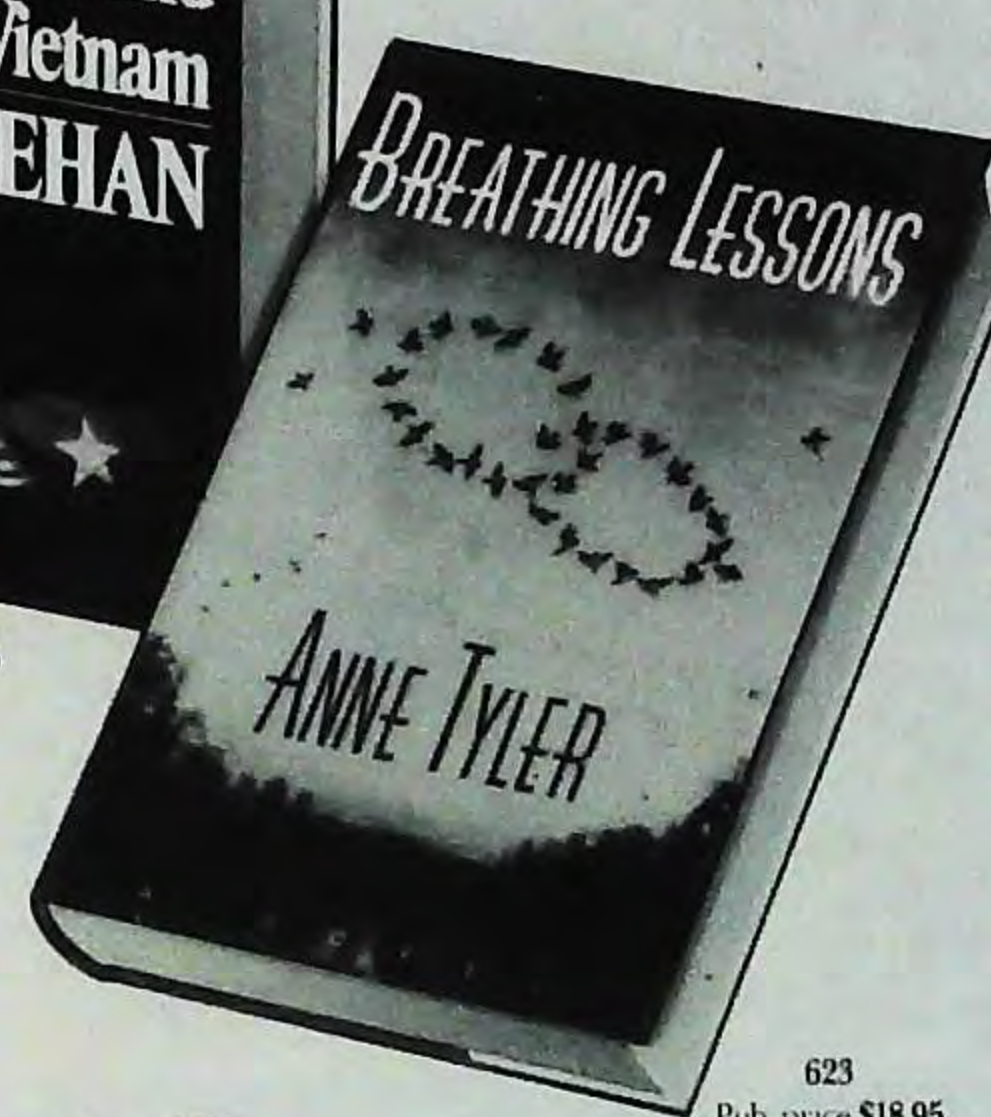
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New Views of a Playwright's Long Journey

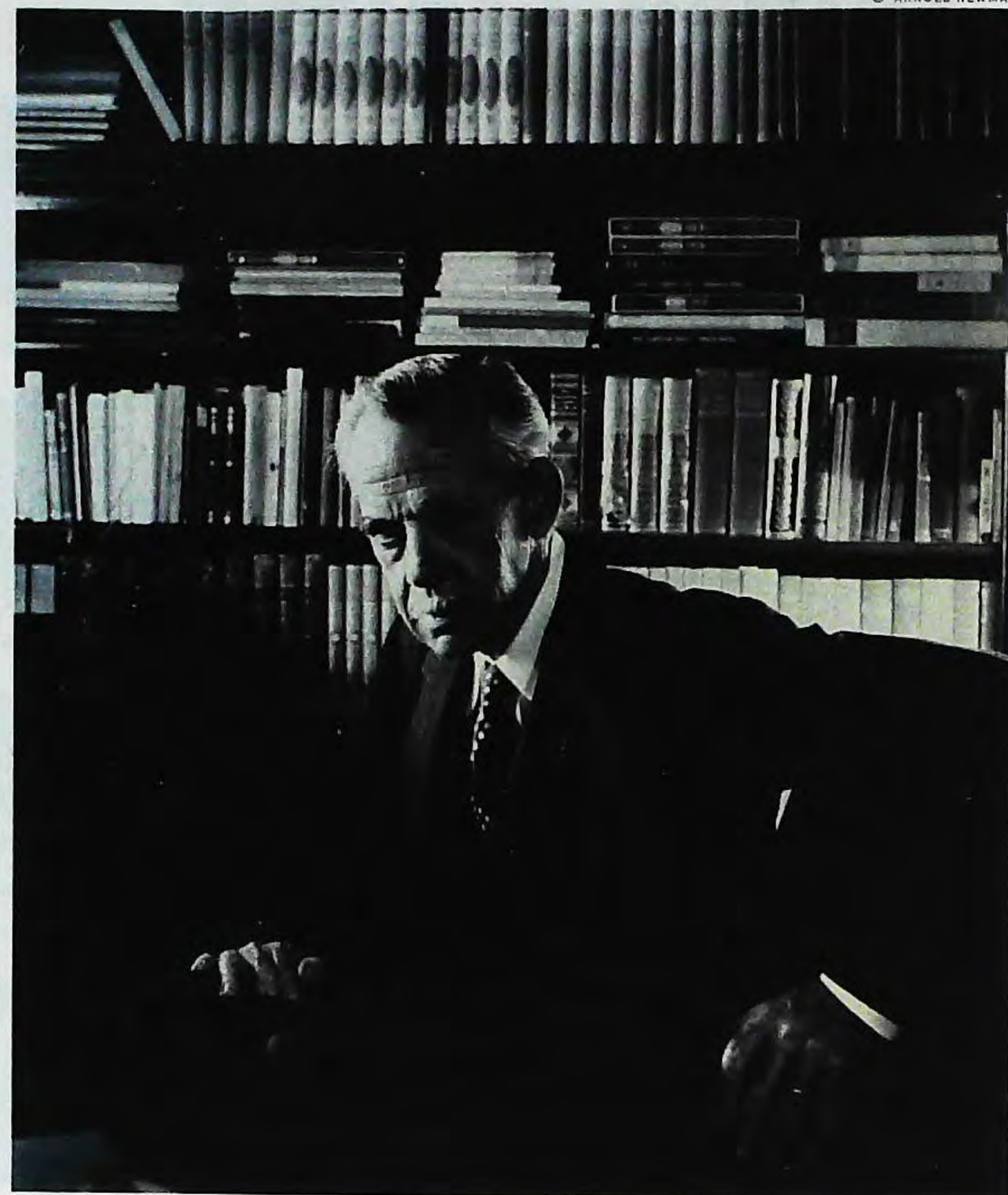
Eugene O'Neill's centenary prompts a celebration in print

BY PAUL GRAY

"It was my work which first awakened the outside world to the fact that an adult American drama existed which could be considered as something beyond mere theatrical entertainment." Eugene O'Neill wrote this self-assessment in a 1944 letter, and the judgment, while hardly modest, still seems incontrovertible 35 years after his death and a century after his birth. As a young playwright, O'Neill inherited a theater tradition that was principally a frame for gaslighted frivolities. By the time he got through with it, the U.S. stage had become electric, and had learned to accommodate native-grown murder, madness, alcoholism, dark sexuality and the howling tensions of family life. Opening the curtain on such subjects might not have seemed the surest path to public success, yet O'Neill was one of the most admired and honored writers of his time. Four of his plays won Pulitzer Prizes, and in 1936 he became the first (and is still the only) American dramatist to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature.

On the occasion of his 100th anniversary, O'Neill's revolutionary accomplishments are nowhere questioned, certainly not in the land of his birth. But the continued vibrancy of his plays—their ability in performance to command the attendance and attention of a live audience—has become a matter of some dispute. The centenary has, to be sure, sparked revivals of some of his works by theater groups across the country. But a mere handful of his 50 plays are now resurrected for the theater with any regularity. And of this small sample, which includes *Ah, Wilderness!* and *The Iceman Cometh*, only one seems surefire with playgoers and critics alike: *A Long Day's Journey into Night*, which was published after O'Neill's death and then performed first in 1956 despite his stated wish that it "never [be] produced as a play."

In truth, O'Neill's reputation has moved steadily away from the footlights toward reading lamps, a process that began during his lifetime. That, at least, is one of many conclusions to be drawn from *Selected Letters of Eugene O'Neill* (Yale University, 602 pages, \$35). Editors Travis Bogard and Jackson R. Bryer have cho-



O'Neill at home in 1946: If small scenes worked, why not bigger ones?

Excerpt

I'm fed to the teeth with the damned theatre... The game isn't worth the candle. If I got any real spiritual satisfaction out of success in the theatre it might compensate. But I don't. Success is as flat, spiritually speaking, as failure. After the unprecedented critical acclaim to *Mourning Becomes Electra* I was in bed nearly a week, overcome by the profoundest gloom and nervous exhaustion.

sen 560 examples, some published for the first time, of the roughly 3,000 surviving O'Neill letters. The result is a fragmented but fascinating autobiography that shows its subject growing disillusioned with the theater even while he was furiously engaged in expanding its possibilities.

Early on, the aspiring playwright announced his intention to become "an artist or nothing," and he never let practical concerns stand in the way of that intention. After his one-act productions proved successful, O'Neill began pushing the limits of the stage and of his producers' wallets. He reluctantly shelved an eight-act version of *Marco Millions*, in its shorter

incarnation, the play still called for opulent sets representing scenes in Venice, Syria, Persia, India, Mongolia and Cathay. And that only took care of Act I. *Lazarus Laughed* required approximately 165 actors wearing a variety of masks. *Strange Interlude* ran an astonishing nine acts; the curtain went up at 5:15 in the afternoon, and playgoers were given a 90-minute supper break at 7:30, after Act V. This endurance test turned out to be wildly popular. The play earned O'Neill his third Pulitzer and became a best seller when published as a book. Even this acclaim did not satisfy the author. He wrote a fellow playwright: "I'd be a liar if I said

A romance born in Brannenbourg.



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"Let me guess. She's very tall, very blonde and very athletic."

"She's small, dark and says that just watching sports makes her tired."

"She has blue eyes."

"She has the darkest brown eyes I've ever seen."

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the money wasn't welcome, even though I feel the play earned it under the false pretenses of a ballyhooed freak."

Ironically, O'Neill's personality, as revealed in his letters, seems unsuited to the collaborative demands of the theater. His private visions lashed him forward, but he was nearly always disappointed with what he finally saw onstage. He grew increasingly frustrated by "the inevitable compromises and distortions of production." In 1934, the Nobel Prize still two years away, he wrote a friend: "I take my theatre too personally, I guess—so personally that before long I think I shall permanently resign from all production and confine my future work to plays in books for readers only."

The anniversary tribute that might therefore please him most is the publication of his *Complete Plays* (Library of America; 3,203 pages; 3 volumes, \$35 each, boxed set, \$100), the most thorough and accurate collection of his work ever printed. These handsome books present O'Neill's plays in the order of their composition, making it possible to trace the evolution of his skills and ideas. It is also easy, turning these pages, to see why he grew so grumpy about the restrictions of the theater. He often prefaced his plays with lengthy treatises, not only describing characters and settings in obsessive detail but providing historical or sociological information that could not possibly be conveyed in production. And his stage directions regularly ballooned beyond any possibility of being accurately mimed, or even parsed. This, from *The Iceman Cometh*, is typical: "Larry stares at him, moved by sympathy and pity in spite of himself, disturbed, and resentful at being disturbed, and puzzled by something he feels about Parritt that isn't right."

The printed page cannot reproduce the magical, concentrated intensity of theater at its best. But the Library of America volumes display O'Neill more thoroughly than any playhouse ever could. And it is now easier to see his vaulting ambition as both his glory and his curse. He began by simply trying to put life as he had actually known and seen it onstage—a far more daring concept in the America of his youth than it might now seem. But if small scenes worked, why not bigger ones? And if one character, why not dozens? This relentless amplification compelled the hushed attention of several generations of playgoers, but it also led the playwright farther and farther afield. Believing that more is actually more, O'Neill finally found that an evening's entertainment could not contain everything he had to say. Much of his work thus displays the flaw of hubris, the pride that refuses to bow to the demands of contingency. This drama, his struggle against his own art, may be his most memorable achievement. ■

Good Hustle, Bad Karma

MONKEY ON A STICK

by John Hubner & Lindsey Gruson
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
414 pages; \$19.95

"Dial Om for Murder" was the catchy title in *Rolling Stone*. The 1987 article told of drugs, sexual abuse and bodies buried helter-skelter at New Vrindaban, the 3,000-acre community built in West Virginia by members of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness, better known as Hare Krishnas. The journalist-authors, John Hubner of the San Jose *Mercury News* and Lindsey Gruson of the New York *Times*, who teamed up for the piece, have apparently found the association rewarding. *Monkey on a Stick* is their expanded, though not necessarily deepened, account of the Hindu religious movement that started in 1965 as a storefront attraction in Manhattan's East Village.

The time and the place were right. The Lost (not to mention loud) Generation of the '60s took up the sect's chant ("Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare; Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama, Rama, Hare, Hare"). Within ten years, and with a little help from the Beatles, the Hare Krishnas became a worldwide cult, flaunting millions of dollars and commanding thousands of devotees whose shaved heads, saffron robes and mantra became familiar on street corners from Times Square to the Ginza.

To tell their story of trouble in Nirvana, Hubner and Gruson adopt the usual techniques of the true-crime genre. Hearsay information is accepted as more or less reliable, and eyewitness accounts are energetically dramatized. Some characters are protected by pseudonyms. Others are fictional or, as the journalists prefer, "composites." In addition, dialogue that could not have been recorded firsthand is approximated for maximum effect. Here, for example, is a murder scene in which the victim, repeatedly shot, stabbed and bludgeoned, is as hard to kill as Rasputin.

Drescher and Reid dragged St. Denis down the logging road to the dammed-up stream. They dumped the body on the swampy ground... Reid... picked up one end of the plastic. They were about to wrap St. Denis's head when he opened his eyes. "Don't do that, you'll smother me," he said.

Reid screamed, a long, piercing scream of pure terror."

The authors are frank about their methodology. They are also quick to insert disclaimers that their expose of New Vrindaban is meant to discredit the whole Hare Krishna movement. But it does, mainly because their approach focuses almost exclu-

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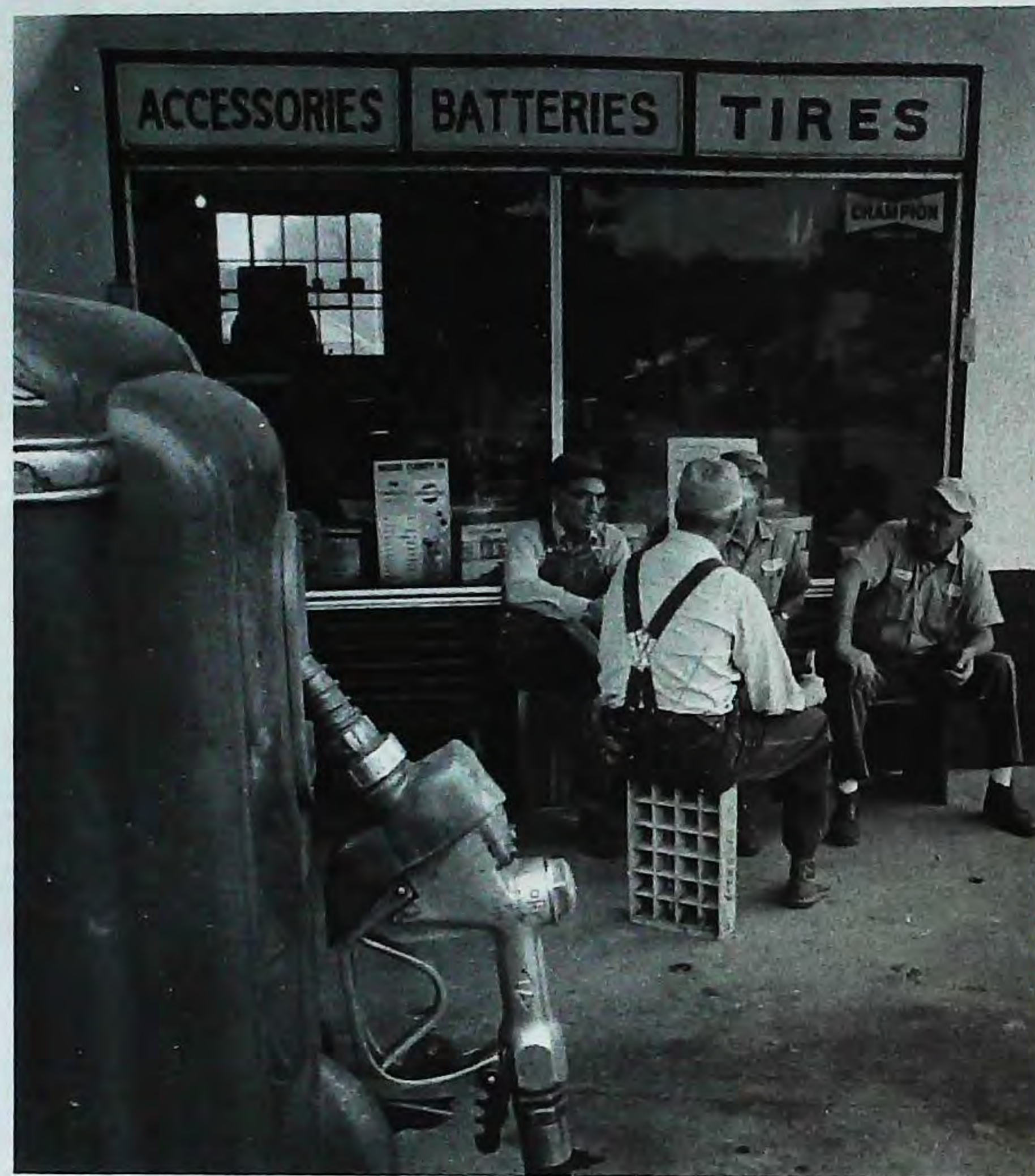
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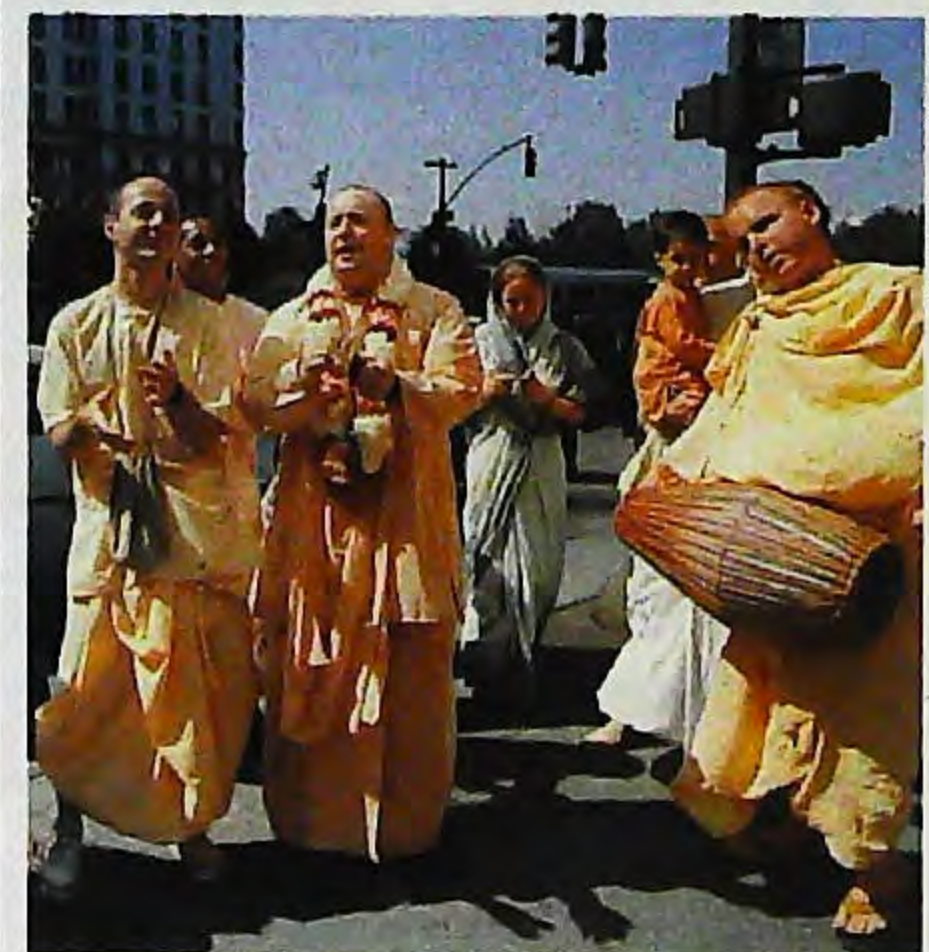
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sively on bizarre and scandalous events. Following the 1977 death of founder A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, each of his closest disciples split off to establish his own turf. For example, Hans Kary of Hoboken, N.J., headed for Berkeley, where, as Hansadutta, he became a Krishna guru who financed rock-'n'-roll albums and amassed an arsenal of firearms.

The dark star of the book is Keith Ham, a former doctoral student of religious history at Columbia University, known as Kirtanananda. He established New Vrindaban, whose temple dome and walls were sheathed in gold leaf. From there he controlled the lives of his 300 subjects, stripping them of personal assets and arranging their marriages.

Money poured in from the Hare Krishnas who worked the crowds in airports and at rock concerts. Hubner and



Going for the gold: Hare Krishnas soliciting
Drugs, deaths and other trouble in Nirvana.

Gruson are convinced that drug smuggling was another major source of income. One of the dealers was Charles St. Denis, who, the authors say, was killed for, among other things, withholding money from Kirtanananda. The guru has repeatedly denied involvement in either the dope business or the homicides. A New Vrindaban fringe member named Dan Reid (Daruka) and a commune enforcer, Thomas Drescher (Tirtha), are currently serving prison sentences in West Virginia for the St. Denis murder. Drescher is also awaiting a California trial for the execution of a devotee who was trying to get Kirtanananda thrown out of the movement. Kirtanananda was eventually expelled, although he remains at the head of his private cult in New Vrindaban.

Excommunication has been bad for business. Hubner and Gruson report that Swami Ham now wants to build a new community in Pennsylvania or New Jersey where one could ride out nuclear war, the AIDS epidemic and economic depression. He has learned a fundamental truth about the great river of being: one can never step into the same cash flow twice.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Science



The New Shape of the World

A pioneering map presents a fresh view of reality

BY BRUCE VAN VOORST

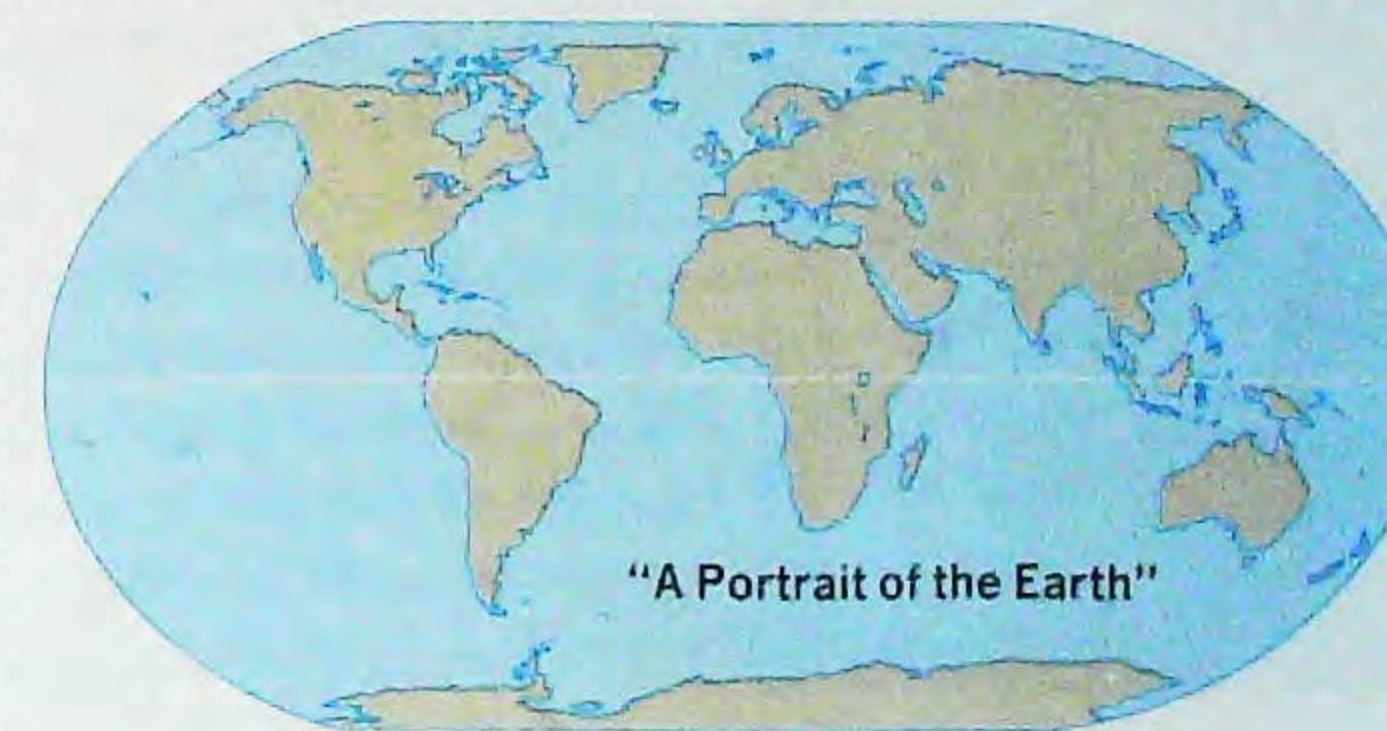
"It's not every day one gets to cut the Soviet Union in half," mused the National Geographic Society's chief cartographer, John Garver Jr. Indeed, on the new map of the world that the society is sending its 11 million members, the Soviet Union has lost 18 million sq. mi.—more than two-thirds of the territory it appeared to encompass on the National Geographic's maps for the past half-century. The diminution, to be sure, is only on paper, but to millions of map readers the world over, perception is reality. And that reality is about to be changed by the National Geographic's new map, which will probably become the standard for cartography in the U.S.

Cartographers have long known that the images on maps often do not reflect the actual shapes and relative sizes of continents and seas. In the widely used map projection drawn in 1569 by the Flemish cartographer Gerardus Mercator, Greenland is exaggerated 16 times and appears to be bigger than South America, even though it is only about the size of Mexico. The National Geographic's Van der Grinten projection, which has been used for the past 66 years, shows Alaska blown up to five times its real size, making it appear the rough equivalent of Brazil, which is actually six times as large.

Acknowledges Garver: "The only accurate map is a globe."

But globes are awkward to carry around. And no matter what gimmick is used, drawing the surface of a sphere on a flat plane results in distortion. Anyone who tries to flatten the whole peel of an orange can imagine the difficulty. The features of a globe cannot be transferred accurately to a flat map. If the shapes of continents are correct, the sizes are wrong; a system that is accurate at the equator is hopeless at the poles.

Endless variations have been tried, from circles to ovals, rectangles, hearts and butterflies, all of them flawed. Competing versions have triggered emotional controversies. "Cartographers since Ptolemy have wrestled with the problem," says Arthur Robinson, professor emeritus of geography at the University of Wisconsin, who devised the projection used in the Geographic Society's new map. "Alas, there is no perfect solution."



Most mapmakers devise projections with mathematics—and nowadays the computer. But Robinson, who is considered the dean of U.S. cartographers, decided to take a different approach. "Map-making is as much an art form as a science," he argues. Thus he began by visualizing the way each country ought to look on a map, then turned to mathematics to delineate its shape. "What I really did," says Robinson, "was create a portrait of the earth."

There are still distortions in his map, both at the equator and at the poles, depending upon the distance from 38° north or 38° south, which he chose as his standard parallels. "Only at these latitudes are the size and shape relationships accurate, as they are on the globe," says Robinson. To convey a sense of roundness, the map has been given curved sides. The Geographic Society's new map, like its predecessor, is centered on Europe, in part because focusing on the U.S. would divide the Asian landmass. The result, declares Garver, is "the best balance available between geography and aesthetics."

Robinson's map, though bound to be widely adopted, is unlikely to end the bitter disputes that map-makers have waged for centuries. Inevitably, specialized maps will offer other perspectives and schemes, including polar shots from space. The new map coincides with the society's current campaign for geographic literacy, and it comes just in time. A recent Gallup poll showed that 3 out of 10 Americans cannot distinguish north from south on a map.

TIME, NOVEMBER 7, 1988

BY HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN Reported by David E. Thigpen



In Need of a Strong Woman

Sporting the Stetson presented to him by **Florence Griffith-Joyner** and the U.S. Olympic team, **Ronald Reagan** last week looked the wandering cowboy. Apparently it's a part he's played before. In 1948, between marriages, he moseyed up to gossip columnist **Doris Lilly** with a little romancin' in mind. Doris had the last word, when she auctioned off the President's love notes at Sotheby's last week for \$4,400. (The buyer: **Malcolm**

Forbes.) In one letter, "Ronnie" wrote: "I'd like to be tossing off a 'short one' with you too. But if that is as far as your 'dreaming' goes—I just left you because I just dreamed us past the last drink." Says Lilly: "He never asked me to marry him, but there was a time when he was suffering so over **Jane Wyman's** leaving him that I knew if I had stayed there . . ." She recalls that "he was very de-

pressed and bitter. He would put his head down, then look off into the distance. Jane broke his heart." As for the romancing, she says, "He wasn't shy and he was absolutely not a prude." They broke up, she says, because "he needed a strong woman." He's got one now.

Maybe when I come back from England
fate as the under side of a flower and
talking like the Blue Blimp we can find
ourselves in NY at the same time
Anyway I'll hope
Bob
Ronnie

But Can She Do Dishes?

"I wanted to be like Barbra Streisand," says Sue Pai. "Then one day I tried to sing like her. That's when I decided to be an actress." But on the NBC series Tattinger's, which premiered last week, Pai gets to fill a musical role after all. She plays Billy Low, resident piano player at the title restaurant. "She's a mystery woman," says Pai. "I haven't gotten to know her well yet." Get acquainted fast, Sue. The first restaurant reviews were less than mouthwatering.



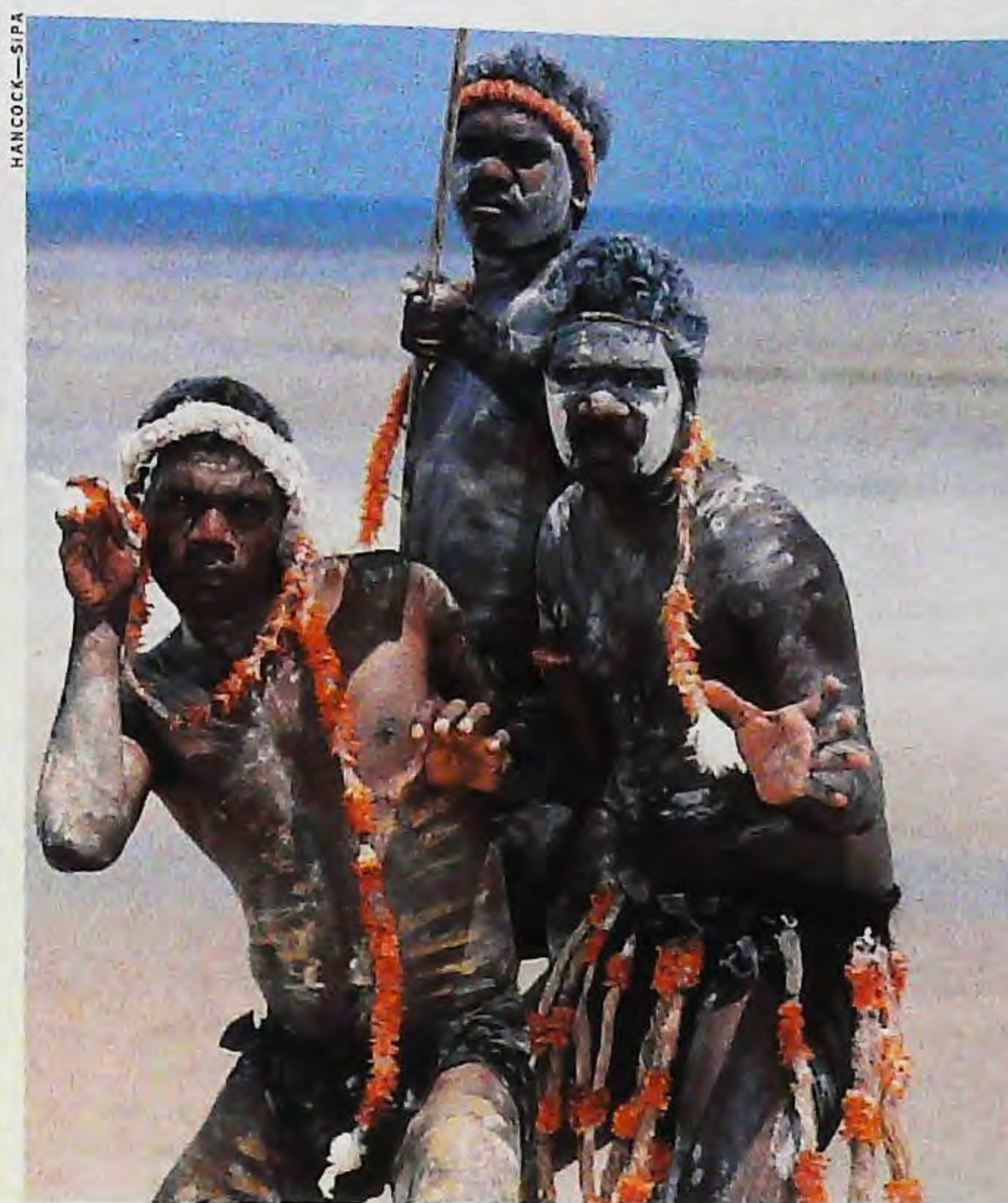
Exactly Who Killed the Boy Wonder?

Not I, said the JOKER, even though that pestilent perpetrator of practical perfidy blows up ROBIN in the latest issue of *Batman*. Not I, said the comic book's editor, Dennis O'Neill, who blames his readers for the deadly deed. When O'Neill decided to let them vote on whether Robin should stay in the book, 10,000 Batfans picked up their phones and gave thumbs down to the



Caped Crusader's sidekick. Says O'Neil: "Robin has been a part of the **BATMAN** mythos for 49 years, and I was hoping the readers would have pity on him." But after the vote, the Joker was given the joyous job of rubbing out Robin.

Still, friends of Dick Grayson's, the original Robin and the ward of Bruce Wayne (a.k.a. Batman) need not mourn. In 1984, Grayson's Robin shed his green-and-yellow costume and abandoned Batman to become a superhero in another comic book. His place at Batman's side was taken by a chap named Jason Todd, whom Wayne adopted as his ward that year. Readers clearly regarded the new Robin as a whining usurper and decided on capital punishment. Says O'Neil: "Now Batman is pretty much reduced to Alfred the butler for companionship." The Batcave had better be ready for an unholy quiet.



It's Not U2, It's Yothu

Now that Olivia Newton-John, Air Supply and INXS are old hat, Australia has produced a group that plays 40,000-year-old music. "Our songs have to do with time, wind, creation, kangaroos, mountains and ancestral encounters," says Bakamana Yunupingu, leader of the seven-member aboriginal band YOTHU YINDI, which is touring the U.S. and Canada with its blend of millenniums-old chants and country-and-western music. Yothu Yindi, which means "mother and child," mixes electric guitars and drums with traditional instruments like the didgeridoo, a wooden horn hollowed out by termites. Says Yunupingu: "We express events in the creation through rhythms and acting like animals." Sounds just like rock 'n' roll.

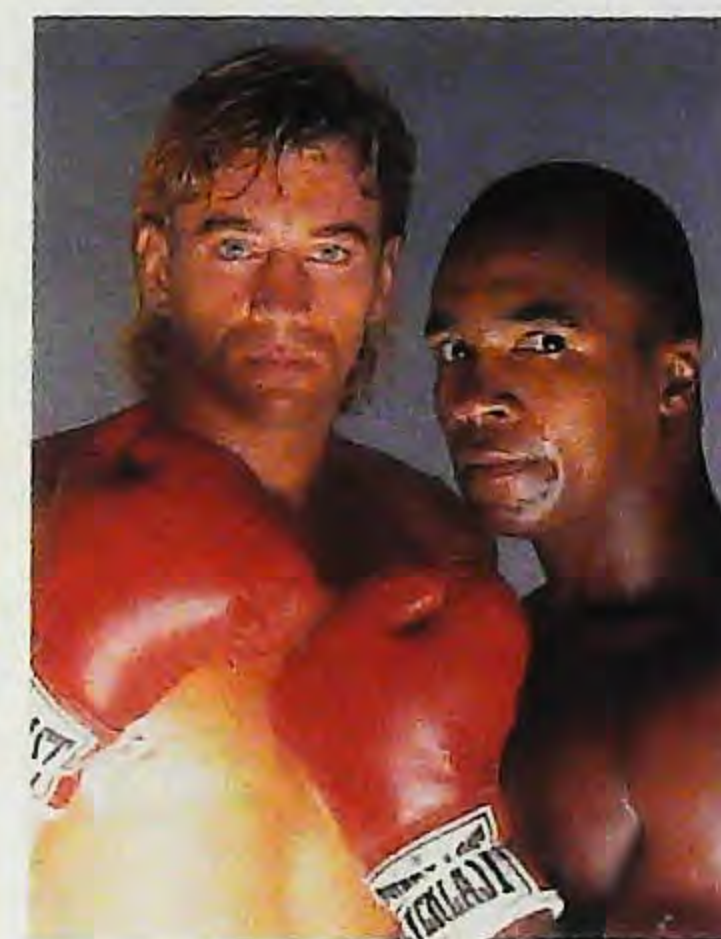


Balancing His Books

*How can **Malcolm-Jamal Warner** be so level-headed? Just 18, Warner—as Mal-Jam Inc.—is already a corporation. And as America's favorite son, **Theo Huxtable** on *The Cosby Show*, he should have a sizable ego. But instead of producing a narcissistic memoir, he has written a self-deprecating book, *Theo and Me: Growing Up Okay*, a survival guide for teens and their parents. Says Warner: "People confuse Malcolm and Theo. Theo has both parents and a big family. I'm an only child, and my parents are divorced." **Bill Cosby**, in his introduction to the tome, calls it "a definite three-pointer." With that connection, astute Mal-Jam Inc. could show a healthy profit this year.*

Pass the Glue, Please

Who let **Sugar Ray Leonard** back in the ring? The twice-retired boxer promised that his 1987 victory against Marvin Hagler would be his last fight. But next week, in a \$20 million Las Vegas extravaganza, Leonard, 32, goes up against Canada's **Donny Lalonde**, 28, the world light heavyweight champion. Says Leonard's lawyer and adviser Mike



Trainer: "Ray's always said he'll know when to stop when the other person is hitting him more than he's hitting back." But what of his retina, which was surgically reattached after a fight in 1981? "He appreciates the concern," says Trainer. As for Leonard's opponent, a former off-off-Broadway actor who has a pin in one shoulder from a hockey injury, the Canadian claims to feel no pressure over the coming bout. "This is fun." Ooof!

Take Them Away, Maestro

Presidents come and go, and the décor changes at the White House, but the Inaugural party band remains the same. **EMERY DAVIS** and his orchestra have played for every President since John F. Kennedy. "Lyndon Johnson was a dancing fool," Davis says, and Richard Nixon a party pooper. Says he: "Nixon would always leave early." The maestro has conducted everything from Strauss waltzes to James Brown's *I Feel Good* for chiefs of state. Still, Davis, who flavors his fetes with tunes from presidential home states, could have trouble with a George Bush gala. Would he play *The Yellow Rose of Texas* or maybe a hit from Kennebunkport, Me., like *Fifteen Ships on George's Bank*?



Free at Last! Bon Voyage!

The whales finally escape their icy Arctic prison

The last major obstacle to freedom was a towering ridge of Arctic ice, 400 yds. wide and 30 ft. high. The Soviet icebreaker *Admiral Makarov*, which had been heading home when it was diverted to aid in the rescue, took nearly a day to reduce the barrier to rubble. By late afternoon a sister ship, the *Vladimir Arseniev*, plowed within 400 yds. of two California gray whales that had been trapped in the ice off Point Barrow, Alaska. Sensing that their escape was at hand, the whales, nicknamed Putu (Ice Hole) and Siku (Ice), swam out of their icy prison into the slush-filled channel, cheered on by more than 100 spectators. Said Arnold Brower Jr., a local whaling captain: "I feel like my burden is lifted."

So did many others around the world who saw the rescue on TV last week. For eight days scientists and local oil-company personnel had acted as Pied Pipers, coaxing the exhausted leviathans toward an open lead in the ice pack, while Eskimos, many of them whalers, sawed breathing holes in the 6-in.-thick ice. The effort had its setbacks. The third member of the original trio vanished under the ice and was presumed dead. It took two days to lure Putu and Siku around a shoal. And a "hover-berge" being towed from Prudhoe Bay bogged down and got stuck in the ice.

By the time the Soviet ships joined Operation Breakthrough, enthusiasm for



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES MASON/BLACK STAR



Fond farewell: two Eskimo women bid goodbye to Putu and Siku; nearby, two Soviet icebreakers finally cleared a pathway to the open sea for the two whales, ending the long rescue drama.

the \$1 million-plus project had waned. Scientists openly criticized the rescue mission. During a discussion of whether using dynamite to break up the ice would damage the whales' hearing, biologist Ron Morris of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration joked, "We'd probably fit them with hearing aids and eyeglasses."

The Eskimos, too, tired of the occupa-

tion army. "They are all making a big deal out of nature's way of feeding other animals," said local whaler Bob Aiken. Putu and Siku, for their part, lingered in the channel for more than a day. They still had to navigate some 7,000 miles southward to their Baja California winter home. But at long last they had been granted a new start. —By Andrea Dorfman.

Reported by David Postman/Anchorage

Milestones

MARRIED. Jose Canseco, 24, prodigious slugger for the Oakland Athletics, and Esther Haddad, 21, both for the first time; in Coral Gables, Fla. Canseco had bet teammate Dave Stewart that he would marry before Nov. 5. As the loser, Stewart had to donate \$10,000 toward the wedding reception.

CHARGES DISMISSED. Against Hedda Nussbaum, 46, former children's book editor arrested with common-law husband Joel Steinberg last year in the beating death of their six-year-old illegally adopted daughter Lisa, in New York City. She is expected to testify as a prosecution witness in Steinberg's murder trial.

CONVICTED. Larry, Billy Joe, Otis and Willie Chambers, drug tycoons who supplied half of Detroit's crack houses; of operating a

criminal enterprise, cocaine possession and related crimes; in Detroit. The Chambers brothers lured jobless teenagers from their hometown of Marianna, Ark., to act as couriers and dealers for their crack empire. Several Chambers recruits supplied incriminating testimony at the trial.

SENTENCED. Stephen Wang, 24, former junior mergers-and-acquisitions analyst for Morgan Stanley & Co.; to three years in federal prison for his role in the second largest insider-trading case in U.S. history (the biggest the 1986 Ivan Boesky scandal); in New York City. Wang pleaded guilty to passing tips about impending corporate takeovers to Taiwanese businessman Fred Lee. The scheme reaped \$19 million in profits; Lee paid Wang \$200,000.

TRANSFER AUTHORIZED. Of Conan Owen, 24, American free-lance photographer convicted last April of cocaine trafficking in Spain; to a U.S. prison; in Madrid. Owen, a former intern in Vice President Bush's office, won the support of then Attorney General Edwin Meese, who decried Owen's conviction and proclaimed his innocence. The Justice Department would not say how much more of his six-year sentence Owen will serve.

DIED. Henry Armstrong, 75, the only boxer ever to hold three world titles simultaneously; in Los Angeles. After battling his way to the featherweight championship in 1937, Armstrong added the welterweight and lightweight honors the following year. His feat will never be equaled: the holding of multiple titles is now prohibited.

POP QUARTET



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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

JEREMIAH TOWER

HOME: San Francisco, California.

AGE: 45.

PROFESSION: Head chef and owner, Stars.

HOBBY: Running the Society to Stamp Out Kiwis. "The fruit, not the bird."

LAST BOOK READ: *Bread and Circuses*, Patrick Brantlinger.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote a cookbook, *New American Classics*, featuring such recipes as Eggs in Hell, Texas Style.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "With a B.A. and M.A. in architecture from Harvard, it's hard to explain, but it's a lot of fun."

QUOTE: "Fresh herbs."

PROFILE: Aristocratic, confident and a self-described monarchist.

"Everyone likes to have things his own way. I just admit it."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's

"White Labels" with soda. "I particularly enjoy something I don't have to cook."



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